

NOVEMBER, 1936

TEN CENTS

# Chatelaine



**"Smart Women are Self-Made" — A Unique Guide to Chic for Every Type**

# Don't let that lovely knitted dress of yours *become a trap*

## FOR UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

**THOSE** charming knitted things of yours can, with just a day's wearing, become a trap to catch and hold the ruinous odor of underarm perspiration.

Nothing holds this ugly, clinging odor like woollens and winter materials. And once in, it's never completely out!

Cold weather plays mean tricks with perspiration. Because we do not feel or see moisture on our clothing, we are apt to think there is no danger of odor.

But odor can and does occur without a warning trace of moisture.

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And wise women have found that the sure way to do this is the quick, easy, pleasant way. MUM!

**Gives all-day protection.** Start the day with Mum, and at the end

of it your underarms will be as fresh and odorless as at the start.

**No bother to use.** It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And when it's on, *that's all!* Slip into your dress at once.

**Soothing to skin.** Don't hesitate to use Mum on a sensitive skin. It's soothing and cooling, even right after shaving the underarms.

**Harmless to clothing.** Mum does not injure fabrics. Smooth it into the skin and you're ready for your dress without waiting.

**Does not hinder perspiration.** Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration—the ugly odor—and not the natural perspiration itself . . . Don't let your lovely new winter frocks become tainted. Protect them by the daily Mum habit! Bristol-Myers Company of Canada, Ltd., 1239 Benoit Street, Montreal, P.Q.

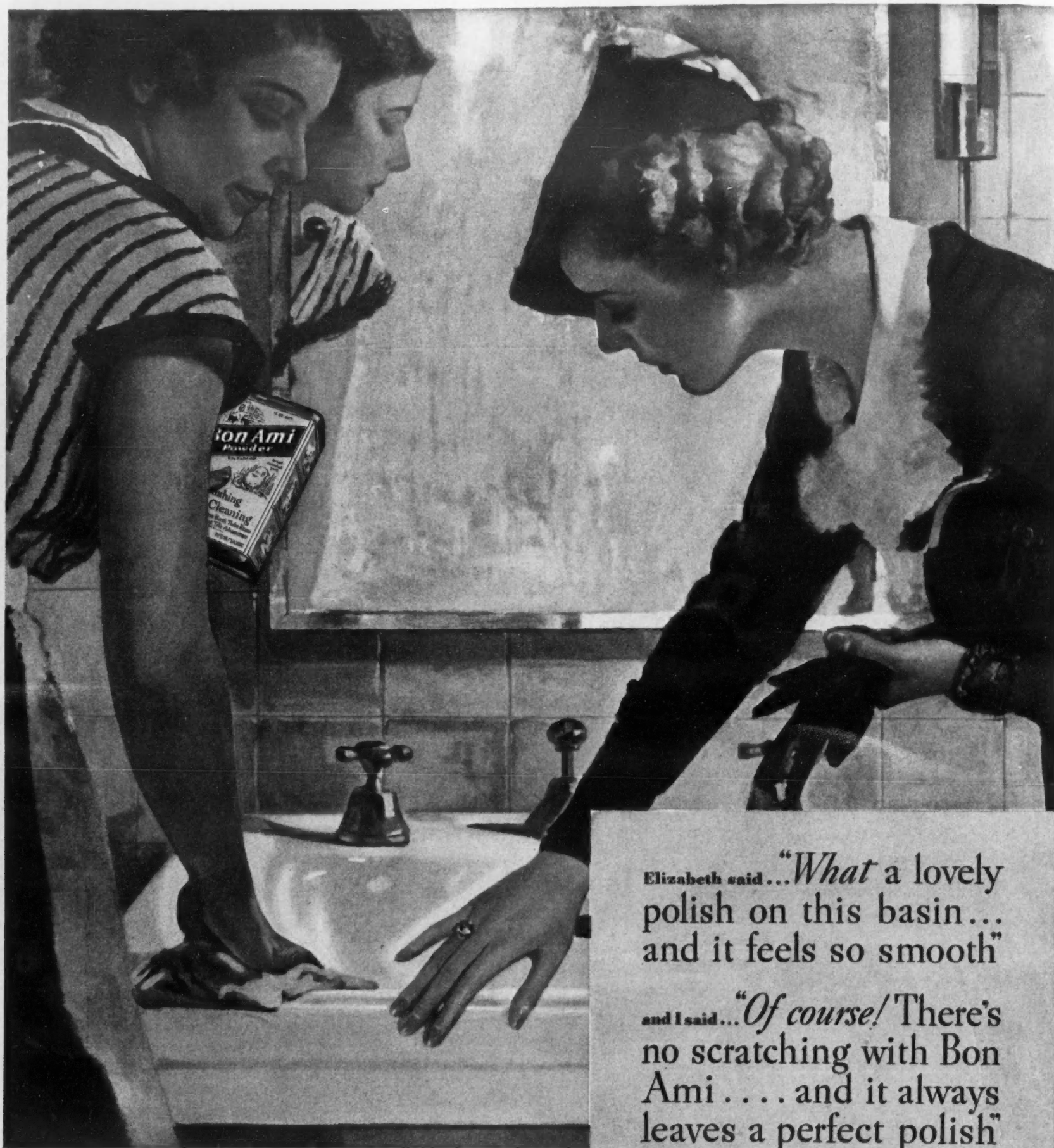
On Sanitary Napkins, too. Mum gives assurance of complete freedom from unpleasantness.



**MUM** takes the odor out  
of perspiration . . .







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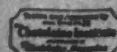
Elizabeth said... *"What a lovely polish on this basin... and it feels so smooth"*

and I said... *"Of course! There's no scratching with Bon Ami.... and it always leaves a perfect polish"*

# Bon Ami

MADE IN CANADA

*"hasn't scratched yet!"*



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## The PERFECTED Visible Ink Pen **INK-VUE**

With "Double-Action" Filling Lever

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### *simplest filling*

Filling with the patented "Double Action Lever" is quick and simple. Also...easily emptied for cleaning.

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INK-VUE holds more ink than other make pens. Fills completely full...no ink lost on last stroke.

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\*U. S. Patents Nos. 2004641 and 1882644. Other patents pending.

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20¢



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Turn bottle upside down. Ink completely fills "well" and stays there...easy to get!

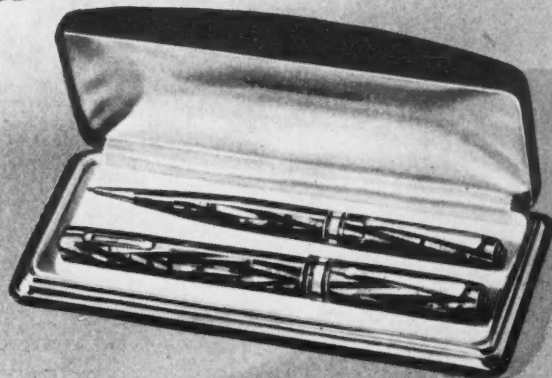


Ink, to the last drop, in the Well-Top...for filling fountain pens.

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The DE LUXE INK-VUE, in Copper Ray, Emerald Ray and Jet; set, \$12.50; beautiful red and gold case; pen, \$8.50; pencil, \$4. Smaller size "INK-VUE" pens, \$5 and \$6.

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# Chatelaine

A MAGAZINE FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING  
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481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2,  
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### DO WOMEN shoulder responsibility too easily?

Are they inclined to undertake as their own, burdens which could be shared by others?

Talk to any woman who has seemingly missed her own happiness through her financial responsibility toward parents or brothers. She will tell you, with that glowing certainty which is the heritage of all martyrs to a cause, that there was no one else to do it. Her brother was married. So he had his own troubles. Her older sister was married. She couldn't expect her husband to contribute to her relatives. So she just had to do it.

You see them everywhere—women who have neglected chances for marriage because of a devoted belief in their responsibilities. Or leaving their profession to nurse an invalid relative.

We all grow indignant about such situations, for there is nothing sadder than a woman who is suddenly left in middle life with no niche in life other than that at some bedside—and that no longer necessary. To my mind, it's one of those problems which can never be solved except in each individual case. And after all, what a serene confidence in a life well worth the living, is the mark of those who do give the best years of their life for someone else.

But what about such cases as that of Mari in "Her Brother's Keeper?" Her problem was a definite one. Yet wasn't she inclined to assume a heartbreaking task which wasn't really necessary? In this story of a Nova Scotia fishing village, Martha Banning Thomas has typified the sort of situation shown only too often in women's lives. And behind the drama of the story itself, lies the faithful picture of one of those enchanting fishing villages. Miss Thomas has lived in one of them for many years.

"ONLY YOUTH has faith enough and a high enough heart for love," says Jan Spiess, in his first *Chatelaine* story, "The Wedding Contract." He adds: "After that comes friendship—but never love again."

Agree with him?

If not, you'll enjoy living through a tumultuous hour or so with Myra who had felt her marriage was entirely satisfactory—until a bitter quarrel showed her how wrong the whole structure had been. It'll make you feel happier, too, about those arguments you still have with your husband.

And while you're in the mood for commotion, get into the swift action and excitement in Ruth Burr Sanborn's story "Star Dust." If you knew of a couple whose little girl had been discovered by one of Hollywood's scouts and had been turned over night into a star, naturally you'd be deeply envious. But after this story I think you'll be thankful that your child has lost her first teeth in quiet comfort, or inherited her father's long-legged thinness without causing a nation-wide alarm.

And be sure you don't overlook the most exciting chapter yet, in the story "I Nursed the Quintuplets." It describes the consternation and near-tragedy which the public knew so little about—the days when the babes were seriously ill. "So while the festivities of the opening of the Dafoe hospital took place," says Louise de Kiriline, "the babies continued on their downward slide toward the door of death."

What had caused the sickness? How did Dr. Dafoe treat the babes? How did the move to the hospital take place under such tragic circumstances? Page twenty-one tells the whole enthralling story.

A NICE looking woman at one of the fashion shows gave *Chatelaine* the key for our fashion feature this month "Smart Women Are Self-Made."

She had been watching the bewildering parade of mannequins each in a spectacular frock of the season. Her nice eyes were round and troubled. Her plump little figure sat tense on the edge of the chair. As the curtain swung across the last exquisitely dressed girl, she sighed deeply and mourned to her companion: "They're all so grand. But how can I find one which will look well on me?"

That's the rub in all seasons for women who want to enjoy the pleasure of looking their best. What can the tall stout woman, for instance, do with the tunic? Or her skinny little friend with the Empire lines? What can any woman learn as a rudimentary but effective guide to help her adapt the new lines to her own figure?

So this guide to chic for every type was developed. I know you'll want to keep it by you for reference through the months to come. Don't you find it one of the most helpful fashion guides you've ever read?

Plans are eagerly under way to make our Christmas issue quite definitely the best ever. Not only must it be that way to the thousands upon thousands of women who welcome *Chatelaine* as a friend every month—but there are the new friends to be made everywhere, when *Chatelaine* hangs in glory on the Christmas tree. It has a very important rôle in life—that of a Christmas gift. *Chatelaine*, in this case, is taking her responsibility very seriously indeed!

Byrne Hope Sanders.



"Really!  
Ham I can bake  
without parboiling?"



It's **BRANDED**  
**SWIFT'S**  
**PREMIUM**

A PIQUANT GARNISH FOR THE HAM: To syrup from can of pears, add 1 cup sugar, 1 stick of cinnamon and 6 whole cloves. Boil for five minutes; add pears and cook until well flavored (about 30 minutes). Drain. Pit large stewed prunes and insert a section of pineapple. Heat in spiced syrup a few minutes. Arrange the fruits around ham. Just before serving, put currant jelly in the pears.

Exactly! . . . Here is ham so perfect—so mild and delectable in flavor—that you can bake it without parboiling! Its name is *Swift's Premium*.

The hams for this brand are selected with unusual care. They're given the famous Premium sugar-cure. And then they're *Ovenized*—more richly smoked, *in ovens*. The whole method, exclusive with Swift, develops a *flavor* so exceptionally fine that Swift's Premium Hams actually taste better without parboiling! And how much work that saves you!

Your dealer has Swift's Premium. It's the world's largest selling brand of ham. Try it!

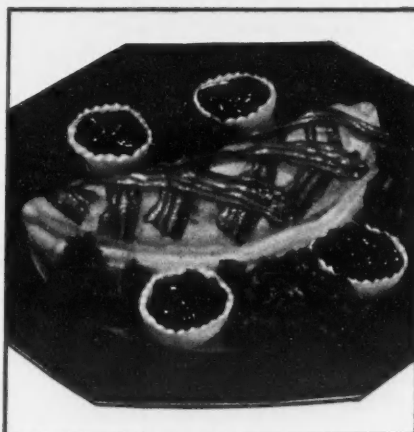
Swift Canadian Co., Limited.

**To bake a whole or half Swift's Premium**

Place a whole or half Swift's Premium Ham in a roaster. Add 2 cups of water; cover the roaster. Bake in a slow oven (325°), allowing about 2 1/2 minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; about 2 1/2 minutes a lb. for smaller (up to 12 lb.) hams or half hams. When ham is done, remove from oven. Lift off rind. Score surface and dot with cloves; rub with mixture of 1/2 cup brown sugar and 1 tbsp. flour. Brown, uncovered, for 20 minutes in a hot oven (400°).

**Swift's Premium Bacon for Crisscross Omelet**

Of course you'll use Swift's Premium Bacon . . . Premium sugar-cured and *Ovenized* for that *sweet-smoke* flavor! Arrange 8 strips in two layers overlapping in skillet. Place in moderate oven and bake for 10 minutes. Pour off excess fat. Beat 6 egg yolks (1 tsp. salt and 2 tbsps. water added) until light and lemon-colored, and fold into 6 egg whites which have been beaten until light. Pour omelet mixture over bacon; cook slowly in oven until dry, delicately browning the top. Fold the omelet; place on platter. Garnish with more bacon, if desired, and lemon shells filled with grape jelly.



The finest meats on the market any day are identified for you—experts' selections from all the great volume of meats which Swift buys and prepares. They are branded **Swift's Premium**.

- Swift's Premium HAM and BACON
- Swift's Premium BEEF
- Swift's Premium FRANKFURTS
- Swift's Premium DELICATESSEN MEATS
- Swift's Premium POULTRY

*Eat Meat for Stamina*

**SWIFT'S PREMIUM**  
IS THE BRAND NAME OF THE FINEST  
*Meats*





*The pleasing simplicity of the Deauville pattern, Community Plate, is typical of modern craftsmanship in silverware design. The makers of Community Silver recommend SILVO to keep your silver beautiful.*

## SILVER like fine linen and old lace

has a way of 'belonging' to us that makes it a treasured possession.

Your silver merits loving care. Yet there is no reason why you should not use it every day. With Silvo at hand, silver's radiant lustre is so easily sustained. The glowing surface, that is rightly a source of pride with you, will always be fresh and NEW.

Silvo is a bland, gentle polish, always kindly and considerate of the beauty it cherishes. You can trust Silvo to guard the beauty of all your silverware.

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# Silvo

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A new photograph of Honorable Iva Fallis.

## Is Feminism Declining?

*In this revealing interview Canada's second woman senator points to the dangerous crisis facing women today*

by LOTTA DEMPSEY

"WELL . . . what do you think of us?" I asked. Senator Iva Fallis looked puzzled. She was still surrounded by throngs of enthusiastic, hand-pressing club women. I had been watching the questioning intentness of their faces while she spoke. Now we walked down the rotunda of the hotel.

"Of . . . us?" she repeated, as the last of the women fell away. The friendly smile that has been a political landmark in both Eastern and Western Canada for many years, was replaced by a slight frown.

"Yes. Us. Women, I mean. You've heard plenty of what we think of you, during your first year in the Senate. Five millions of us are watching you. Now—turn round and take a good look at us. What do you see?"

She smiled, and I remembered that I must write a story some day about the charm and attractive appearance of Canada's four women parliamentarians; each, in her way, smart, pleasant, interesting, good-looking.

"I see, in these throngs of Canadian women of whom you speak, the greatest potential force for good to be found in this country. I see the twentieth century woman—the product of all that has gone before—with advantages and opportunities such as have never before fallen to the lot of woman.

"I believe that—whether we realize it or not—we are faced with a momentous decision. Either we must consolidate the

position which we have attained through the valiant and successful labors of those who have gone before, or be carried by the ebb-tide, back to the sea of oblivion again."

That was definite enough. Alarming enough. "Wherein are we failing?" She was silent a moment. "We're passive—not active—in our political interests," thoughtfully. "We study current events, form convictions, get to the point, even, of deciding that certain laws should be passed. But the great majority of women are still not sufficiently interested to sacrifice time and effort toward the achievement of the desired result."

"You mean we should all take to the public platform? Offer ourselves as candidates?" "Certainly not." She laughed. "Because we're Christians, we don't all have to become missionaries."

"Because opportunities have come to us, in the educational, professional, economic and political life of our country, is no indication that every woman will desire to walk in these paths. I believe it is as true today as it was in the past, that the greater part of the power of womanhood finds its fullest fruition within the walls of the home."

"But there are gifted, politically-minded women who, with men of the same ilk, should be our parliamentary leaders."

"For the majority of us, there is but to

*Continued on page 48*

## Senator Iva Fallis says:

The Twentieth Century Woman has opportunities that have never before fallen to the lot of her sex . . .

But she is in the gravest danger of being carried back to the sea of oblivion . . .

Because she's too passive in her political interests . . .

Because there is agitation to discharge women in industry . . .

Women have just as much right to work gainfully as men . . .

And upon them, today, depends the fate of all ambitious women of the future.



Chatelaine for November, 1936



# Star Dust

by RUTH BURR SANBORN

*What happens to an ordinary couple when their child is discovered to be a movie star of the first magnitude?*

CYNTHIA examined the harassed face that stared back at her from the mirror, wondering again if she looked like the mother of the child star, Beryl Gage. She was afraid, as always, that she didn't. Actually she looked just what she was: the nice young wife of a nice young bank clerk, with expensive make-up on cheeks that would have been pure apple bloom without it, and something very close to fear in steady grey eyes. The blue shadow might help, she decided—the kind Dona used. That ought to make anybody look sophisticated.

Cynthia's hands fumbled for the crystal container, but her eyes were reading again the note from Martin that lay on her dressing table. "... Tonight at Oasis House.

*You'd better come. There are things to talk about! Beryl's future, and ours. The desert moon is very large, but moons have been known to wane."* Martin Porphery was the big man at Cosmic Studios. He had discovered Beryl. The note was very like him. There was a promise in it, and a threat.

Cynthia did not want to go. But maybe she ought to, on Beryl's account. She knew what it would be like—fending off Martin's urgency, holding her memory of John for a shield between them: not J. Winthrop Gage, father of the star; just the plain John Gage who used to come home tired from the bank, and scoop up Bunny, with cereal on her chin, from the little red table he had made her, and scoop

up Cynthia herself in a pink sprigged smock, and kiss their two pug noses. Sometimes Cynthia wondered if there was anything left of plain John Gage except her memory. She wondered if it were just a memory she loved.

If she could have talked it all over with John, it would have come straight. But she did not often see John alone. The house was always full of people. And John was busy—with Dona.

Until two years before, Mr. and Mrs. John Gage and daughter, Bunny, had been residents of Easton, Ontario, where John Gage was spoken of as one of the rising young men at the bank. They lived in a white house on Binner Street, with a pink Rambler over the front door and a sand box in the back yard. Cynthia did her own work, with help one day a week for washing and scrubbing. Days when the help was there, Cynthia took Bunny to stay with Uncle Neddy Flanders, the way all the other mothers on Binner Street did, he carved them funny faces out of peach stones. John had a raise at Christmas that last year, and they made the middle payment on the house.

"We own half of it now," John said.

"Which half?" said Cynthia. "I choose the front door and the knocker."

"Let's go to Honolulu for our honeymoon," said Martin. "I've been on my honeymoon," Cynthia said sharply.



# It's genuine Congoleum, *of course!* — the rug with the Gold Seal



"Raining cats and dogs, Mom!"—"It must be, son, judging from the Niagara you brought in with you! Wipe it up for me, with a mop. It won't take but a second on this rug!" (The beautiful, labor-saving rug in this kitchen is "Narden," Congoleum Gold Seal Rug, No. 434.)

**YES**, easy-to-clean Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs *do* save hours of tiresome labour . . . but, *more* . . . they *do* bring a colourful freshness to any room . . . a charm that turns your hours in the room to hours of wonderful pleasure . . . and yet *they cost so little*. Despite their surprisingly low cost, Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs give remarkable service . . . *they are guaranteed to serve well . . . to your satisfaction . . . that's why it pays to buy only the genuine with the Gold Seal . . .*

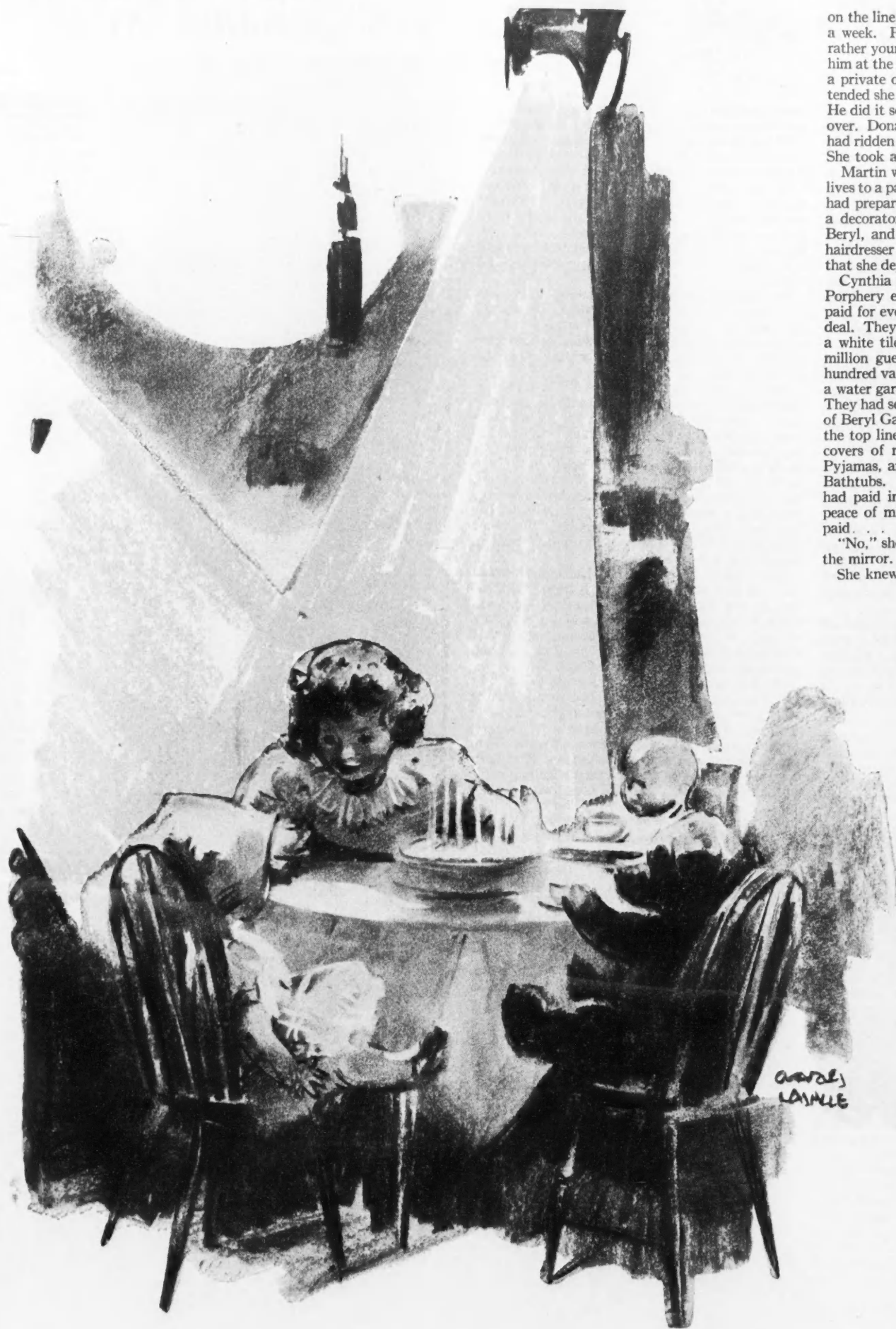
Start a new colour scheme in your home today, based on this modern floor-covering.

## CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS and Congoleum By-the-Yard

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED — MONTREAL



*Insist on seeing this Gold Seal . . . it is your guarantee of "Satisfaction Or Your Money Back" . . . your only positive protection against inferior substitutes . . . your sign of honest-to-goodness value.*



"It would be a good chance to see California."

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed," John said after Martin Porphyry had gone. "We'll get there, and nothing will happen."

"What of it?" said Cynthia blithely. "We'll have the trip, won't we?"

That was what it seemed like at first: just a trip.

The next thing they were in Hollywood, and "Little Miss

Muffett" was a smash hit. There were contracts. Options. They were casting for "Humpty Dumpty." John and Cynthia woke up one morning, and Bunny was a star. Beryl, that is. They had to remember not to call her Bunny any more.

All of a sudden there were a lot of things they couldn't do because Beryl was a star. They couldn't live in a bungalow court, and Cynthia couldn't hang her own dish towels

on the line. John couldn't work in a bank for forty dollars a week. People kidded him. He said: "Twenty-four is rather young to retire, isn't it?" So Martin made a job for him at the Cosmic Studios. Recorder, it was called; he had a private office, and his name on the door. Cynthia pretended she didn't know that what he did was clerical work. He did it so efficiently that he had a great deal of time left over. Dona helped him with his spare time. Dona Duveen had ridden up to fame with Beryl in "Little Miss Muffett." She took a proprietary interest in Beryl—and her father.

Martin was wonderful. He helped the Gages shape their lives to a pattern for which nothing in their early experience had prepared them. He found them the right house, and a decorator, and servants; the right dancing master for Beryl, and the right shirtmaker for John, and the right hairdresser for Cynthia. Cynthia did not realize at first that she depended on Martin more than on John.

Cynthia did not understand at first either that Martin Porphyry expected to be paid. She knew now that you paid for everything in Hollywood. The Gages had a great deal. They had the Beverly Hills house—pink stucco with a white tiled roof; twenty rooms, thirty servants, and a million guests. They had a rose garden containing six hundred varieties of roses, a sunken garden, a rock garden, a water garden, and a pink Italian marble swimming pool. They had seven cars. They had four detectives. The name of Beryl Gage appeared in electric lights over theatres, on the top lines of contracts, the outside of bank books, the covers of magazines, the tags of Beryl Gage Lounging Pyjamas, and the rims of Beryl Gage Coral Composition Bathtubs. They had paid for all these things. Cynthia had paid in Martin Porphyry's kisses. She had paid in peace of mind. She had paid with her baby. She had paid.

"No," she cried sharply, to her own frightened image in the mirror. "Not with John."

She knew suddenly that she must see John. She must ask him about Martin and Oasis House. Right away. Now.

CYNTHIA TUCKED the note into her dress when the knock came. It was Henrietta, one of the upstairs maids.

"May I speak to you a moment please, madam?"

"Certainly," said Cynthia primly. She stood in awe of the servants. They were so sure of themselves.

"It's about the little room at the end of the corridor."

Cynthia stiffened. That was where her things were that she had brought from Easton: her books, and her grandmother's tea set, and her own wedding silver; the low chair that she used to sit in when she bathed Bunny; the Martha Washington sewing cabinet that John had given her on their first anniversary. There was still a pair of Bunny's socks inside, and one of John's shirts—she had been turning the cuffs that night after the baby show, when Martin Porphyry came.

"The room is in the family wing," Henrietta was saying, "and I have charge of that. But if it is to be used as a guest room, I think Marie should do it."

"Who's using it for a guest room?" Cynthia asked sharply.

"That Mr. Farmer, madam. Mr. Edward Farmer, I think he said. He said you would know."

"I don't know any Mr. Farmer," Cynthia said. "He must be Mr. Gage's guest. What's he like?" She was instantly aware of not having done the correct thing in asking an opinion of a servant.

"I really could not say, madam. I hardly looked at him." Henrietta did not approve of Mr. Farmer. He was the sort one hardly looked at. One put him in a small room.

"Shall I tell Marie she is to care for the room during Mr. Farmer's occupancy, madam?"

"Yes," said Cynthia. She was ignorant of whose duty the little room would be under the circumstances and Henrietta knew it.

"Pass me my brown sandals," she said.

"I will call Celeste, madam," said Henrietta austere.

Celeste muttered things in French and smelled of Cynthia's best perfume. Cynthia kicked her feet into the brown sandals. She dragged a comb through rowdy red curls. She tied a brown handkerchief under her chin. Martin's note crackled inside the yellow mesh of her dress with a special urgency. She went to find John.

Cynthia stopped by the door to the patio. Voices came to her, and the clink of tall cold glasses. Cynthia could never imagine where all the

[Continued on page 24]



Illustrated by  
CHARLES LA SALLE

"If you'll make a shepherd's pie," said John, "I choose the kitchen."

"I know," said Cynthia. "The half we own moves round, wherever we are." They laughed together. There was always laughter in the house on Binner Street.

The house in Beverly Hills was all paid for. But they had never owned it. The house owned them.

It had all begun with the Easton Baby Show. They had entered Bunny because the show was sponsored by the bank president's wife. Cynthia made Bunny a white linen sun suit, and a sun bonnet.

Bunny won the first prize. But even that would not have mattered, if Martin Porphyry had not been delayed in Easton by a train connection. Martin went to the baby show. That night he called on the Gages. They thought at first he was joking.

"But she's so little," Cynthia protested.

"She'll grow," said Martin. He smiled at Cynthia, that swift, flashing smile, like snapping on a light; cocked an eyebrow, queerly intimate, as if there were something only they two understood. "She is like you," he said.

Cynthia had not understood at all. She was excited that night, flattered by the great man's notice; a small-town matron, aged twenty-two, with Hollywood miraculously at her feet. She looked at John to see how he was taking it. John looked dignified, and rather dazed; she was proud of his height and hardness, the brown eyes just like Bunny's. She went and sat on the arm of his chair to show Martin Porphyry that all the producers in Hollywood couldn't equal her John.

John said soberly: "She's just a plain kid, you know."

"How do you know she isn't a genius?" said Martin.

Cynthia realized suddenly that he meant it. Her look was only half amused when it reached John. He said slowly:

A peregrinating little stranger  
with a small, wise face went  
daily through the elaborate  
business of being a simple,  
charming child.

"I don't know about getting away from the bank."

Martin laughed. And Cynthia said quickly:

"My husband is in the Easton bank. He has a very responsible position."

"We have banks in California," said Martin. "They'll be nice to keep your money in."

John said stiffly: "I've always supported my own family."

"Now see here," said Martin Porphyry, serious and important. "Don't you understand what this means? You must consider that in the custody of talent there lies a duty. To Art. And to the child. How will you feel as she grows up and you see the things she might have had if you had not passed this opportunity by?"

There was that, of course. Cynthia's eyes were grave, meeting John's. She said weakly:





## REVEALED THE CRUEL WASTE OF THEIR LIFE TOGETHER



A sudden dreadful realization of the truth flashed upon her.

select the coat, wondered impatiently why he couldn't let Carol see what pleasure it had been to him to give it to her. Now, remembering his angry words that morning, she knew he had only given her the coat from a sense of duty. Everything he had done for Carol had been because he thought he must.

She put her hand to her throat to still the pain of a half-choked sob. That had been hardest to face—that he had never thought of Carol except as a necessary responsibility. He had not wanted to do the things he had seemed so eager to do. Send her to the expensive school, give her a summer's trip to Europe, buy her pretty clothes and a car of her own. He had only done what he thought was expected of him. Now he felt that he had done enough. He had said to Myra in the dining room after luncheon, "I have done all I can do for Carol, Myra. I can't afford to buy her wedding dress."

Carol's letter had come in the morning's mail. It was among others but, because it was so much heavier than the rest it fell out from them and lay on the coverlet of Myra's bed. She reproved it by reading the others first, though every instant she waited seemed an hour. She finished her coffee and, setting the tray on the table beside her, picked up the white envelope addressed in the heavy, girlish scrawl.

She sighed happily. The best possible beginning for a day when Carol was away was a letter from her. She drew out the pages and began to read intently. But when she finished the first folded sheet she dropped the letter and felt beneath her pillow for her handkerchief, to dry the tears that lay thick on her lashes. She had known that some day it would come, but now that the time was here she found herself unprepared. The sudden pain was reminiscent of an old and terrible loss—the loss of a loved one. But as she picked up the letter again, she told herself that she must not stand in the way of her girl's happiness.

"How I wish you and daddy knew Roger," she read. "You'd understand then why I am so happy that he loves me. It is all very sudden, but it has to be, as he is going back to England on the fourth and wants me to go back with him. Ruth says she is glad she is going to have a sister-in-law she knows as well as she does me—" the letter went on gaily, breathlessly, tremulously. Carol was a little frightened at leaving the home where she had been so cherished.

When Myra had finished the last dear words, "... So much love to you and daddy," she had dressed quickly, thinking, "I will drive straight out to Henry's office and tell him."

She might have telephoned, but she wanted the comfort

the big, kindly man who had been her dearest friend, would give her. She had wanted his hand on her shoulder and the reassurance of his deep voice. She had pulled her dark, narrow-brimmed hat on without looking in the mirror, and only paused at the door to give the maid a brief order before she got in her car to drive out to the factory.

The snow had begun to melt along the edges of the road and the air held the quiet, breathless ecstasy that winter has when it knows its time of waiting is not long. But the trees were sombre with bare branches upheld to a grey sky.

"It is too bad," Myra thought, "that Carol can't have a spring wedding. It will still be wintry."

She drew up before the factory office and went in. The girl at the reception desk looked up at her and smiled.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lester."

The orderly confusion of hurrying feet and rumbling machines had always filled Myra with awe. She could hear the insistent noise sometimes when she was alone with Henry. It seemed to come between them so that she could scarcely make him hear her above it, but now she did not heed it.

"Is Mr. Lester busy?" she asked.

"No, he has just gone into his office from a meeting, Mrs. Lester."

She opened the door and saw Henry bent over his desk arranging a sheaf of papers. When he looked up and saw Myra, he stood up to come round the desk to her.

"I didn't know you were ever out so early, my dear."

His strength was a rock Myra could lean upon. She said quickly, "I had a letter from Carol this morning."

He had been immediately concerned. "What's wrong, Myra? Is Carol ill?"

He looked so disturbed that Myra had answered hastily, "No, no. She wants to be married, Henry."

He stood quietly for a moment, then drew away from her, half turning back to his desk. He put one hand down and moved a pen back to its place on the ink stand. The silence was so long that Myra repeated, "Carol wants to be married, Henry. The man is Roger Trent, Ruth's brother. He's been over on his vacation from England. He has charge of his father's office in London." The words spilled over each other she was so eager for his understanding affection. But he did not answer her. When she paused she could hear the voice of the girl at the reception desk and the busy click-clack of a typewriter. She was suddenly frightened. "What is the matter?" she asked herself. "Why doesn't he say something?"

He started almost as though he had heard her thought and turned toward her. His face was set.

"I can't discuss this now, Myra," he said harshly. "I have some important work to attend to this morning. We'll see what we can do at luncheon."

Myra began, "Why, Henry—" She wanted to say, "There is nothing we can do but make Carol happy—" But he gestured her to stop.

"Please, Myra. I can't discuss this now," he repeated. It was almost as though Carol had done some dreadful thing that must be spoken of behind the closed doors of their own home.

SHE HAD left him, wondering if it was disinterest that would not allow him to take time from business to listen to the portentous news from Carol. She drove slowly and in her thoughts intruded little scenes of Carol and Henry together—going to the country club, listening to baseball games on the radio, arguing hotly over football teams. By the time she was home again she thought, "Of course he thinks it's just a childish romance. He doesn't realize Carol has grown up. He can't believe she is old enough to be in love and marry."

Old enough . . . one should say young enough . . . love and marriage for love belong to the dear, impossible dreams of youth. Only youth has faith enough and a high enough heart for love. Afterward is friendship but never love again. Sometimes she woke in the night, a frightened woman running from something she dared not look back at . . . but it would not be that way with Carol. Carol would have love all her life. It would not fly out the window while she stood watching it go and knowing no way to keep it. Ah, Deric—Deric—

TEARS BLINDED her and she turned back to the trunk and lifted the top tray out and set it carefully on the floor. She took out layers of tissue paper and looked down at the wedding dress she had worn when she married Deric. It was made of yards and yards of lace, beautiful, fragile lace that her grandmother had brought from the old country, and, though they often needed money, they had never sold it. She remembered standing in the parlor while her grandmother draped the lace on her.

"It would never do to cut this lace," she had said. "You'll want it some day for your own daughter's wedding dress."

[Continued on page 42]



# MARRIED TWELVE YEARS . . . AND THEN A QUARREL THAT

IT WAS their first quarrel, but the deep-rooted bitterness revealed to Myra the cruel waste of their twelve years of marriage. The intensity of each word he spoke struck like blows against her spirit, destroying the illusion she had cherished that she had made Henry happy. She had given every thought she could spare from Carol to making him happy. She had been determined to make up to him for the knowledge she carried with her as a guilty secret—the knowledge that she did not love him.

She sat before the trunk in the attic and looked out over the roofs of the little town; the shingle roofs, the slate roofs, the tiled roofs that bravely hid the secrets of her neighbors. When men and women walked out of doors no one need know what "went on" under those roofs. No one need know what words had been said between a husband and wife.

She bent her head and fumbled at the lock of the old trunk. It was a shabby trunk with worn leather and torn labels. It had been so long since she had opened it that the lock had rusted, but she could have told unhesitatingly the detail of everything it held. The smallest trinket in the jewel box—the wide gold ring, the heart-shaped locket meant for a baby girl, the fragment of a man's watch chain. She knew them, as other women know ropes of pearls and diamond pins. The baby clothes she herself had made, setting the stitches in place while her restless young husband walked up and down the room. At the bottom, wrapped in tissue paper faintly fragrant, as faded lilies are fragrant, was the lace wedding dress. She turned the key but did not lift the old-fashioned rounded top. People would think she must remember Deric bitterly. Deserted wives are supposed to remember bitterly, but memory only brought back the despair in his young face.

"Myra, darling, I love you, but I can't stay here and see you and Carol starve. You're better off without me." Poor Deric, he had been too young for the burden of a wife and baby. Fleeing with them from cold and hunger became such a nightmare at last that he fled from them alone. At first she had cried bitterly for herself and for little Carol

made fatherless. Then she had taken up the burden and waited for Deric to return, but he never did.

Myra pushed back the top of the trunk and stared down into it. She had thought she would never open it again, but she had not known where else to bring it but to this house Henry had built for her. She had not dared destroy it for fear the agony might turn her hard against all the world and she needed to be kind and tender and smiling for Carol—and Henry. Henry had been good to Carol and to her. Until today there had never been an angry word between them.

She heard a footstep on the narrow attic stairs and her maid opened the door. "Miz Lester, there's someone wants you on the phone."

She answered, meeting the maid's curious gaze steadily. "I'm busy, Dora. Ask for the number and I'll call later."

She had turned to speak and now she let her hands fall listlessly in her lap. She stared out of the window again, a puzzled frown between her eyes. How strange it was that Henry should show his resentment toward Carol now that she was grown and ready to relieve him of all he had done for her. Even in the first years of their marriage, when Carol was a little girl of eight, serious grey eyes, brown curls, a smile that seemed to understand too much for her few years—Myra had said to herself. "She hasn't really missed having a father. Henry is so good to her, and she is devoted to him."

He had been kind and Myra had known deeply and with faith that he was good. It hadn't mattered that he was the leading businessman in the small town, with a factory of his own and a heavy, dark car and a lot with tall trees overlooking the river. It did matter that he was sedately happy with her and almost gay when he played with Carol.

She had been sure of his devotion to Carol. She had been reassured of it only two months before when Carol had left them to visit a school friend in the East. The three of them had gone to the train after dinner. It was already dark, with the sharp, urgent darkness of a winter's evening. The lights from the car shone on a few snowflakes falling crisply in the thin, cold air. They sat cozily wrapped in a fur rug with Carol between her mother and her foster-father.

"Have you all the dresses you need?" Henry had asked.

"Everything," Carol had answered, laughter in her voice. It was such a dear, foolish question when he knew mother had been shopping with her for almost two weeks. "And my Christmas present will put Ruth's eyes out," she had added gaily.

"You like it, kiddie?"

"Like it? I love it! There aren't many girls have a mother and daddy who give them fur coats for Christmas."

"Well, it seemed to us you'd outgrown an apple and a stick of candy," he said gruffly. "Besides we thought you'd need it. It's cold back East."

Myra, thinking of the trip he had made to



Illustrated by  
JACK KEAY

## THE WEDDING CONTRACT

A Compelling Story of Marriage by JAN SPIESS



*What happens when a girl takes responsibility too seriously? Nerve shattering excitement in Mari's case—and a tempestuous love story too. A saga of the fisherfolk of Nova Scotia*



Mari was not pretty, but beauty lived in her, poignant yet undefined.

"You come here bringing gas and oil for the store down on the wharf. Sometimes you bring herring-bait, when the men don't get a good catch in their own weirs. Your cargo is just the beginning of a hard day's work for them!"

"You think this thing ain't heavy?" The truck panted at her like an ogre, "You think it ain't nothing to turn on a narrow road, with the mountain on one side and suicide below?"

Mari laughed. "Don't make a parade of yourself, mister! Twelve inches make a foot on sea, as well as on land. There you have tides to reckon with. Here just a clear road that don't change its course every six hours."

"Aw, rats," grinned Gar goodnaturedly and roared off down the hill.

"Now there's a man," thought Mari, and felt herself a traitor to her own kind. Gar's hair was light, thick, and untidy. The spread of his big shoulders tapered down to narrow hips. He was town-bred and contemptuous of everything she loved and lived by.

"Who hauls gas and oil for the wharf store now?" Aaron enquired that evening after he had met Calla on the hill.

"Oh, a smarty lubber from up Gillis way."

Aaron, like Mari, was strong and compactly built. He had the same black hair as hers, the same blue eyes under level brows. "Bait, too?" He pulled off a rubber boot and sent it thudding to dry behind the kitchen stove.

"When the men order it. And it lays by the side of the road in the sun, getting all dried up, because the truck can't get down to the wharf, and the men don't know it's come."

"Aw, sis, don't begin making speeches about *that*! I've heard plenty already. Old Towner is grouty at you because he heard tell you said he was too lazy to mend proper that weak place in his wall below Launching Hill."

Mari's mouth straightened. "Some day there'll come a heft of trouble if he don't tend to it. Suppose it happens to give way altogether, when the logs is shooting down?"

Aaron smiled a little, trying to tease her. "Old Towner said women ain't got no right to have ideas like you do."

The girl's black lashes flickered over her blue eyes. "Old Towner deserves to be ground into splinters right in his own dooryard. He don't do nothing but lean his shiftless spine against the medicine-oil shack. He'd never bother his time to help build a road proper, so trucks and carts could get down to the fish-wharves." Color swept up into her cheeks, "It's the same about piping water down from the mountain. We could all have it, if anyone was interested."

Aaron groaned. "Am I going to get to chunking on fried flounder and potato-hash, or ain't I?"

**WINDY DAYS.** Rough water. Squalls of rain. Few boats left the wharves. It was during this slack season that Mari felt the idle men should be busy building a strong, wide road. "If they'd work together, they'd all be helped," she thought disgustedly.

One bright, blowy afternoon the oil truck thundered up the hill and stopped at the steep path leading down to the shore, just as Mari left the small village store. The very panting of the engine hurried her own breath. Gar stepped out of the cab and began to roll empty oil barrels, waiting by the roadside, under the truck's rear nozzle. Mari walked slowly because she wanted to run. Quite suddenly she decided that she would ask Gar to dinner. It was almost ready anyhow, and Aaron was up in [Continued on page 79]







Illustrated by William Heaslip

# Her Brother's Keeper

by MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

A GIRL walked up the hill. A boy walked down.

"How y' living, Calla?"

"Not too bad. How's yourself, Aaron? And," she asked in her sweet, slow speech, "How's your sister, Mari?"

"Oh, we're making good weather. The west looks a little mite smurry, don't it? The glass is dropping too. I'm going down to shift ballast on my dragger in case a breeze blows up."

Calla, fluffy-haired and slender, next enquired if the oil truck had come that day.

"Ain't heard tell. He comes reg'lar, don't he?"

The girl smiled over a knowledge behind her eyes; something about Mari which she hoped was true. It might make a difference in the lives of all of them. "Oh, I just heard some of the men say they was looking for him. They need gas and oil for their boats. Good-by."

"Good-by," and he added shyly, "Calla Lily."

He gazed after her as she swung lightly up the hill. He never bothered his time about the oil truck. It came with supplies once a week for the store down on the wharf. What could Calla have meant?

It is the fashion along the Fundy shore of Nova Scotia, to give flower names to little girls. Winter is long, and spring is laggard. Mothers enjoy a fleeting sense of summer when they shout for their daughters from front steps. "Pansy . . . Rose . . . and Calla Lily." It was not surprising then, that a strong, black-haired, blue-eyed girl should have stepped shoulder-high into the chill Fundy tide, and come out again baptized by the name of Marigold. Hardly anyone called her that, however; Mari was easier to say.

Mari and Aaron Deane; brother and sister. They had lived all their lives in one house. You could no more think of them separately than you could think of a dragnet

without rings. Each loved the other with a fine, deep, inarticulate loyalty. They lived by and to themselves. They had no relatives. Mari was twenty-three and Aaron twenty.

Mari possessed a brown throat, strong arms and an inherited scorn for incompetence. However loyal she might be to men of the sea village, she had no tolerance for laziness ashore. Already she had refused three suitors. "I'm sorry," her tone was tart, pitying and kind, "but you're too shiftless ever to get clear of your own gear." By that she meant that the disgruntled youths were already entangled in habits which would always bring them worry and debt.

There were those in the village who said Mari was too good for herself. Who did she think she was, anyhow? A-popping herself up as better'n other folks?

But it was this same, clear-eyed sense of values which caused her to admire Gar Landers. He was the big, swaggering driver of the oil truck, whose skill managed his clumsy vehicle with such precision, that he would not have chipped a china tea-cup three inches beyond his reckoning.

"How's that?" he would enquire of Mari after a turn in a risky place.

"No better than it should be."

"Is zat so?" Gar lived forty miles up the valley. His ways and speech were different from Cableville ways and speech.

"You don't handle your truck any better than the men handle their fishing dories right here between the wharves."

"Say," he smiled, pleased and piqued, "who you shooting at?"

The sun slid down her smooth, brushed hair. Her clean print dress breathed of freshness. "Your car ain't near as long, over-all, as Aaron's scallop-dragger."

"So what?"





by  
Carolyn Damon

## Discover the Secret of Your Own Most Flattering Costume

### SILHOUETTE . . . adaptable . . . varied . . . youthful

*The Average Figure*—Can dally among princess, peasant, Directoire, Persian and streamlined swing styles happily. Silhouettes fit the mood. Fingertip length for swing coats and tunics is good. Street skirts are shorter, fuller. There's a new back fullness to frocks, coats. Interest centres in the bustline. Get as much motion and vitality into your costume lines as possible.

*For the Young*—Full-skirted peasant for sport, slick tuxedo for dinner, beltless princess lines for evening. Stop going to elegant teas in tweeds. The gracious afternoon frock is something you can learn to [Continued on page 52]

### FABRICS . . . casually elegant . . . self-contained

*The Average Figure*—Make your choice from the interesting new weaves and designs that revolutionize the fabric bazaar. You will lean to rougher effects, subtle designs through thread and pile, rich glamorous velvets and metallics. You turn your thinking topsy-turvy to follow the Paris couturiers.

Taffetas and velvets for afternoon, woollens for evening; every kind of nubbed and slubbed and tufted wool or silk or tweed you can think of for daytime. And your broadcloths will be slick and smart by contrast.

You'll use a great deal of dull and [Continued on page 53]

### COLOR . . . vital . . . rich . . . single-minded

*The Average Figure*—Don't spend your color in three or four different directions. There's a unity about the beautiful fall pottery shades, the racing colors, the Coronation tones that gives new dignity to costuming. You'll be wise to choose one of the lovely new winy tones, or tawny browns, or elegant blues or greens, and use it consistently, with black or brown or grey accessories. The three-color scheme is almost gone. Accessories, after their spring outburst, are relegated to subsidiary rôles. Your frock or coat is of a deep lovely tone, sometimes with fabric rather than color contrasts for effect. Then there are [Continued on page 53]





## *"Everywoman's Guide to Chic". . . a New Chart to Help You*

*Immaculately groomed . . . gracious . . . assured. Women like these are aware of having mastered the new fashions and adapted them to their own figures. Which is the real secret of clothes confidence. Each is dressed in the latest mode, yes; but each has chosen her silhouette, fabric, colors, hat and costume accents so as best to bring out the most flattering aspects of her personality, and subdue her defects. Fine woollens, velvets, velveteens, metallics, are used in the fabrics; fur, braid, buttons, add effects. Hats are flattering. Would you know which type of costume would suit you best? This feature will help you.*

### **HATS . . . deft . . . baffling . . . individual . . . mostly high**

*The Average Figure*—Don't go in and buy a high hat and think you're fitted for the season. Every curve and dint in this year's headgear speaks for itself. You never had a better chance of getting the right kind of hat. Make it high, if you wish, but unless you are prepared to spend time and thought in adjusting, and are given to perfectly groomed coiffures, don't buy one of the very extreme types. For sport, those nice friendly brimmed felts are still tops. For midwinter, with a fur coat, why not a new furred version? Give your sense of display full vent when you pick a tea bonnet. Spend time on [Continued on page 51]

### **COSTUME ACCENTS . . . quieter . . . more trimmings**

*The Average Figure*—Do a complete head-stand in your attitude to costuming details. Accessories lose their importance as such; tricks of line and fabric, effects of buttons, pockets, fur, braid, ribbon, usurp the place formerly held by unusual combinations in boutonniere, scarf, gloves and shoes. You build around your frock or coat, completely.

Nine times out of ten your bag, gloves, hat and shoes will be quietly black, grey, brown or navy. You will scour the button folders, haunt the trimming departments, risk all on sashes, pleats, furs and braids. [Continued on page 52]





Illustrated by Nussdorf

between friends was to have come and cleared the air—not left it for Ann to stew about in an uncertain muddle. He was the one that should have stewed. And when I see him again, Ann thought, I'll make him stew! And I'll never get on his wretched horse again.

And then at ten o'clock, the telephone. "Sure—come up. Doing? Oh, we are just sitting here by the fire, Ann and I. Ann says, come ahead." Stephen hung up. "It's Kerry. He wondered if we were home."

"He wondered if you were home, you mean," Ann said, with a viciousness that made Stephen stare at her. "He's not taking any chance at seeing me alone. Not Kerry. Taking care of himself, isn't he? Doesn't want to get seriously involved with a lady."

"But of course he doesn't. Of course Kerry doesn't want to get involved with you, Ann. Why—the very fact that getting involved with a lady is the best little thing he does, is the very reason why he doesn't want it in this case. He likes us Ann. He likes you and he likes me. Getting involved is the last thing he wants. What's got into you, Ann? Why does he bother you all of a sudden? Kissing you—why that's just Mac, that's all. You'll see it doesn't mean a thing to him, one way or another."

And that, thought Ann, is just what makes me so utterly furious. What has got into me? I'm hurt. And why am I hurt? Because it doesn't mean anything to Kerry. And why should it? Heaven knows I don't want it to. And yet I'm hurt.

And then Kerry came in and it was all right. He greeted Stephen and he came at once to Ann, and holding her hand he said: "I've been miserable, Ann. I didn't have the courage to come and I couldn't stand another night not coming." He turned to Stephen. "Kissing your wife, Steve, is not an experience a man can forget easily—nor afford to repeat. Steve—you do understand?"

Stephen's hand rested a moment on Kerry's shoulder. "If I kicked out all the men that kiss Ann—" The two men laughed together, united.

But Ann was not amused. "Stephen, you know I don't. You know I don't."

Stephen raised a warning finger. "Ha! Mac, I was mistaken. Men don't kiss Ann. They don't want to—that's why."

And again the two of them laughed, and Stephen went to the cupboard and took out a decanter. "Port, Mac? We'll drink a toast to Ann."

But Ann was, at heart, a little unconvinced. Does Kerry really believe I told Stephen? Or was he just terribly clever, terribly much experienced in this kind of thing? For I can never now, after this, make him believe Stephen did know, that I did tell him, unless he does believe it himself.

"And now, Ann."

Kerry drew up a chair, facing the two of them and the fire. He was eager, young, intimately their understood friend. Relaxing into her chair Ann felt flooding over her a sense of peace. Why fret so? Kerry was nice—awfully nice. Not even the Julias, the Alicias, the Anns, could destroy that fundamental niceness. And Stephen believed in him.

"I've got a new horse, Ann, a black." He smiled at her. "Hunting season's beginning, you know. You can't hunt on Duna."

"Kerry—you didn't get a new hunter just for me!"

"No, I didn't Ann." Kerry's answer was disarmingly candid. "Fact is, he's merely being housed with us for the winter, and I spoke for him for you. That gives us three good blacks in the stables, and I thought you and Vint Harris and I could make up a hunt team for our show. We three could near do an Olympic course. Harris is a fool for jumping. Born on a horse. Fact, really. His mother—Anyway, you'll come out tomorrow, won't you, and try the black?" His voice was coaxing, as if he knew Ann would need to be coaxed.

"Of course, Kerry. I'd love to." [Continued on page 30]

On a Friday night, Ann's world blew up with the blowing up of a retort directly into Stephen's face.

He had no business whatever to have tried this on me!"

"You're different only because you're a lot prettier, and a lot nicer. But that doesn't constitute exactly a protection to you, Ann. Anyway," Stephen blew a long breath of cigarette smoke and stretched out his legs luxuriously, "it's no good your expecting Mac to blush and stammer as if this was his first kiss. You know what he is—always will be. That's one of the things about bachelors. A chap of thirty-five to forty that's not married—they're queer. They're a bit wrong. Bound to be. Either they're all steamed up about sex or they're not all steamed up about sex—and either way it's off balance."

"All right, but I don't want to see Kerry any more, Stephen."

"As you like, Ann, of course. I don't see why you attach so much importance to it, or let him feel you do. Laugh at him. I expect he wouldn't like to be laughed at."

But Ann knew that she could not laugh at Kerry. Lying sleepless she faced the knowledge that there had been something between Kerry and herself in that obliterating kiss. And then in the darkness, that kiss swept over her again, drowning her body like a wave. She was lost in it. And when it passed she lay and stared into the dark. This was impossible; this thing could not exist in her, side by side with her love for Stephen.

But when all the next day Kerry did not appear, Ann found herself in a sick fury with him. She could imagine Kerry's return—after an interval—gay, light-hearted—Don't take this seriously, Ann. What's a little kiss?—and knew before it happened, just how furious it would make her. Any way you looked at it, the simple and honest way

all she was thinking about was Kerry. A slam of a car door would find her listening for his step. She expected him; and he did not come; and it annoyed her that she should be the one waiting. When Stephen came home her cooped-up feelings broke out into irritated speech.

"I'm provoked at Kerry. I thought he would have been in."

"Probably busy."

"Too busy to come in and apologize?"

Stephen let out a deep amused chuckle. "Apologize for kissing you? That would be a bit amateurish for Mac, wouldn't it? He's probably darn glad he did it. Why not?"

Ann whirled on him. "That's what I mind. The fact that he thinks I'm like all the rest of them. I'm different."



*Ann travels a strange  
and troublesome road  
with her love for her  
husband — and her  
infatuation for Kerry.  
Then tragedy . . . .*

## Trial by Marriage •

by CLARISSA  
FAIRCHILD CUSHMAN



**E**VEN AS Ann stood staring, a car came out of the darkness and stopped for the major's hail; it pushed Kerry's car over the rise at the foot of which, half a mile away, was gas.

She and Kerry had nothing to say during the remainder of the ride in. If she thought of him at all, it was to realize that he felt no sense of apology, and that realization produced in her a feeling of disdain and small anger. She had not encouraged him. He had had no business to touch her.

There was no light in the windows when they reached the house, and Ann told Kerry to drive on, that Stephen was probably still in the laboratory. Arrived there, Ann left the car abruptly with only the briefest "good night," and when she came to the laboratory it was to burst in, drawing a breath of relief and security as she saw Stephen's dark head bent under the bright light at the far end.

Stephen's eyes greeted her warmly, if briefly. "Back, honey? How was it? Have a good time?"

"Swell. Stephen—"

She couldn't get near him. He was boiling something in a test-tube, and the care and absorption with which he was watching it attested its importance. She wanted to get near him. In his black apron over a rumpled shirt open halfway down the front, with chemical stains on his fingers and a black smudge on his chin, he seemed to her inexplicably dear. She wanted him, wanted him to kiss her, wanted to feel the long-known length of him, and the known and not too disquieting expression of his love.

But with the test-tube held delicately in the subdued roar of the Bunsen burner, she could not do anything about

it. She could only say, in a queer, strained voice, "Stephen, you—you're a swell guy."

Stephen's eyes flashed at her a moment. "What's the matter, Ann? Something go wrong?" Then his eyes, returning to the boiling fluid in the thin bit of glass, became intent as a bluish vapor began curling in the tube.

"A little. Kerry kissed me on the way home."

Stephen, intent upon his experiment, did not answer at once. After a minute he lifted the tube from the heat, examined it against the light, and then his attention came back to Ann.

"Kissed you?"

Then he smiled and looked at her, and Ann could see that real amusement lay in his smile and in his eyes. "Why, in heaven's name, should that upset you?"

"Just the circumstances, Stephen. Two o'clock at night. He'd run out of gas, but he thought it might be the engine, and he and I were standing together in the grass beside the road. Some students came by in a car—just the wrong second. They recognized Mac. Stephen—they recognized me. It was"—her voice was vehement suddenly—"loathesome!"

Stephen put the test-tube into a rack beside a lot of others, and stoppered it carefully with cotton.

"Well, even so. Forget it. Don't make yourself unhappy by dwelling on it. Have a good time otherwise?"

"I can't dismiss it like that." He was free of the test-tube now, and she clutched at his arms, turning him to her insistently. "Stephen!" she said passionately. "Don't you see? I never was that kind of girl before I married. I never went in for that kind of thing, big or little. It always made

me sick—cheap, grimy, pantry love-making. I'm just your wife, Stephen, yours. I won't have even a tiny edge of me belong to anyone else—or have anyone exist who thinks he has a tiny edge. That's just that!"

Stephen glanced at the watch on his table. "Lord, Ann. It's two o'clock. Tired? Me too." He smiled down at her. "Love me, don't you, Ann? You're not interested, are you, in the handsome Irishman?" It was a statement more than a question.

"Stephen! Kerry Maclouth doesn't mean any more to me than—than—" Ann waved her hands a little wildly—"than that row of test-tubes there."

Stephen kissed the end of her nose. "Well, then—" He jerked his head at the test-tubes. "However, I hope your simile isn't prophetic. That row of test-tubes may be darned important to you and me, before I'm done with them. Lord, Ann. I'm hungry. I don't believe I ate any supper. Do you remember whether I ate any supper? Oh, I forgot—you weren't home." He leaned forward suddenly, and kissed her, his face lingering against hers.

"Let's go home and have a cheese sandwich and get some sleep. Shall we? I want to be back here by eight o'clock in the morning and get in a good day."

Ann laughed, a little hysterically. "Oh, Stephen, how did I ever have the luck, just the colossal, stupendous luck, to be married to you?"

"That goes for me, too," said Stephen.

ALL THE next day Stephen was absorbed with his laboratory, sustained by a package of sandwiches. Ann, outwardly busy about her house was annoyed to find that



LOOK FOR THE  
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"I knew you'd discover homemade soup isn't worth the trouble it takes. I went through that soup-making stage just after I was married, too . . . had to try every recipe I could find. But it wasn't long before I decided just as you did. Campbell's Vegetable Soup is pretty hard to beat with any recipe!"

Of course, most Canadian women know the best way to "make" vegetable soup, and every day, more and more are changing their ideas about it. No longer does it mean the old grind of bothersome marketing and preparation and tiresome "pot watching". It's the easy Campbell's way for them, for they know how

favorably Campbell's compares, in every way, with any homemade vegetable soup.

And that's as it should be, for vegetable soup as it comes from the gleaming kettles at Campbell's, is a soup any woman would be proud to have made herself. Every vegetable in it—and there are fifteen of them—has been picked at its prime, and the invigorating beef stock is full-flavored—just as you would make it at home. A tempting, delicious treat that's always waiting for you at your grocer's. Just try it! And, incidentally, being condensed, Campbell's Soups are more reasonable in price.

21 kinds to choose from . . . Asparagus, Bean with bacon, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken with rice, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Cream of Mushroom, Mutton, Noodle with chicken, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Scotch Broth, Tomato, Vegetable, Vegetable Beef

# Campbell's Vegetable Soup

CONTAINING RICH BEEF BROTH PLUS 15 GARDEN VEGETABLES

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO



I'm always sure  
To be the winner,  
When I've had Campbell's  
For my dinner!





**WANTED**  
— For my  
Daughter

## the Girlhood I Missed

table. And I shall have to watch my tongue, to see that the children never hear, casually spoken, coarse slang or profanity, however effective. Also it will mean giving up some things we want so that there can be bread and butter plates all round, and the right silver, and a maid if we can possibly manage. The children will be more at home in their social relationships if they are accustomed to being served, as well as to serving.

I don't suppose my daughter will be a beauty, but what looks she has will be encouraged to the last gasp. And I hope by the time she's fourteen or so, I won't think my duty in that line is done because I've sent her to the oculist, the dentist, and told her to sit up straight at the table. I remember so well the samples I used to send for—coupons I clipped, for which I received little tubes of cold cream and vanishing cream, a small manicure set, the exciting little box of powder, rouge, and lipstick. Secretly I daubed my face, trying to fix myself up. The cold cream worked havoc on an already oily skin, and it took me years to find out how lipstick looks best. My mother had a theory that the freshness of youth is its own best adornment. But my natural self at fifteen was far from radiant youth. An awkward, pudgy body and a bad complexion, that I couldn't help, were crowned by a thick thatch of hair arranged in an unbecoming coiffure that I could have helped.

WHEN MY daughter appears in the first flush of the rouge pot, I am going to try to help her to use cosmetics well. The right shade of powder will

help to cover up the schoolgirl complexion, which is usually the last thing about our youth we would wish back. And the right shade of lipstick, tactfully applied, does not look tawdry on gay young girls. Of course, I'll try to keep my daughter from sallying forth in the evening with a face that looks as if it would run in a sudden squall. But I'll buy her an eyelash curler, and let her indulge in nice bath powder and bath salts and some harmless skin tonic, so that her bureau can be delightfully cluttered up with the bottles and boxes so fascinating to a young girl.

If her skin is really bad, I'll take her to the best dermatologist I can find, and let his diet and lotion help alleviate the condition which isn't really entirely necessary and "just her age." I'll plague her about her diet, too, and if she's taking in Devil's Delights on the way home from school, I'll buy her one of those mirrors that magnifies the pores. And make her look in it.

I'll read the beauty columns and the fashion magazines, and go to see the current smart movie stars, so I'll know if my daughter is right when she says, "But, mother, *nobody's* wearing their hair that way these days!" If her hair is straight, she shall have a permanent as soon as she wants one, and a good one, too. And when there's a big party in the offing, she shall go to the beauty shop and get all shampooed and waved and lacquered to her heart's content. But she'll look after her own nails—and frequently, too.

As early as possible, I'll start her [Continued on page 54]

*"I want to think about how I'll bring up my daughter while I'm still young enough to remember all the mistakes of my own youth" says this Canadian mother.*

I HAVE just emerged from a welter of books-on-infant-care, potential names, diets-rich-in-calcium, and gertrudes, to look ahead thirteen, sixteen, twenty years into the future. I want to think about how I'll bring up my daughter, while I'm still young enough to remember the acute embarrassment of those dancing-school days when I was the last girl left sitting alone. Miss G—used to rescue me from that disgrace to the worse one of dancing with the teacher. I want to think about it while I can still feel the despair of those inevitable Friday and Saturday nights, when the town seemed alive with parties and phone calls and roadsters and incipient romance—and I had no part in it.

So I am going to think now how I shall bring up my daughter to adjust herself socially better than I ever

did. Of course I want her to be fitted to be a good wife, to have a home and children of her own. But before that time comes, I want her to have the frivolous part of youth—the parties, the friends, the long silly phone calls, the fraternity pins, corsages, proms, and dance programmes. I shall make my plans for my daughter now, before the necessity of that glamour and frivolity is blotted out by cod-liver oil and child psychology.

First of all, I shall try to have the background right. I shall do my desperate best to have the niceties of life observed in our home. I suspect this is going to be harder than I think, for the chances are we shall not be able to afford many luxuries. It will mean that the children's daddy will have to stop reading his paper in his slippers, and remember to pull out my chair and seat me at the

Madame de Kiriline makes a very solemn Annette comfortable. Photograph copyright Star Newspaper Service.

# I Nursed the Quintuplets

*Intensely dramatic is this story of the terrible days when the babies were sick; of how they were treated; and how they grew into little individuals*

by MADAME  
LOUISE DE KIRILINE  
(Copyright 1936 Louise de Kiriline)



**C**ECILE was crying for everything. She did not want to be in the playpen with the others. She did not want to be on her bed in the corner. She was not contented with anything. Disconsolately she lay and whimpered, as she plucked at the flowers of her yellow and green quilt without enthusiasm.

"There is something the matter with Cecile, I am sure," said one of her nurses. "She never cries; she can't be well. I wonder what it is she is catching."

And in truth, if there was a baby who never cried, that one was Cecile. She did not even show displeasure when her "I-want-all-sister" Yvonne took her beloved celluloid cat from her. When this happened, she at once picked up a pink rattle and continued to entertain herself with it, just as contentedly.

But what in the world was now the matter with Cecile? She was picked up from her bed and placed on the nursing table for an examination. She had not eaten very well at the last meal, but her lack of appetite was not in itself cause for alarm. However, now when she showed this unusual irritation too, it took on the aspect of a symptom worth noticing.

Poor little Cecile, where is the pain—or are you just feeling out of sorts?

We continued to examine her. Her skin was not hot to the touch, nor was she sweaty, and her temperature was

just one or two bars higher than usual—it was 98.6 degrees. But that was enough to make us watch her with greatest vigilance. Her last stool had had a slight odor to it.

All these seemingly unimportant signs could hardly be named symptoms yet. They might mean only a passing slight indisposition—or the onset of an illness.

To minimize all risks, the signs were taken at their worst meaning and Cecile was separated from the others. Her bed was put in the sunniest and brightest corner of the nursery and all her things, water glass, commode chair and toys were collected and placed with her in her own screened-in little cubicle.

After that was done, a call was put through the private telephone line to the doctor.

"Hello, doctor, Cecile is feeling restless. I believe something is the matter with her." And then followed a recounting of all the signs, which might be taken as symptoms.

"Hhm," said the doctor, "hmm. . . Not any other symptoms, you say? Well, anyway, we'll take the usual precautions; you know, separation from the others, lots of water to drink, eat no more than she wishes, watch temperature and give enema if it goes over 102."

"All right, doctor."

"Report to me in the morning." The bell tingled good-by.

At supper that night Cecile took only one or two teaspoonfuls of her porridge and a couple of swallows of milk.

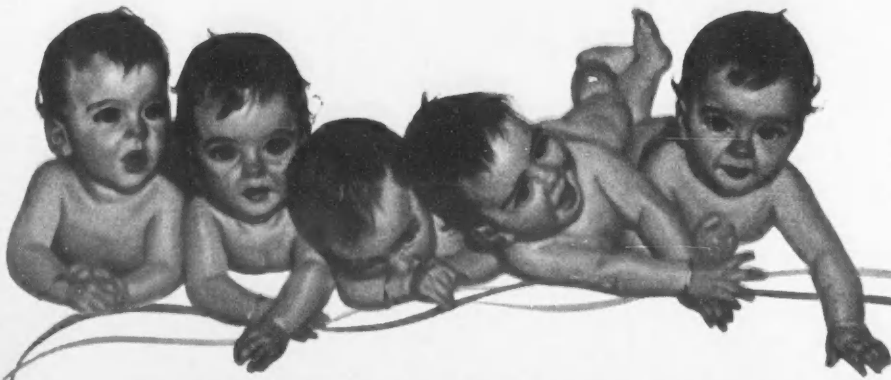
During the night she slept fitfully and every time she woke up, she was offered water to drink. Although she did not take much at a time, she drank so often, that almost eight ounces were gone by the morning.

Cecile was still asleep when the others had their bath the next morning. Then she had hers with special care. Her temperature had gone up to 101 degrees and her nose was slightly discharging. Ah, that's it—a cold. Where on earth can she have got that?

Her bowels had not moved during the night, so she was given an enema of tepid boiled water. It was given through a boiled enamel funnel to which a thin rubber tube was attached. The baby was placed on her left side on the table with her knees drawn up. The rubber tube was only inserted after the air was well pushed out of it, by letting the water reach its very tip. The tube was kept free of air by pinching it together with the fingers. Then it was carefully smeared with vaseline and gently pushed in. The water was allowed to enter very slowly, so that it would not cause any cramps. The enema was continued until the return showed almost clear. Cecile did not mind; she only whimpered a little as she was placed on the table. Then she stopped crying and, not being frightened, she instinctively co-operated to the best of her ability. When it was all over, she felt much better and quite relieved.

After this her hot little body [Continued on page 63]





WHEN THEY WERE VERY YOUNG THE  
DIONNE QUINS WERE BATHED ONLY WITH

*Olive Oil*

*What a basketful of  
loveliness... fresh and sweet  
from their Palmolive bath!*



All reproductions copyrighted 1936, NEA Service, Inc.

Now that they are such big girls...the Quins use

ONLY PALMOLIVE

*The soap made with Gentle Olive Oil*

**W**HAT little beauties they're getting to be . . . these adorable Dionne Quintuplets.

And what a picture they make, after their bath with Palmolive Soap . . . their pink-and-white skin so satin-smooth, glowing with life and health!

Lucky little Quins! Always, their tender baby skin has had the most scientific care.

At the time of their birth, and for some time afterward, they were bathed only with Olive Oil. Because science has found nothing so gentle, nothing so soothing for delicate skin as Olive Oil!

AND EVER SINCE, ONLY PALMOLIVE

Then came the time for soap and water baths. And how carefully the specialists in charge selected a soap gentle enough for the Quins' unusually sensitive skin.

They selected Palmolive . . . the gentle soap made with Olive Oil. Out of all the soaps available, Palmolive was chosen exclusively for the Quins' daily baths.

WHAT A LESSON FOR EVERY MOTHER  
... FOR EVERY WOMAN!

Mother! Should that precious baby of yours, or any of your children, be bathed with any soap less gentle, less soothing than the one chosen for the tender skin of the little Dionnes?

And you too, Lovely Lady . . . you who want to keep your complexion soft, smooth, alluring through the years! Why not give *your* skin the matchless beauty care that only Palmolive's secret blend of Olive and Palm Oils can give? Why not use gentle Palmolive Soap exclusively for your own face and bath!



**READ WHAT DR. DAFOE SAYS**  
"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY. USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

# People Notice Skin Faults

## LINES

"SHE'S LOOKING OLD"

## LARGE PORES

"SHE'S LOSING HER LOOKS"

## BLEMISHES

"HER SKIN IS NEVER CLEAR"



Miss Dorothy Day: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from little lines."

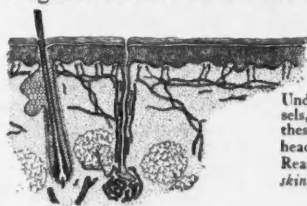
*These Faults Start in Your Under Skin—and there's where you must treat them*

**A**GLANCE at your skin—and people form opinions! A single blemish . . . "Her skin's never clear." Tired lines creeping in . . . "She's looking worn and old." The first coarse pores . . . "She's losing her good looks!"

Things you yourself hardly notice. But they are there—giving you away, sometimes quite unjustly.

You can change all that! . . . Surprise everybody with a glorious new impression of your skin—in a few short weeks. You must begin at once to fight

those faults people notice. Fight them right where they begin—in your *underskin*. Look at the skin diagram below. See all the tiny oil glands, blood



**Good looks start here . . .**

Under the skin you see are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, fibres. When these fail—age signs come, blackheads, blemishes spoil your looks . . . Read how you can rouse this *underskin*, keep your outer skin faultless!

vessels, skin cells underneath, which rush life to your outer skin—keep it free of flaws. When they lose vigor, skin faults begin. But you can keep

them active! Rouse that underskin, by the faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment—and those little faults will quickly go!

Pond's Cold Cream is made with fine, specially processed oils which go deep. It lifts out all dirt and make-up—freshens your skin immediately. Now—pat in a second application, briskly. Feel the failing underskin waken. Circulation more active. Soon oil glands, cells are acting normally.

Do this regularly. In a few weeks your skin will be noticed by everyone, but for a different reason . . . It's so fresh and clear and smooth . . . *beautiful!*

### More than cleansing—this way

Here's the famous Pond's method, in few words. It does more than cleanse your skin:

**Every night**, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—fo: that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

**Every morning**, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer, every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

### Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. L, 167 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_  
Made in Canada. All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.



### Miss Bettina Belmont

active young horsewoman, says: "I keep my skin in good condition with Pond's Cold Cream. It never lets blackheads, coarse pores, or blemishes come out on my skin."



# I am a Social Hostess

*"Be a social hostess! Pull out of that boring office rut, and step into interesting, glamorous work."*

**T**HUS DO the enticing advertisements eulogize the social hostess job; with promises of well-paid, permanent posts in luxurious hotels, clubs, and palatial liners, the moment you have graduated from this, or that school.

And odd as it may seem, in these precarious days, girls and women actually do give up the boring office. But instead of landing these cushy, glamorous jobs, all too many of them step right out into the job line. Several of these have sought me out to discuss prospects. Quite recently an attractive girl breezed eagerly into my office.

"I've decided to become a social hostess," she announced. "It's such entertaining work, I simply adore it."

It developed that during the summer she had helped to get up concerts on board ship. It was so diverting—when she returned home, she "just couldn't stick the pokey old office." So she resigned to become a social hostess.

"Please tell me what you have to do."

The popular idea is that you don't have to do much. That any woman with an attractive personality, who is a good mixer, can do the trick. If she has a flair for entertaining, is a clever *raconteur*, she is supposed to have all it takes in her kit bag of tools.

Up to a point these gifts are an asset; beyond that they may carry her right off the deep end. For, however brilliantly she may be able to entertain, it's not the social hostess's place to be the life of the party. Not for her to scintillate and shine like a human *aurora borealis*. Her skill will consist in making others shine. Or—by way of mixing a metaphor or two—the hostess is the pivot which turns the social wheel—but she is not the wheel, a truism that is sometimes hard for her to swallow.

"Ah," but you say, "that's just the sort of thing I'm cut out for—setting things going—keeping the entertainment ball rolling. I'm a regular little conjuror at tossing off colored balloons, and keeping them afloat."

You win! But first you must take a "screen test," so to speak. The scene, let us say, is laid in a large, busy summer hotel. You are Jane Gay, new social hostess. No experience, but your club bag is full of grit, optimism and resourcefulness.

You arrive on the afternoon boat. You are met by



FOR OBVIOUS REASONS  
THE WRITER OF THIS VIVID  
ACCOUNT OF WHAT THE  
GLAMOROUS ROLE OF  
SOCIAL HOSTESS ENTAILS  
REMAINS ANONYMOUS.

Illustrated by Margaret Fax

the—bellhop. He grabs your bags, and hauls them up the hill to Ye Olde English Inn. A busy manager gives you a casual handshake. Then you follow the bell hop to your room, with a sinking feeling that your advent has made about as much commotion as that of a new cook. Cook? You flatter yourself, Jane. The cook is vastly more important.

Open your bag quickly. Bring out—your pretty dinner dress? Maybe, but more important—your grit. You're going to need it, Jane.

But here the novice may balk. "Why pile on the agony?" she may say. "You've got me all wrong. It's the city club, or hotel I'll make for, or even a big ocean liner."

True. But you forget. This is just a screen test—to prove whether or not you are of the stuff from which social hostesses are made. Besides, it is to a summer hotel, or camp, you will probably have to turn . . . as they provide the most openings for, shall we say, a "freshette."

So—here we have Jane on her first job, feeling her way like a blind man in a maze. For, once she has been shown her room, she is shown nothing more. She finds her way to the dining room, discovers the ballroom, makes herself known to the orchestra, happens upon the tennis court, finds the beach, introduces herself to the guests. On the head of it all, Jane has the comforting knowledge that everyone in the hotel is sitting back watching her do her stuff.

PERHAPS, Jane hits upon the bright idea of making out a schedule for the week's entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Tourist glance wearily over the programme for that day.

Tennis tournament . . . regatta . . . dancing in the evening . . . bridge.

"What, no launch trip?" yawns Mrs. Tourist. "John, weren't those jolly launch parties we had last summer at Pinehurst Lodge?" (that's the hotel's competitor across the lake). "It was so gay. Launch parties every day."

"You bet," agrees Mr. Tourist. "Who the heck cares to sit and watch a tennis tournament? We want to go places. How about it, folks?"

[Continued on page 44]

"Oh," said John. "It doesn't say anything about gold doorknobs."

"Why should it?" said Cynthia. "There aren't any."

"Aren't there really?" said John. "Why don't we have some put in?"

"We will, if you want them," said Cynthia. What were they doing, wasting their precious moments together, talking about gold doorknobs? She said, in a queer desperate need to reach him:

"Beryl wouldn't eat her cereal."

The unreasoning anger that she had never seen till lately flared up in John. "If I couldn't make my own child mind," he said, "I'd get a couple more governesses."

"You might go down and spank her," said Cynthia. That was mean. But the words sprang forth of themselves, her anger flaming to meet his. He had spanked Beryl too—spanked her on the front page of every paper in the country. Not that she blamed him. But she could not imagine John spanking Bunny in Easton. Beryl had bitten his thumb when he did it. She had said vindictively: "I'll tell the reporters."

He flung past Cynthia toward the door, and her anger dropped down in ashes. "John," she said. "Wait. I want to talk to you about Martin. I want to ask you . . ."

"Sorry," John said curtly. "I haven't time to hear any more about Martin. I'm going out."

"With Dona?" The question was torn out of her, leaving a raw, sore hole.

"Yes," said John. "What of it?" He slammed the door behind him.

Cynthia stood quite still for a minute, pressing her fingers over the lips that John had not kissed. From across the room her reflection looked back at her from the glass. She did not look like John Gage's wife. She went over to the table. She picked up the gold and ivory lady who covered the telephone by the nape of her ivory neck. She set her down hard on her gold heels. She lifted the receiver.

"Martin?" she said. "All right. I'll be ready in half an hour."

CYNTHIA SAT beside Martin on the top of a high red rock. Below them the lights of Oasis House drew bright rectangles on the desert night. People were dancing in the patio, their laughter thin in a great emptiness. The palm trees grew tall where the water was, whetting their blades in the wind. The greenness was too lush, like artificial grass spread on new graves; it did not fit its background. The scene was like a gaudy picture in a book—when you turned your head it was gone, as if you had turned a page. There were left only the scrambled red rocks, and the white sand, and the white moon. Far off the giant cactuses stalked solitary across the waste, holding up three supplicating fingers; but the little cactuses crawled on their bellies, hiding from their own black shadows. The rocks were cold under Cynthia's hands, and cold pools of darkness lay between them. She drew her wrap closer, shivering in the knife-edged chill that follows tropical heat. Martin put his arm about her. He kissed the top of her head.

Cynthia stiffened. She knew that kisses meant little in Hollywood. But if John did not want to kiss her, she did not want anyone else to. She wanted it to be John's arm about her. Martin put a practised thumb under her chin, tipping back her head. He kissed her more intimately.

It was like a toboggan slide down which she rushed; one scene merged into the next, and once she was under way she could not stop. She had been grateful to Martin at first. Gratitude had slipped into fear. He had so much power now over all their destinies.

"Let's go to Honolulu," Martin was saying.

"What for?" said Cynthia.

"For our honeymoon. Honolulu's a great place for honeymoons."

Martin ought to know; he'd had experience. "I've been on my honeymoon,"

Cynthia said sharply. She and John had camped for a week in the north woods. The trees had leaves there instead of thorns, and the moon looked warm. John's kisses were generous and undemanding, creating something new, not sapping her strength and will. The fire of John's love flared up in her . . . and she felt Martin's arms tighten. She said: "I'm married to John."

"He'd let you divorce him," Martin said. "He'd be glad to, wouldn't he?"

Would he? That was what tore the spirit out of her, and set it wandering alone and bare like the cactus trees in the desert. She said: "It would be bad for Beryl."

"Not at all," said Martin quickly. "Rather a good thing." He added: "Fact is, I've been thinking of trying her in a different type of picture. 'Custody.' This would give her a good build-up."

"What are you trying to do, Martin?" Cynthia said. "Are you trying to separate John and me to make box-office for Beryl?"

His tone hardened. "You might as well face the facts. 'Tiddlywinks' wasn't so hot. Cosmic lost money. Beryl's getting leggy. She's going to be gangling like her father."

"John isn't gangling," said Cynthia. "He's just tall." She added: "A child can't be gangling at five."

"She can at six," said Martin. "She's going to lose another front tooth."

"You can have one put in, the way you did before."

"Sure," said Martin. "I can have her a whole plate. Then what? She's going to grow some teeth of her own, isn't she? How do you know what they'll look like? She might grow a pair of snow-shovels like her father's."

"John hasn't got snow-shovels," said Cynthia. "His teeth are just nice and square—like the rest of him."

She could see Martin's narrowed eyes shining in the thin light. He said, deliberately:

"The kid's outgrowing her stuff; that's what I'm telling you. She's too sophisticated for the 'Little Miss Muffett' type." He said, more deliberately still: "Her option runs out with the picture we're finishing. Do you want it taken up, or don't you?"

Her voice came from far away. "Martin," she said, "are you telling me that if I divorce John and go to Honolulu—Cosmic will renew Beryl's option?"

Suddenly she was struggling in Martin's arms. His broken words poured over her. "You cold, beautiful witch. Don't you know you're driving me crazy? Giving me a little taste of yourself to keep me going . . . holding yourself back. . . ." The man was mad. He had never been denied before. The fierce urgency she had kept off so long rose up to overwhelm her. His kisses beat in her face. His arms were iron. She fought against him, her hands flat to his chest. "No. No," she cried. She cried out: "John." The word was lost in the desert.

A new figure walked across the bright picture of the Oasis Hotel—a page boy in tropical white. "Mr. Martin Porphyry," he chanted. "Mr. Martin Porphyry."

Cynthia read the telegram over Martin's shoulder.

*Beryl Gage disappeared. Believed kidnapped. Shall Cosmic offer reward? Orders. Rush.*

THEY DROVE the rest of the night and reached Beverly Hills at dawn. There were policemen at the gate. They stood aside gravely, holding off the reporters and the crowd. There was a squirt of gravel under the wheels, and a smell of hot rubber. A camera clicked in the hibiscus bush. John was standing in the doorway. Cynthia flung herself into John's arms.

"I wasn't here," she said brokenly. "I was with Martin."

"I was with Dona," said John.

The truth lay stark between them.

"Have they . . . ?" said Cynthia.

"No," said John mercifully. "Nothing."

She was frightened when she looked at

*Continued on page 49*

# "Betrayal!"



THOSE MASKS CAN'T FOOL ME—THEY'RE THE NEW NEIGHBORS. HIS SHIRT'S A DEAD GIVE-AWAY.

DID YOU SEE THAT SPANISH COUPLE? I WONDER WHO THEY ARE?

SOME PEOPLE HAVE MORE NERVE, HAZEL. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY HUSBAND'S SHIRTS?

YOU ASKED ME—SO DON'T GET MAD. YOU'RE IN THE FIX I USED TO BE IN—YOUR CLOTHES SHOUT "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



WHY, I WORK LIKE A FOOL...

BUT YOUR SOAP DOESN'T. IT LEAVES DIRT BEHIND. DO WHAT I DID — TRY FELS-NAPTHA. THAT DANDY GOLDEN SOAP IS SO PACKFUL OF NAPTHA, DIRT HASN'T A PRAYER.

HONEY, YOU ALWAYS WERE A BEAUTY — BUT I NEVER KNEW YOU'D MAKE SUCH A WONDERFUL WIFE. HOW'D YOU GET MY SHIRTS SO WHITE?

SIMPLE AS PIE. I CHANGED TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

FEW WEEKS LATER

And if you like flattery, too—try Fels-Naptha Soap. It gives you beautiful, whiter washes. It's safe for your daintiest silk things. And easier on hands because every golden bar holds soothing glycerine.

## Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!



# Can you RELAX?



**P**ERHAPS, at this moment, you are frowning or hunching your shoulders, clenching your hands or holding your neck stiffly. Do you notice any physical strain? Now let the muscles go limp for just three minutes and notice how much "smoother" you feel.

When the muscles relax, the nerves to and from those muscles are relieved of tension and get much needed rest. If you are nervous and high-strung, the chances are that some of your muscles are tightened and are wasting your nervous energy.

In this high-speed age, "nervousness" is becoming more and more common. Too many people work, play, travel—even sleep—under tension. They pay little attention to fatigue until they near exhaustion.

You may not realize what a severe toll tightened nerves will take. Long continued high tension is often associated with high blood pressure, heart symptoms, intestinal disorders, insomnia or nervous irritability. One of the first signs of nerve tension is irritability, most likely to occur during the years when you strive with all your might to reach your goal.

Some persons can relax naturally, but for the majority it is an ability to be acquired only by practice. If you are one who cannot relax easily, try lying down regularly each day and train yourself in relaxing groups of muscles—those of the hand, arm, or face—until you can relax the entire body. When not called upon to work, every one of your muscles should be thoroughly relaxed.

Muscular and nervous tension can in many cases be overcome by a hobby or some healthful game, or by sufficient rest or massage. Warm baths may be helpful. But if, despite your best efforts, you are unable to relax, see your doctor. Most likely he will soon find the cause of your difficulty and start you on the road to better health.

**Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly**

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

FREDERICK H. ECKER  
Chairman of the Board

LEROY A. LINCOLN  
President



**SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872**

## Star Dust

(Continued from page 9)

people came from. Strangers poured through the house as if it were a public thoroughfare. Dona Duveen was forever in and out. She had sat on John's right at lunch. Her liquid blue look poured over John like warm perfumed water. John was drowning, Cynthia thought, in Dona's great blue eyes. She bent her head now, listening for John's voice. John was not there. Someone pulled a rope, and a gold reproduction of a mission bell rang in the banana tree. Cynthia scuttled away, so that Trimmer, the butler, should not find her listening.

Cynthia went down to the pool, walking quickly through the rose garden. The roses were too perfect, as if they were made of paper. John was not at the pool. A tow-headed young man sat on a bench writing a telegram. Cynthia knew he was a reporter.

She said instantly: "We try to keep everything simple and natural. We want Beryl to be a real child, not a prodigy. Her work is just a game to her. Her tastes are the normal tastes of any little girl five years old." Martin had taught her the speech. She recited it glibly, without errors.

"When I came," the reporter said. "Mr. Gage and Dona Duveen were at the pool. Tell me frankly, Mrs. Gage, is there anything in it?"

Cynthia had an instant's perception of Dona Duveen's long white body in the Egyptian bathing suit. "Anything in the pool?" she said wildly. "Certainly. Water. It is slightly perfumed with Beryl Gage Bouquet."

"Don't be funny," he said. "Is there anything in the report about Dona and Mr. Gage?"

"No," said Cynthia, in a queer high voice. So it was out, then.

She turned back to the house. Maybe John was in Beryl's suite—they made a point of going in every day. It was hot in the garden, under the gold platter of the sun. The vast sky was appallingly blue. Cynthia ran.

Trimmer met her on the terrace. He reminded Cynthia of a poached egg, barely congealed; the yolks of his eyes were yellow in a soft white face. When he bowed from the waist, she was afraid he would slop.

"Miss Fish would like a word with you, madam."

"What's the matter?" said Cynthia sharply. She lived in terror of having something the matter with Beryl. Beryl had never been sick in Easton. But she was thin lately. And fretful.

"I understand there is dissatisfaction with the cereal, madam."

Cynthia nodded briefly to Smith, the guard at Beryl's door. Of course, detectives were necessary—all this kidnapping. But they made her feel so—public. She opened the door quietly. John was not there.

Beryl's suite was a doll's house—perfection in miniature. Davenport and overstuffed chairs, made to Beryl's measure, baby bridge lamps, a coffee table by the hearth set out with a tiny silver service; the grand piano was of red lacquer—it had something to do with psychology. There was a formal garden, outlined in dwarf orange trees set in copper urns. The bathroom was a symphony in green and silver, with real sand and shells under glass for the floor, and a Beryl Gage Coral Tub.

Beryl was posed rather prettily on a sofa, watching herself in the gold-framed pier-glass. She was wearing Beryl Gage Lounging Pyjamas of aquamarine velvet, and there was a jewelled fillet in her hair. Cynthia had given Beryl her curls—even

CHATELAINE, NOVEMBER, 1936

Dona could not deny that. But Beryl's eyes were John's. Brown, with gold flecks in them. Star dust, Martin said.

"Hello, Beryl," said Cynthia.

Miss Fish scowled. She was the head governess—a tall woman with a long white nose. Very dependable, they said.

"I won't eat it," said Beryl at once. "Cereal is for babies."

"She wants lobster Newburg," remarked Miss Fish dispassionately.

"What do you know about lobster Newburg?" Cynthia tried to make her voice light.

"She had some in 'Tiddlywinks,'"

"Do you mean they let her eat it?"

"I have to really eat in pictures," explained Beryl. "My public doesn't like it if I just p'tend."

"They could have given her rice pudding."

"It was a love scene," said Beryl instructively. "You can't eat rice pudding in a love scene."

Suddenly, unreasonably, Cynthia was angry. Too many things had happened—and she couldn't find John. "You can too," she said sharply. John and Beryl used to love rice pudding, the way she made it with raisins and orange peel. The memory washed the anger out of her. What was she doing, arguing with her own baby about a love scene? Where was her baby—that sleepy, warm-smelling lump she had carried upstairs on an aching shoulder? Who was this precocious little stranger, with the beautiful brown velvet eyes too big for her small, wise face? A terrible rending tenderness shook her; the nostalgia of all mothers for lost childhood, quickened to pain by the wilful, unnecessary sacrifice. Upon an impulse not to be denied, she gathered Beryl in her arms. For an instant Beryl clung to her, and she felt a wild warm ecstasy.

Then Beryl struggled free. "It's hot," she said. She leaned back, staring at Cynthia. "You've got too much eye-shadow. It makes eyes look like standing pools in a mud flat."

"Who said that?" asked Cynthia, before she could stop herself. She knew, of course, Beryl was a mimic.

"Dona Duveen." She called after Cynthia: "I won't eat it. Nobody can make me."

CYNTHIA FLED up the great spiral staircase to her room. John was sitting on the end of the chaise longue, with a magazine in his hand. He rose as she entered.

Cynthia closed the door, and stood with her back against it, panting. When she was away from John, she could wonder. But when she saw him, then she knew it was not a memory she loved. It was John himself. She loved the crazy wheat-sheaf lock that stood up at his crown; the funny square way his face was made—the square forehead rising up to meet the hairline, the chin built square to frame the grin she seldom saw now. She loved the fair little hairs that looked white on his brown wrists; the stubby, unconcealing lashes. Her love shook her like a clean wind, blowing her fears away. She went forward, lifting her face for John's kiss.

She said breathlessly: "I've been looking everywhere. Martin..."

John did not kiss her. "He isn't here," he said. "Too bad."

She stopped, stunned by the blow of John's not kissing her. It was J. Winthrop Gage who stood there, with the restlessness and groping in his eyes that had marked him ever since he knew Dona. The sight kept her from grasping the meaning of his words.

He said: "It must be important. You're all out of breath."

"It is important," she cried. "You can tell that from Martin's letter. Beryl..."

He brushed her explanations aside, looking down at the magazine which he still held. "What's all this?" he said.

"That?" said Cynthia vaguely. "That's the article about Beryl's suite."

"Did you give it to them?"

"No. Martin..."

# Beauty Culture

## Glamorous First Steps

**T**HE NEW season's clothes do more than dress you; they give you an air . . . a personality . . . a rôle. Take, if you will, this distinguished "Mary of Scotland" gown. There's a possibility of the wearer finding herself ever so little the tragic and lovely queen; ever so faintly more regal, surer of her footing, more given to grander moments.

Thus a subtle sophistication slips into fall and winter dinings-and-dancings. For the royal influence throws its mantle around the most frivolous of shoulders. And dignity walks with lovely women, everywhere.

The gown is black transparent velvet, with a flattering frame of stiffened ivory lace inside the velvet collar. The shoulders are slightly puffed. . . the sleeves long and tight. The graceful simplicity of the skirt is relieved by a slashed hemline, and tiny velvet-covered buttons straight down the front, from top to toe, accent the princess lines.



The woman of today steps confidently into the future because she has **GOOD CARRIAGE**. Gracious gowns demand dignity.

The second step is **PERFECT GROOMING**. No single hair, no slightest crease can be overlooked in the fashion picture.

Finally, and naturally, she has **COMPOSURE**. All labor lost, without these three. They're the keynotes of Style Sureness for 1936.

by **CAROLYN DAMON**

Quality, as it makes its appearance in the winter mode, is shown in a Mary of Scotland Gown. Costume and Model from the Robert Simpson Company, Toronto.



## "You should just hear what my partners are saying, Jane Seymour!"



I met a friend of mine at a dance the other night. "Everybody's saying such nice things. I haven't been so thrilled for years!" she said. "It's all due to that before-party treatment you prescribed for me, Jane! I'm so grateful."

It does make such a difference to your enjoyment of a party to know that you are looking your best. Here's the recipe I gave her.

An hour before dressing, wash your face and neck carefully with my Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic. Pat in Orange Skin Food. Soak two Cosmetic Pads in my Eye Lotion. Place them over your eyes, and lie down and rest. Half-an-hour later get up and splash on plenty of Juniper Skin Tonic. Then make-up—using my Dryskin powder over a base of Petal cream.

The result is really amazing. Not only does your skin look fresh as a rose—but my Dryskin\* powder and Petal cream will keep you free from the least suspicion of shine all the evening!

The treatment I've given is for dry or normal skins. Will the 'oilies' please get my book "Speaking Frankly" and look up the correct treatment for their type? You can get it either from any smart shop that stocks my preparations, or by writing direct to Jane Seymour, Lumsden Building, Toronto.

### Jane Seymour

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

\*Dryskin and Greaskin Powders are packed in my Non-Spill Powder Box, \$2.50, refills \$1.50.

*My Bond Street Salon is at 23 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, London W.1, England, where many of the most famous and most beautiful women of the Empire visit for regular treatment and personal advice. If you intend visiting the Old Country do not fail to call.*

her to cut her hair. So a weekly camomile rinse gave life to it, and brilliantine, added to constant brushing, deepened the glow and heightened the shine. She changed the parting to a side one and had a wave set back from the side over the crown of her head. It took away from the breadth of her face, and a small coil of hair at the nape of her neck gave a better balance to her chin.

"The oddest thing," I remarked warmly, "is that though your eyes and hair look darker, they look brighter, too."

Mary smiled with that little quirk at one side of her mouth.

"I had my eyebrows tidied—slightly shaped, with a tiny point upward introduced in the middle," she said. "But no thin shred of a line, mind you. You see, by this time I had begun to study myself unashamedly. I was learning that one should give the best of one's face, just as I had always felt that one should give the best of one's work. But I realized that my type must be natural."

So for daytime, Mary uses a mandarin shade of rouge and lipstick, rather light and clear. It makes her face look natural, narrowing it a little by giving her cheek a delicate flush, not confining it to the cheekbones. She never carries her lip rouge—which is the exact shade of her rouge—to the extreme corners of her lips. So her mouth has lost a little of its width, but nothing of its charm. She uses a naturelle

powder, very fine, and never rubbed in. "In daytime I like to look natural," Mary said, her eyes sparkling. "But for evening I allow myself a little latitude. Sometimes I use a sun-bronze powder with electric rouge and lipstick . . . that goes well with frocks of purple, deep green or dark brown flecked with gold. And a touch of pale brown eye-shadow—just a hint over the eyelids. If I feel experimental and dashing at all, I try green eye-shadow, pale green powder and a rich touch of rouge and lipstick, with a slightly deeper shade of nail polish. With that, I wear oyster-white or a clear ice-blue or green. Neutral tints only merge with my own particular coloring, leaving an ineffective result. Black, white, clear colors, whether light or dark, are my best. Flowered frocks, chiffons and frills are not for me. Plain lines, very well cut, and expensive simplicity I must have. I buy few frocks but good ones, and excellent accessories. And the feminine touch is provided by the right flower or scarf. My shoes are always above reproach."

"So you enjoy living?" I asked.

Her lips parted over her white teeth—Mary certainly knew how to use lipstick so that it never floated off against their shine—and she said with deep sincerity.

"I've had the most thrilling two years of my life . . . now that I've learned to face up with the thirties bravely with all flags flying!"

## The Sweeping Gesture



BEAUTY of line is the first consideration of hair dressers today. Gone are the stiff curls and waves of our earlier experiments with permanents. Lovely swirls are the order of the day, and gracefully molded effects mark smarter women everywhere.

Here is an example of the most modern of hair sculpturing, done by an artist at the Elizabeth Arden Salon, New York. He has designed it to be sleek and smooth on top, with high partings and swirls ending in soft curls at either side. See how the hair is swept up to show the natural hair line?



Photographs from the Elizabeth Arden Salon, the Robert Simpson Company, Toronto, Canada.

*Her Roommate Hinted...*

## "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH"

HERE'S AN ARTICLE, PEG, THAT SAYS LOTS OF BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS LODGED BETWEEN THE TEETH!



NEXT DAY

SO MARION WAS RIGHT! BUT WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT, DOCTOR?

WELL, TRY COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM THOROUGHLY CLEANS ALL MOUTH CREVICES



## DON'T TAKE A CHANCE...

Check your breath with Colgate's Toothpick Test!

• Take a toothpick or some UN-SCENTED dental floss. Clean between your teeth. Does it reveal small food deposits? Smell it. If it has an unpleasant odour, it means your teeth are improperly cleaned. These food deposits are a common cause of bad breath and tooth decay, dentists say.

### CLEAN YOUR TEETH THE COLGATE WAY

With Colgate's Dental Cream brush thoroughly the upper teeth from gums down, lower teeth from gums up. Then rinse your mouth. After that put a bit of Colgate's on your tongue and take another sip of water. Gargle well back in the throat, then flush the water through your teeth. Rinse again with clear water. That's all.

### YOU GET THESE COLGATE RESULTS

Colgate's penetrating foam gets into all crevices and between the teeth even where the toothbrush cannot reach. It dissolves odour breeding food deposits and washes them away.

Colgate's safe polishing ingredient keeps your teeth white and sparkling. Colgate's delicious peppermint flavor leaves your mouth refreshed and your breath fragrant.

### DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Use one tube of Colgate's. Then, if your teeth are not cleaner, whiter than before, return the empty tube to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. We will send you twice its cost.







## Cocktail Hour

**W**HEN the cares of the day give place to the easy informality of Cocktails and Chatter, the Yardley Lavender is the appropriate perfume. Its fresh, delicate beauty brings charm and grace to the occasion and makes its fragrant contribution to the enjoyment of the hour.

Lavender in sprinkler bottles, stoppered bottles and pocket flasks, 40c to \$12.

There is a complete series of beauty preparations with the same delightful fragrance including—

**OLD ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP** (the luxury soap of the world). Its soft, mellow lather cleanses and refines the skin, 3 cakes for \$1.00.

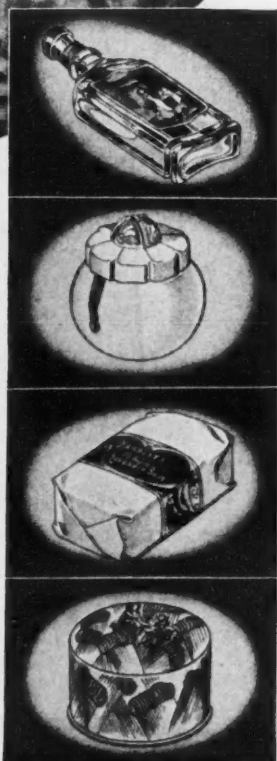
**ENGLISH COMPLEXION CREAM** completes the cleansing of the skin by bringing to the surface the impurities which accumulate in the pores. It leaves the skin softened, refined and beautified, and forms a perfect powder base, \$1.10.

**LAVENDER FACE POWDER**, a misty fine powder in tints to suit your complexion, \$1.10.

**LIPSTICKS \$1.10 BATH SALTS \$1.10**  
**TALC 40c & 85c.**

*Yardley* **LAVENDER**

LONDON TORONTO NEW YORK PARIS



By Appointment

Send for "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street" a charming little booklet which gives complete directions for perfecting the complexion and is sent post free on application to, Dept. C, Yardley & Co., (Canada) Ltd., Yardley House, Toronto.



Photograph by  
Armstrong Roberts



by Kathleen  
Turner

Beauty Specialist for  
Innox

## The Frightening Thirties

SEVENTEEN thinks she would rather be dead than thirty!

But the most enchanting old lady I ever knew decided that life was richer and deeper with every birthday—and she was seventy.

And then I think of Mary. At thirty-four she was a Power in Big Business. Had earned her living from the age of eighteen. Her even disposition and rich sense of humor had carried her farther than many more brilliant women would go. Her friends adored her because she was staunch and straight.

The men with whom she worked liked and respected her. Their wives were never jealous of her.

"That," said Mary to me, "was what woke me up to myself. I don't want to make any woman uneasy. But I don't want to be as safe as woollen underwear, either . . . reliable, useful, but most appreciated when left behind."

That was before I went away. Mary had been the type of whom one speaks as a woman, and not a girl. She was not colorless, she had too much character for that. But she came under the indiscriminate heading of "fairish." For her clear hazel eyes were almost the color of her hair, though with more life to them. She wore her hair parted and rolled back in braids over her ears, unwittingly accenting the square line of her jaw, and rather long chin.

Her skin, though creamy in tone, was dry, so that not even the plumpness that goes with this build, filled out the wrinkles coming around her eyes. And whether it was due to type, age, or office chairs, she certainly was growing broader in the beam, and less and less streamlined, with every year.

THEN, FOR two years I was away, and didn't see Mary. I found her at thirty-six a very different woman. She was a de luxe edition of her former self.

"But what have you done, Mary?" I asked her. "Given up business? Come into a fortune? Fallen in love?"

"Perhaps a dash of each," she said, eyes twinkling. "You remember that the firm had always promised me a three months holiday, and I'd been saving for it for years. So I took it and went to England. I had some really nice invitations for the north, so I felt I must get wool or tweedy things."

I thought of beige. In one of the big shops I saw a woman rather my type looking at much the same sort of thing. I wondered if I might be putting on weight, and if in two or three years I would have as wide a hip measure as hers. It distressed me, and I walked away from there toward a mirror. There I saw the back of another woman, and she was worse than the first

one. As I went to move out of her way, the dreadful truth flashed upon me . . . *The woman in the glass was I.*"

What happened from that moment was one of those things that change the course of a whole life. Mary was like hundreds of women of her type who, married or single, have let the physical fibres slacken a little. This was her programme of reparation to that younger, more willowy self.

A couple of Turkish baths, for a start, and some vigorous exercising. A rigid night and morning exercise period of ten minutes, divided between waist stretching, hip rolling side to side on a bare floor, and rocking-chairing.

This last means lying full length on the back, sitting up and touching the toes, lying back and bringing the heels well up over the head in a rhythmic roll.

Mary engaged in no particularly rigid diet. She had fruit and bran for breakfast, with clear tea. An ordinary luncheon, and afternoon tea with very little to eat. Then a comfortable dinner. Once in a while she went on a bust with cake or buttered toast, but mostly, no bread with any meal. A cold shower or plunge in the morning and the same before dining or going out in the evening, and a warm or hot bath before bed toned up her body. Friction after the cold plunges helped.

Then she experimented until she found what was really correct for her skin—and adhered closely to it. A complexion milk, skin food, skin tonic and day cream, made for a dry skin. This complexion milk was not only soothing, it sank deep into the pores and brought impurities to the surface. Often she patted it into her skin at night before her bath, afterward washing it off with a fresh pad of cotton and milk. Then applying the skin food. She learned that proper face-massage movements did not consist of a slap, a rub and a hope for the best, but of a semi-circular movement, always working upward and outward. That gentle movement lifts the throat and chin contours and keeps the tender skin around the eyes smooth, if very gently done. Outward from the bridge of the nose she worked, and across the brow, using a vertical movement on the forehead. By the time the rest of the bedside toilet was finished, the skin food had all been absorbed. Only its delicate fragrance lay on her skin.

In the morning, another pat-pad-wash with the complexion milk gave her a good start. After it was wiped off with tissue, she used a dash of skin tonic, and a mousse day cream, lightly smoothed on to leave no trace of stickiness, but a definite emollient quality. This heals, as well as resists the drying effects of sun and wind.

Mary had always been proud of her sleek smooth braids. Nothing would persuade

"Yes, they did, Mrs. Vickars. Yesterday. And I've made some sketches. I was going to call you up."

"Could we—?" Mrs. Vickars's pretty eyebrows disdained the men and invited Mrs. Prendergast. "Do let us see them, Ann. The men—" Mrs. Vickars shook her head with pretty disclaim. "But Mrs. Prendergast, being a woman, will enjoy the subject of clothes, I'm sure."

Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast looked across her whisky at Mrs. Vickars. She said one word: "Clothes!" But it was a volume.

"Yes—clothes," said Mrs. Vickars, and her eyes slid ever so lightly over the other woman.

"Here they are," said Ann hastily, spreading samples and sketches upon the table. She touched the samples lovingly; she spread the sketches with pride.

Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast watched the two of them exclaiming over this and that, but no syllable crossed her lips, no change of expression appeared on her hawklike face, until Ann gathered samples and sketches together. Then she looked at Ann, and rapped her once, smartly, on the sleeve.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "You're not a dressmaker."

Ann colored a little. "I'm not calling myself a dressmaker, Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast. I'm a designer."

"Don't matter what you call it. And call me Tillie. It won't fill your mouth so full."

Then she looked at Mrs. Vickars, and again at Ann, and turning around, she marched over to the men.

Mrs. Vickars arched her eyebrows. "Quaint, isn't she?"

Quaint! That was the last adjective in the world to describe Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast.

But Ann knew that Mrs. Vickars was not really dismissing Tillie so lightly. Perhaps Mrs. Vickars herself recognized this, for she looked up, with her customary intimate, deprecatory puckering of her slender eyebrows—and they are distinguished eyebrows, Ann had to acknowledge—and shook her head intimately, affectionately, at Ann.

"Ann, dear—don't let me be officious—and perhaps you are quite clever enough not to need the warning—but don't let yourself be—adopted—by Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast."

And it was rather a swollen dream of Gargantua come true, to have Mrs. Tillie Bruce-Prendergast move into the old Ashton home. But one day Tillie just appeared, and behind her one station-wagon load of trunks and another station-wagon load of servants; and that afternoon Ann drank "tea" with her in all the splendor of Victorian walnut furniture—"tea" brought by Joe, nice old Italian Joe, who asked Tillie reverently if she wanted Scotch or rye. Curiously, Ann felt that something had happened: the old house, Joe, and Tillie were so completely at peace. An odd mixture, Tillie, not easily readable. It was a neat question whether she was more naive or more sophisticated, more honest than most or more of a villain.

But people called on Tillie. You can't ignore anybody that moves in on a town and is at once thoroughly at home in it, without giving tuppence about it. She joined the Hunt Club, and rode, very correct but horsey in loud checks and a bowler hat, on a grey so excellently well-mannered and safe for all its spirit that Ann knew it had cost money. People called, if only out of curiosity; and they invited her to dinner, if only to see what she would say. And when in return she displayed the possession of a priceless cook and an excellent wine buyer—Fitzy—the town said cheerfully, oh well, this is most excellent! They talked about her everywhere. And where Tillie and Fitzy went, Ann and Stephen were usually asked. The hunting began, with its gay breakfasts and gayer dinners. Indeed, life for Ann became very full.

Then one afternoon in Tillie's bedroom, Ann got the shock of her life. In a dresser drawer, carelessly among spools and

buttons, lay the ribbon of the French Legion of Honor.

She gasped; and she could not keep back the exclamation—"Tillie! Yours?"

"I don't know that you can buy them in the pawnshops."

"But why don't you wear it?"

"It isn't useful," said Tillie, "except to impress taxi-drivers in Paris."

It gave Ann a curious turn. She found her mind unable to keep away from speculation about it. For notice: Tillie hadn't said it was hers. She didn't wear it. And if it wasn't hers, she would be just the woman with nerve enough to wear it and get away with it. What did anyone know of Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast? Nothing. Silence, Ann began to realize, was the one impregnable fortress. And she liked Tillie.

And yet, thought Ann, I am just circling about the edge of the real heart of this community. With the Hunt Club I move in one small segment; with Tillie and Mrs. Vickers (very sweet but wary) and Fitzy and the people that have taken them up, I move in another. With Mrs. Manning and the dull teas, I move in another. With the thirty Chemistry Wives (bridge, monthly, at eight o'clock, in the Men's Building) I don't even, thought Ann, move; I only stagnate. But somewhere in all this there is a life, a heart; I feel it, but I can't find it; it escapes me. And Stephen, near as I am to him, lives in that heart, and doesn't know it, and can't carry me with him. I must—I must find it for myself.

IT WAS sleeting. Stephen, in his black apron, his shirt open at the neck and sleeves rolled up, working before his large laboratory table, was hardly aware of the sleet. He was thinking now how much of scientific experiment is merely routine work. For a moment of brilliant thinking a man must put in hours, days, weeks, at the drudgery of experiment; for him there was the same old routine of testing actions and reactions, of boiling and of filtering. He stopped whistling a moment to ask himself, as his intent grey eyes looked into the liquid of a test-tube, what it was that made a scientist. Certainly exhaustless patience, meticulous exactness, were as important as the brilliant inspiration, or the brilliant deduction.

He whistled again, softly, and a gust of wind blew sleet against the pane. It was snug and quiet and friendly here in the laboratory; it would be snug and friendly and warm at home where Ann was. His thought lingered on Ann, receiving her, as he always did, into his inner mind. It was nice that this year was turning out so happily for her. Ann was, more than she herself realized, coming, as she grew older, to be her father's daughter. Stephen was more and more aware, with every year, of a boundless imaginative energy, born into her, with no outlet. You couldn't coop Ann up anywhere, least of all in a house with a child. She was bound to want to escape.

Could you coop her up in one affection, either? Again Stephen stopped whistling to examine a test-tube, and again released from that momentary act of mind, he said to himself decidedly: Yes—and yet no. Only if Ann's affection were free, would she stay. But that her love for him was free, unbound, pouring itself richly over him, he had no least doubt. Ann's love was as spontaneous, as natural, as it was deep; it was not to be sharpened by jealousy, or made more his own by being held too tightly.

Which brought him to a consideration of Kerry Macdouth. Perhaps he should be disturbed; but the simple fact was that he wasn't. There was in Ann such honesty, such integrity, he had no least doubt of what she was doing every minute of the day; no least doubt, and no least lack of trust. When Ann was in trouble with her loyalty and her affections, he would know it. One thing about Ann he was sure about: he knew exactly, whether he was with her or not, that she was herself, and in herself nothing furtive or cheapening existed. He

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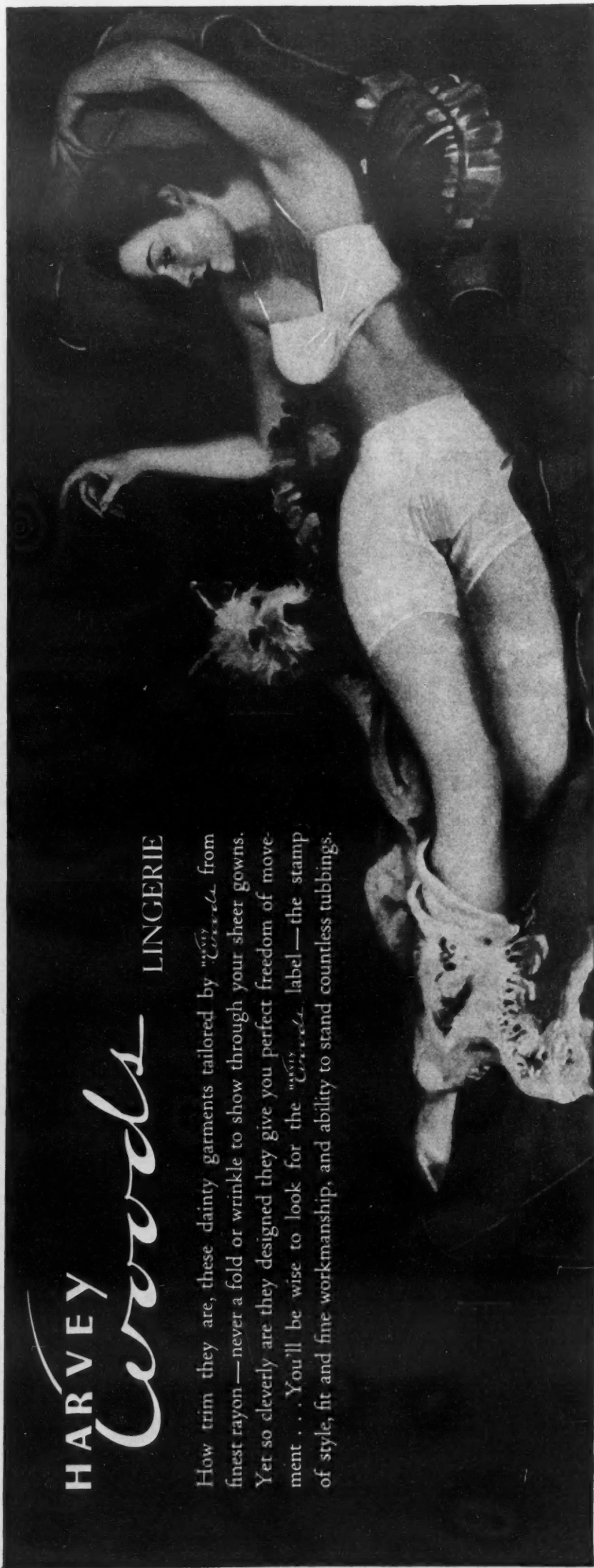


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How trim they are, these dainty garments tailored by "Crawford" from finest rayon—never a fold or wrinkle to show through your sheer gowns. Yet so cleverly are they designed they give you perfect freedom of movement... You'll be wise to look for the "Crawford" label—the stamp of style, fit and fine workmanship, and ability to stand countless tubbings.



## Trial by Marriage

(Continued from page 17)

THEN AT four o'clock on an otherwise innocuous Tuesday afternoon, Ann answered the phone to have her ear assaulted by Colonel Fitzzy's booming voice. "Sure, Nannie, didn't I tell you? Tillie's taking a house here. The old Ashton place. Know it? Stables for twenty horses. Swell furniture still in it."

Ann pressed a hand to her forehead. The old Ashton place. Everybody knew it. It had once stood on the edge of the open country, but now it stood in the very centre of town—a huge pile of grey-painted brick in the Victorian manner, cupola and all. It was the town eyesore, and yet its pride. The old caretaker, Joe, still lived there, and Ann had heard it said that every antimacassar, every lambrequin, was still in place; every piece of the dozens of harnesses and saddles was freshly oiled; in the cellar, fruit and jellies gleamed in perfection; the house was kept warm and immaculate—while old Joe pretended to himself that the children, now married and gone, would some time return. And once in a while they did, for a week-end, to please the old man.

Ann heard herself weakly suggesting that Fitzzy—and whoever was with him—come to tea.

"Oh, there's just Tillie, and 'a Mrs. Hoosis and her husband." Then Fitzzy's voice reduced itself to a roaring whisper: "Hoosis is trying to sell Tillie a cute little colonial cottage—can you imagine Tillie in a cute colonial cottage?" And then his voice boomed out again with its customary confidence. "Sure we'll come to tea, Nannie, but don't insult Tillie and me by giving us something with cream and sugar in it."

Mr. and Mrs. Hoosis turned out, oddly enough, to be Mr. and Mrs. Roger Vickars. Mr. Vickars was a tall sandy man with very hairy hands; who would have thought, Ann asked herself wonderingly, that little Mrs. Vickars would fall for the diamond-in-the-rough type?

"Said they were friends of yours, Nannie," boomed Fitzzy. "Tillie didn't take their little—er—house. No, sir! She's taking that Ashton place. The other little—er—house wasn't big enough for Tillie. Tillie needs space. And stables. Stables! Sure! Why—in a month we'll have horses here, Ann, that you'll be proud to ride. But no hard feelings, is there, Vickars? I should say not! Not between friends. Eh?"

Mrs. Vickars wrinkled her famous eyebrows in a deprecating horror. "I just thought, my dear Ann, that that Ashton place was too—too—well, too—And would require a fleet of servants."

"I can get servants," said Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast.

For a minute Ann regarded the wholly puzzling phenomenon of Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast. This woman was to move into this town. Why? For the life of her Ann couldn't make it out. Perhaps aware of that scrutiny, Mrs. Prendergast raised her eyes and looked full at Ann; and Ann knew in that penetrating look that there was some reason. Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast, if she was a silent woman, was no zero.

Ann looked across the room to where the three men stood talking. How very incongruous Stephen was among them. He was looking into his whisky and soda, making the ice circle around. And now he took a sip; pretending to like it, thought Ann, though she knew he didn't. His eye caught hers now, and he smiled, invisibly to the others. There was always that dependable joy about Stephen—he could get amusement out of what he didn't like.

"Ann, dear," Mrs. Vickars's smooth voice slid into Ann's consciousness. "Did the samples come you sent for?"



## "I hate to show up all powdery in strong light"

One of the worst faults a powder can have is showing too much—an inquiry among 1,067 girls shows!

Of 3 leading powders, Pond's got twice the votes of the next-liked powder, on this one point! Triple the votes of the third! The reason is in the colors of Pond's.

"Glare-proof" colors—Pond's colors catch only the softer rays of light—won't show up chalky in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture—keep it looking fresh for hours.

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Please rush, free, 5 different shades of

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on it." He paused a moment, and Ann could see how hard he pressed his hands together. The muscles stood out, as he gripped them. "I suppose I'm asking for your understanding, Ann. I'm asking you to believe in me."

Ann's eyes, on a level with Kerry's hands, were caught on them, fascinated. They were expressing the depth and power and truth of his feeling better than words. She could not discard their evidence. Nor did she want to. She wanted very much to believe in Kerry Macclouth.

He was sitting in the chair beside her as she sat on the floor. Beyond him she could see Juddy, playing now in the little sun porch that extended beyond the living room. With Juddy in her eyes and the firelight and sense of her home about her, and the unfriendly sleet shutting her in, it seemed important to her that this man, who had caught her once off guard in a moment of meaningless emotion, should be also real. It made the emotion not a cheap thing but a dignified one, one most carefully not to be repeated. Better to have it something to fear and have it dignified, than something not to be afraid of because it was cheap. He was asking her to understand that he, too, did not want it repeated. His pride, her pride, needed to have that assurance which was rooted in trust.

She looked, now, up into his eyes.

"If I believe in you, Kerry, that I'm not just another lady in a sequence, then you must believe in me, too, that I'm not a philandering wife. I'm not looking for something. I'm happy, Kerry, and loved. I don't want to hurt it."

"And believe me, Ann—I don't want to hurt it either—or hurt myself."

Ann drew in her breath, with a sense of release and happiness. In the weeks that had gone by since she and Kerry had shared that mad moment in the night, something had been growing steadily between them. They made no mention of it. He gave no outward sign of it, nor did she. At the end of a day when she did not see him, there would be a little stir of question in her mind—what had Kerry been doing all that day? Without him, the day held a vague disappointment. More than that, Ann realized at such times with a distress—a tiny distress, but one which, nevertheless, she could not ignore—that not to see him stirred that vague, undesired, physical feeling of wanting him. It was the pleasant daily association that made all things right. Therefore, to have him express the same thing, too, made everything the very best in the world. To deny what they had, their pleasure in each other, for fear of something else, would be a great loss. The coincidence of his mind with hers on this point was of the greatest importance to her, the greatest relief. For the first time, really, since that frightening kiss, she wholly relaxed with him.

Perhaps he perceived this, for looking down on her he seemed to see a shining. It was in the glow of her hair, her skin, her eyes—most of all it was her eyes, full of depth and serenity, and the inestimable gift of affection. And across the moment came the voice of Juddy. Something profound moved in him, and in her.

"Kerry—I'm fond of you."

"And I'm fond of you, Ann—very."

"I know. I don't want it spoiled. It's like a lovely gift added to my life. I want you to feel it's that to you, too. The right to come here, the right to feel at home, to feel our affection—it would be too bad for us to lose that, Kerry, just stupidly, and for no value comparable."

"Exactly, Ann."

Ann drew a long breath. "I feel very happy, Kerry. Really happy, I think, for the first time since—" She hesitated.

"I know."

"You see, it's grown important to me to believe in you. Don't ask me why, because I don't know. But I need to believe that what you are, and the affection you present, are real. You are, in your own self, Kerry, something of a gorgeous and romantic person. You really love danger.

You love it so much that you have no place left in you for dull and ordinary responsibilities. That's why, I suppose, I like you—for the very same things I should criticize you for, if I were going to find fault with you instead of like you. You are sort of all the other things in the world that Stephen isn't. More than that, you are sort of all the things I used to have—freedom, and irresponsibility, and a life full of good moments here and there, without too much worry about them. You round out my life, rather." She hesitated, dropping her eyes away from his. "Perhaps I speak too frankly. I speak as I feel, honestly, from real appreciation of you, from affection for you."

Kerry's hands moved together, between his knees as he sat. His eyes were on the fire. "And you don't know, Ann, what it means to me. I've never before had this kind of thing. Perhaps I've been stupid—but I've never before realized what it is I've missed. I've never been accepted before in a place of such honesty and understanding. I've never before been with such honesty." He paused, as if hunting for the right words. "Don't misunderstand me, Ann. But somehow it doesn't seem to me to be you—but Stephen."

"Don't I know!"

"I've been up to his laboratory. Did he tell you? Well, it made me feel what a dud I am, Ann. Such sensitiveness, such sureness, such intelligence, and such beauty of mind and heart and—body, too. It's kind of got to me, Ann, that he's fond of me. He is, you know."

There was in his voice a simple, child-like pride. It made Ann smile, waveringly.

"Laughing at me, Ann?"

"Smiling with you, Kerry."

Stephen came in, and for a minute his coming made Ann a little sad. It had been such a good moment, hers and Kerry's; she hated to see it pass, not knowing when it might come again. Simple moments like those are the rarest, the most touching.

And yet sitting, the three of them, by the fire, the moment stretched, its grace and its simplicity welding a bond.

MRS. VICKARS had been away, but now was back. And one morning Ann took her samples and her sketches and went to see Mrs. Vickars in the small but elegant—that is the proper word for it, Ann could perceive at once—house on Ashton Road. Mrs. Vickars was charmingly cordial. Even early in the morning she was precisely dressed. It pleased Ann; she liked crisp persons to whom lolling was a waste of time.

Ann plunged into the business that had brought her. "I have to thank you, Mrs. Vickars, for giving me an idea that may be of the greatest value to me. I've written to M. Bertholdi of my idea, and we have exchanged several letters. I'd like you to hear this one—you will see how nice he is."

Mrs. Vickars listened with the proper air of a charming listener. But she was not very responsive. She looked idly at Ann's drawings, holding first one sample and then another negligently in her fingers, appraising them. Her air was faintly, very faintly, condescending, as one who said: Of course, my dear Ann, Bertholdi is only a dressmaker. I, on the contrary, am Mrs. Vickars. I buy, not make, clothes.

Ann could feel, in answer, a stirring of irritation. But she put it aside. Irritations in business were more or less inevitable. There was no point in being personal.

"The great difficulty, as I see it, might be in finding a good seamstress. But I presume you have one."

Mrs. Vickars raised just faintly surprised eyebrows. "I? Why, I have a little sewing woman who does mending, and hooks and eyes, and all that sort of thing. But I don't, you know, Ann, go in for having my clothes made. Unless in Paris, of course, or one of the big New York places for that purpose." Her voice fell to a slightly lower note. "This, my dear Ann, is a very new venture of mine—and I'm

Continued on page 46

## DO YOU HAVE TO TURN AWAY FROM YOUR OWN SKIN?



## BLAME YOUR CARE NOT YOUR SKIN!

**Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, other Blemishes are not "Natural" to your Skin, but Penalties of Improper Care!**

By *Lady Esther*

Have you a skin you "can't do a thing with?" Does it hurt you to have to look in the mirror?

Many a woman who dreads the mirror is not born with a bad skin, as she thinks, but is rather the innocent victim of improper methods of skin care.

One thing you must grasp is this: The care of the skin is not a complex problem at all. It's really very simple. So simple, almost, as to appear ridiculous.

### Simple, the Needs of Your Skin

All your skin needs, commonplace as it may sound, is thorough cleansing daily and, with it, a little lubrication. Given these two things, it's amazing what the skin will do for itself.

The trouble is that all methods do NOT give the skin the cleansing it needs, let alone lubrication. Many methods are too complicated and only tax the skin. Many methods are merely "surface" methods. They take off only the top dirt and leave the imbedded dirt untouched.

What you want is deep-reaching action—a cleaning out of the stubborn, buried dirt!

### The Deep Cleansing Necessary

Lady Esther Face Cream is a *penetrating* face cream. Gentle and soothing in its action, it is yet *penetrative*.

It does not stay on the surface of the skin. It gets into the pores! There it gets busy. It goes right to work on the accumulated waxy grime. It loosens it—dissolves it—makes it entirely removable.

With the dirt, comes out the cream—all of it! None is left in your skin to reappear later in the form of a greasy film and cause shine.

This thorough cleansing does several things for the skin. It loosens blackheads. It permits the relieved pores to go back to their normal small size. It permits the skin to function freely—to refine itself—to take on life, color, radiance.

### Also Lubricates the Skin

But Lady Esther Face Cream does not stop at this thorough cleansing. It *also* lubricates the skin, a great need in this day of dry skins. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil which overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

Three days' use of Lady Esther Face Cream will make a difference in your skin, an amazing difference. Your skin will be noticeably clearer, noticeably softer, noticeably smoother. It will have life and color.

### For Your Eyes to See!

But this is not for you to believe, but for me to prove. That's why I say: Don't spend a penny. Rather, let me supply you with 7 days' cream so that you can see for yourself, at my expense, just what this cream will do for your skin.

Just put your name and address on the coupon below (or on a penny postcard) and by return mail you'll receive a 7 days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream. With the Cream I shall also include all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (2-16)

**FREE**

Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto-12, Ont.

Please send me by return mail your seven days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

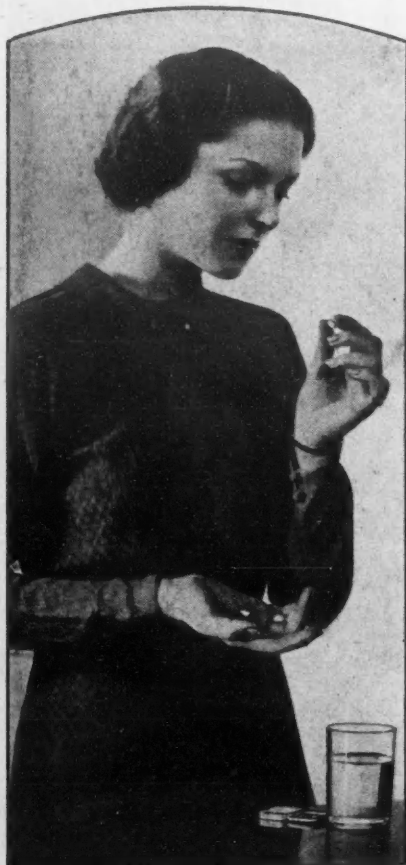
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# Here's Simple Way to Curb a Cold



## Two Quick-Acting, Quick-Dissolving "Aspirin" tablets with a Glass of Water



The modern way to curb a cold is this: Two "Aspirin" tablets the moment you

feel a cold coming on. Then repeat, if necessary, according to instructions in the box.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three "Aspirin" tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice.

The "Aspirin" you take internally will act to combat fever, cold pains and the cold itself. The gargle will act as a medicinal gargle to provide almost instant relief from raw-

ness and pain. It is really marvelous; for it acts like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Your doctor, we know, will endorse it. For it is quick, effective and ends the taking of strong medicines for a cold.

• "Aspirin" tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited, of Windsor, Ontario. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.



*Demand and Get*  
**ASPIRIN**  
MADE IN CANADA

mustn't forget that he had promised her to be home by five.

In the sleet of that raw afternoon, Kerry yielded to the wish to see Ann. Most of the time when he went there it was with the sure knowledge and the comforting realization that Stephen would be there; but today something in the very rawness of the weather, perhaps, made him feel the rawness and emptiness of his life; he wanted to feel that simplicity, that lovingness, that warm beauty that was Ann. He wanted Ann—not an affair, not a flirtation—just Ann, to shut him away for a moment into warmth and friendliness, away from the darkening day and the naked emptiness of too masculine a life.

He found her playing on the rug by the fire with Juddy. She had not risen to greet him. There was no longer need of that; he had the privilege, now, of opening the door a crack and calling, and if answered he came in. Now, his hand holding hers lightly, his eyes looking down into hers, he read there such pleasure in his coming that he said to himself that it was rotten of him to be disappointed that she was not alone. It was infinitely better for him that she was not alone.

She was so unaffected with him. He seemed to feel himself that something was pouring itself out of him, begging her understanding and her tolerance, and that she was answering his need, saying without the need of words, you have my affection, Kerry, my very great affection. My affection—and our affection. In spirit, Stephen is here.

He spoke to her in straightforward sincerity.

"You know, Ann, I'm a rotter to come here the way I do. Yes, I am. Privileged to come in, without knocking, into another man's home, trusted. I'm not fit to be trusted, Ann. You know that. And yet here I am—allowed to come, made much of, thieving on you and Stephen for the home and the life you and he have built together. I ought to have the decency to stay away."

Ann's hand slipped away from his. It had been held without personal intent; it slipped away softly, without break of contact.

"What's the good of this we have, Kerry, if we don't share it?"

"You could keep it for yourselves."

"Would it be richer so, or greater so?"

"It might be safer so."

Ann transferred her gaze to the fire. "It's safe, Kerry. Don't worry about that."

"I don't, Ann. You knew that. Otherwise I wouldn't come."

Juddy had a little bug, one of those devices that you wind by rubbing on a rug, and then it creeps a bit by itself. He was pursuing it with shrieks of delight. The fire, the sleet, even the play of the child, shut them in together, protecting them—protecting them even dangerously, for both unconsciously relied on the child for a protection that was not actually there.

"You see how I feel, Ann. I am made to feel free to come here, and I do come. How, when it's offered to me, can I help it? I come nearly every day. But I want, even more than I want to come, to have you know and Stephen know, that I'm not trying to steal something, Ann. I'm not going to try to take—more than I'm given."

"I know, Kerry."

"You do know, don't you, Ann? I'm rotten—I've done rotten things in my life, but I'm not as rotten as all that."

"If you mean—shall I say it, Kerry?—a sort of sequence of Julia—and Alicia—and now Ann—don't worry, Kerry."

He looked at her, and suddenly she was moved by the depth of feeling in his eyes. She felt that she was running down a small secret path, below the surface. It made her breathless for a moment.

"You couldn't be one of a sequence, Ann. That's exactly what I want you to know. This place—it's a home. I'm being taken on trust. I don't want to fall down

## Preserves the Good Looks of Your Shoes



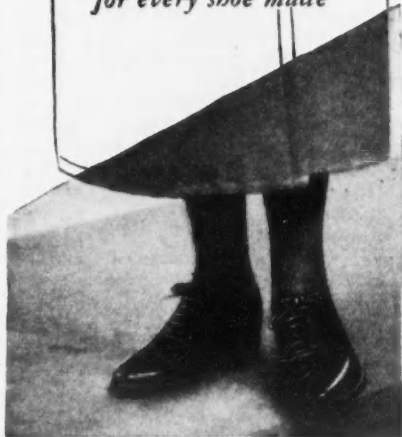
Put your best foot forward this Fall—let Nugget Shoe Polish keep your shoes spic and span, with the glowing shine they had when new.

Nugget gives a deep, rich lustre to leather shades, and special waxes in the polish penetrate deep, to feed and preserve the soft pliability that means lasting foot comfort.

Nugget waterproofs shoes, shutting out the dampness that rots and preventing the dryness that cracks.

The regular use of Nugget Shoe Polish will keep the family's shoes trim and smart—and save you money as well.

*There's a Nugget shade for every shoe made*



## NUGGET SHOE POLISH

*If it's white kid, keep it white with*

**NUGGET WHITE KID CLEANER**



*Chatelaine's Kay Murphy goes exploring through the smart haunts of New York to discover the latest news for her*



## FASHION SHORTS



SO MANY exciting things are happening in the fall fashion picture that I just don't know where to start to tell you all about things...

**BROADCLOTH** has come in so strong that I'm seeing it in every type of dress, including the trickiest little evening frocks you've ever seen! Not since the days of Edward the Seventh has broadcloth been so popular... and it lies so smooth on a gal's figger, that I just know you'll be seeing quite a bit of it...

**FLOWERS** for your dress, and your hair — and even on your shoes! Not modest little flowers, either! No, huge they are, and brilliant in color, and so very enchanting that they just about make a costume... so look around and get some flowers for yourself, won't you?

**PEARLS** on your neck, and your arms, and in your ears... haven't seen so many pearls in ages! Three, four and six strands for your necklace are so much better than a mere one or two, this autumn...

**SUITS** continue to be popular — seeing a lot of those mannish tailored little suits that were so popular in the spring. Now they are here in broadcloth and heavier materials, and you'll be wearing them under your fur coat later on, too... Some of the three-quarter-length suits are lined with fur — so you can top the skirt with either a fur-lined cloth coat, or turn the coat inside out, and have a cloth-lined fur coat, as you wish...

**LAME** continues to be a much-loved fabric for afternoon and evening wear — and while you see heaps of it in gold or silver, you'll see even more in Coronation Red or Blue... for we're all playing up Coronation colors already...

Speaking of the Coronation... New York is filled with Coronation ideas, such as lingerie, with Coronation Plumes in the pattern... belts and necklaces with Coronation crests... tiny crowns embroidered on necklines and sleeves... you'd think the Coronation was going to take place on Fifth Avenue, rather than in London!

As the Coronation nears, I'm sure that a goodly 50 per cent of our styles will have a "royal" tone...

There is quite an ecclesiastical look to smart little dresses, too. One smooth affair of silk alpaca is called the "Priest's Robe" and originated in Paris. It looks like a cassock, with tiny buttons all the way down the front... and the sash is an exact copy of those worn by padres the world over...

Another tricky little style is the "Pocketbook" dress — it's a Main-bocher copy, and the pockets are two tiny little purses, with clasps and all...

Skirts continue to be very full, with fullness either gathered to the front or the back... shoulders continue narrow and high... with plenty of pleats, shirrings, buckram inserts and such to make us "shoot up" around the shoulders...

Never saw so many knitted fashions in my life! What with the girls knitting their own, and so many lovely little knitted styles showing in the shops, you'll never get away from buying yourself — or making yourself — a knitted dress. They're very full-skirted, too — and look like fabrics, rather than knits...

Zipper to the front — zipper to the back — zipper down the sides! Why use hooks and eyes, fashion says, when you can "zip" things off and on?

Seeing plenty of velvet and velveteen... Velveteen afternoon dresses in gay reds, soft greens, and deep browns are just about as popular as they can be... and velvet queens it again for both afternoon and evening. While black is the important velvet color, so many of us will come forth in ruby and royal blue velvets that you'll be put to it to decide just what shade you're to choose in your velvet dinner or evening dress...

Matching your belt with your flowers is a nice little idea. They come together — a velvet belt with a velvet bouquet, both in the same shade. Do things to a plain little dress that needs "touching up"...



SKIN FEELS DRY AND "TIGHT" THESE COLD DAYS



SOFT IN AN INSTANT WITH POND'S VANISHING CREAM

"I use it for a powder base... and overnight, too, for extra softening"

Miss Nancy Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Whitney

Melt

## DRY "TIGHT" SKIN INTO SUPPLE SMOOTHNESS

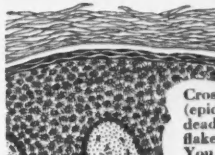
**B**RISK cool days to tempt you out of doors for hours at a time! No wonder your skin feels dry and "tight" when you come in... harsh to the touch.

What happens is that dying cells on the surface of your skin dry out quicker. They begin to shed.

But you can make it smooth and moist in a minute. By melting away those tiny rough particles — with a keratolytic cream!

### A dermatologist explains

A prominent dermatologist makes this clear: "When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) touches dried-out surface cells, they melt away. The underlying cells, moist and young, come into view. The skin immediately appears smooth and fine textured."



Why skin feels harsh

Cross-section of outer skin (epidermis)... showing how dead cells on top dry up, flake off, cause roughness. You can melt them off.

That's why Pond's Vanishing Cream is such a wonderful skin softener! More than a perfect powder base, Pond's Vanishing Cream, applied regularly twice a day, starts you toward a young, fine-textured skin.

**For a smooth make-up** — Before make-up, film your skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It melts away flaky bits... leaves your skin smooth for powder.

**Overnight for lasting softness** — Every night, after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It won't show, won't smear the pillowcase. It goes on invisibly — softens your skin all night through!

### 8-Piece Package

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. L, 167 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

Made in Canada

All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.



**Choose your  
Makeup by  
the color of  
your eyes!**



**IT'S new! It's different! And you'll agree is excitingly better—Marvelous, the Eye-Matched Makeup . . . scientifically keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.**

Blondes, brunettes, red heads, business women, society beauties, stars of the stage and screen, have tried Marvelous, the Eye-Matched Makeup, and are raving about it.

You'll be enthusiastic, too—when you discover how Marvelous, the Eye-Matched Makeup, brings out the true beauty you have always yearned for. Eyes are the foundation of this new beauty principle. *Blue eyes* need Marvelous "Dresden" face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara and eye shadow. For *brown eyes*, "Parisian" is the harmonizing makeup. For *gray eyes*,

*all  
look lovelier!*

"Patrician" is best; and for *hazel eyes* choose "Continental". Full size packages of each item at 65c each are now on drug and department store counters . . . guaranteed for purity by Richard Hudnut of Canada.

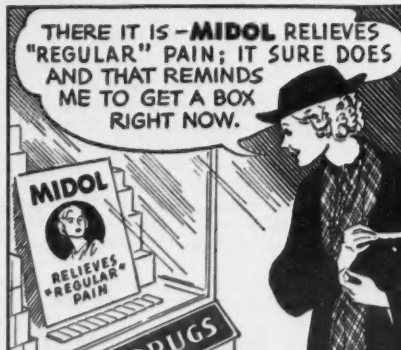
#### SPECIAL KIT AT 65c

Local stores are now featuring a trial kit of Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup at 65 cents. It contains junior sizes of harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara and eye shadow. Or you can send 65c to Richard Hudnut Ltd. of Canada, 729 King Street West, Toronto, stating whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel.

Copyright 1936



## PROTECTING a \$40 JOB



**MODERN** women no longer give-in to periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol. Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every

month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not*. And its relief is prolonged; two tablets see you through your worst day.

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom!

MADE IN CANADA

## The Beauty Box

by ANNABELLE LEE

Most of the letters I receive complain "I have a dry skin!" And it is a troublesome business for it's the dry skin that wrinkles and fades easily. However, lasses, here's grand news for you—a beauty cream for dry skins—especially recommended for the care of the throat. This cream embodies a new idea as it has a special stimulating ingredient which increases circulation near the skin surface and at the same time is rich in penetrating oils to offset the dryness of a skin lacking its natural oil.

When you're using this cream on your neck, here's a useful exercise to follow with it. Raise the chin high; drop chin to chest; bend head toward right shoulder, then toward left; rotate head. Repeat six or eight times. This exercise strengthens the neck muscles, firms the neck contour, activates the skin cells and helps to force the oils from the cream into the skin tissue.

For the travelling woman—or her busy business sister—comes the Travel Kit, a group of famous manicure preparations, neatly tucked into a black leather case, about six inches long. Everything you want for well-groomed nails is in it; it's neat and compact and handy as can be. It would make a grand Christmas gift.

Remember the fabulous tales of the beauties who bathed in milk? Now you can do it too—by using a handful of the new Milk Bath presented by a noted beauty specialist. This Milk Bath has definite therapeutic value and contains the valuable beautifying essences from milk, the oxygen bubbles and vitalizing foam as found in the bubble baths of well-known spas and watering places, with herbal juices and tonic mineral substances. All concentrated in a soft white powder. Drop it in your bath and instantly a thick covering of luxurious foam and oxygen bubbles tops the bath. The water turns soft and silky, and you'll find it beautifully relaxing to taut nerves. The protective film which is left on your skin guards against chapping and coarsening of the skin in cold weather. Try it. I know you'll love it.

Every husband—in hand or about-to-be—would appreciate the masculine-looking gift box put up by one famous manufacturer of fine products. There's a modernistic air to the container—and five very useful articles inside. You'll find a cake of fine soap, a bottle of after-shaving lotion, a tube of shaving cream, a tin of men's talc and a tube of dental cream.

(Want further information about the products mentioned in this column? Write to Annabelle Lee and she'll be glad to forward it.)

## another NuBone miracle



● The NuBone Corsetiere is working style miracles every day. It's easy for her. She is trained to find and correct your personal figure faults and to bring out your

true beauty . . . Think of it, an individual corset analysis right in your own home by a NuBone charm specialist and at no extra cost. When she calls, allow her to demonstrate just why the NuBone Foundation with the famous NuBone Woven Wire Stay gives you a degree of style, support and comfort that is beyond comparison.

An excellent opportunity is offered capable and ambitious women. Write us for details.

**THE NuBONE CORSET CO.**

of  
**CANADA, LTD.**



ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO, CANADA



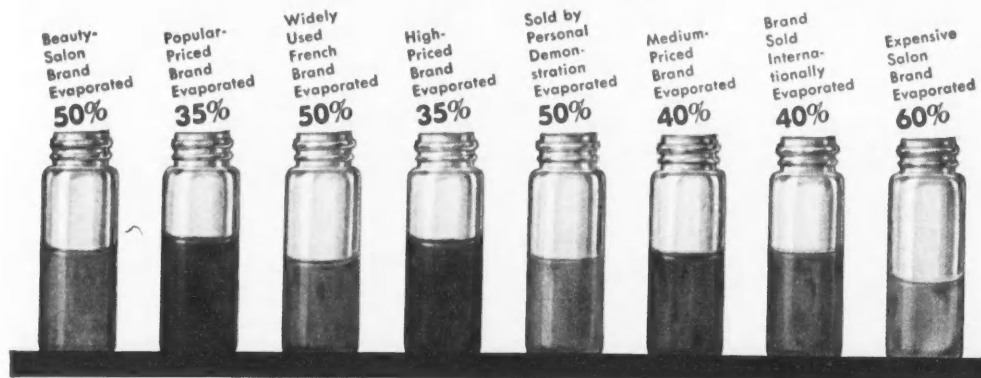
*Gloriously Young*  
**HAIR**

35¢ per packet of 5 Hair Beauty Treatments. 12 tins to choose from. At all Drug, Department, Chain Stores and Beauty Parlors.

Don't ever lose the sheen of youth in your hair . . . just add Colorinse to the shampoo. Gives a colorful lustre and softness without being either a dye or bleach.

*Nestle* **COLORINSE**  
NESTLE-LEMUR CO. (Canada) LIMITED, Toronto

# Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Gummy?



In 14-day test, 8 popular Brands of Polish became thick and unusable, Evaporated 35% to 60%

The NEW Cutex Polish is usable to the last drop  
*Its Evaporation is less than half as much as ordinary Polish*



## TRY THESE NEW "SMOKY" SHADES

Their soft, dusky undertone of brown makes them go with many costume colors. Fashion says: "Wear them!"

**Mauve**—Pink with a misty hint of lavender. Perfectly sets off blue, gray and most pale colors.

**Rust**—This grand smoky shade was just made for sun-tanned hands. Particularly becoming with brown, beige, gray, green, white, copper.

**Light Rust**—A smoky undertone more golden than brown makes this Light Rust very delicate and glamorous.

**Robin Red**—A new, softer red. Goes with any color costume. Wonderful with the new autumn browns and greens.

**Old Rose**—Paler than Robin Red—but in the same smoky key. Intriguingly feminine. Charming with pastels.

In case your dealer cannot supply you with the very new Light Rust or Old Rose—fill in coupon below.

WE deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish—2 of our New Cutex—Clear and Crème, and 8 popular rival brands—and let their contents stand exposed to the air for 14 days.

The result was amazing! The 8 rival brands clearly showed an evaporation of 35% to 60%. All were thick and gummy. But the New Cutex Polish evaporated less than half as much as the competitive brands. Came through the test as smooth-flowing, as easy to apply, as ever. Usable down to the last drop—a distinct saving!

Add this new economy feature to Cutex's already impressive list of advantages—its finer lacquer and longer wear, its easier application, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its 10 smart shades—and you'll

never put up with ordinary polish again.

There's no question about value for your money when you buy Cutex. So little money, too—the New Cutex still sells at the old economical price of 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear! Stock up today in all your favorite shades.

Northam Warren, Montreal, New York, Paris

Mail coupon today for complete Cutex Manicure Kit containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 14¢

Northam Warren Limited, Dept. 6T-11  
980 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada

Enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Light Rust ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐  
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

MADE IN CANADA



The Beauty Soap you've loved  
for years... now brings to you  
the benefits of  
"Filtered Sunshine"



THE SUN BATH... Nature's aid to health and beauty

**Ingredient of the famous  
Woodbury's Facial Soap... now  
irradiated with the kindly, skin-  
beautifying qualities of Sunshine**

IMAGINE the luxury of bathing with a soap enriched by "Filtered Sunshine"! This you can enjoy. For the fragrant lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap releases, for the loveliness of all your skin, its new "Filtered Sunshine" element—Vitamin D!

**Science Finds the Way!**

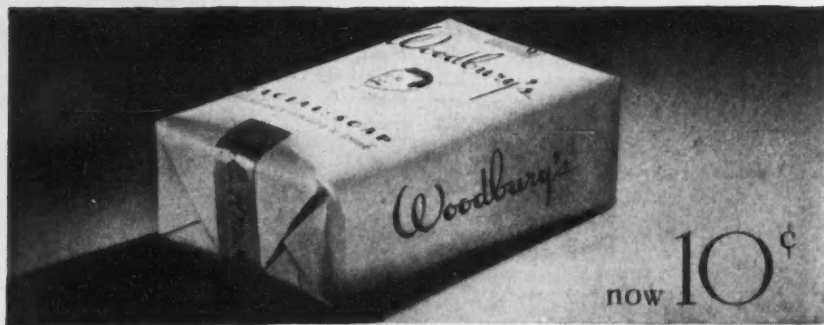
When Science found that certain gentle rays of sunshine help to enhance skin beauty, Woodbury skin scientists were untiring in their efforts to bring these benefits to you! And today one ingredient of Woodbury's Facial Soap is irradiated with the gentle rays of "Filtered Sunshine".

Your skin absorbs this Sunshine Vitamin D ingredient from Woodbury's lather. Quickly responds with finer texture, clearer tone.

With faithful use of this marvelous scientific soap, "A Skin You Love to Touch" and all-over skin beauty can soon be yours!

Only 10c for the same big, long-lasting cake that formerly sold for 25c. At all drug, department, ten-cent stores and grocers'.

**READ THIS MONEY-BACK OFFER!**  
Buy 3 cakes of Woodbury's. Use 2. If you're not convinced it's the finest soap you've ever tried, mail to us before Dec. 31, 1936, unused cake, in wrapper, and wrappers from the 2 used cakes. Tell why Woodbury's did not suit you; also amount paid for 3 cakes. Purchase price, plus postage, promptly refunded. John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 436, Perth, Ontario.



Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury Ltd., on all Woodbury products.  
MADE IN CANADA

Red or green gloves are really very good — especially in suede or velvet, for afternoon dress-up wear. Generally they're matched up with a purse, or shoes...

But the hats are the most exciting things you've ever seen! They're just about everything you can think about...

So many of them have high crowns...

So many of them have flower, feather, and odd trimmings, such as bunches of grapes...

You'll find them a trifle hard to wear, but don't be discouraged! Change your hair around... heighten the rouge on your cheeks... exaggerate the line of your eyebrows with an eye pencil... there are so many ways you can work out your cosmetics so that your hat "blends" into your whole make-up...

The movies continue to play an important part in our style picture. With "Anthony Adverse" on the screen, we have "Anthony Adverse" collars... and "Mary Queen of Scots" hats... "Swingtime Dresses" as worn by Ginger Rogers in "Swing Time"... more and more we look to Hollywood to give us the themes for our newest styles. It's getting to be a kind of a joke with the stylists... down in Hollywood the Paris designers are scouting around for ideas, and over in Paris the Hollywood designers are looking for new things,

too... so between them both we'll probably be well taken care of!

The winter coats are smarter than ever! They're going in for lots of fur, either in collars alone, or with collars, vestees and pockets giving a lavish air...

Persian lamb continues to be a leading fur trimming on these coats, and gives an air of luxury to a garment, without making the wearer look too furry...

Fitted coats, following the princess lines of the dresses, are very popular... And plaid back coats are still beloved by the gal who likes a practical, cosy coat that will see her through the football games in comfort...

The swaggerish fur coat is again a success, with the "swing" effect glorifying even the lowliest "rabbit skin"...

Grey came along as a coat color surprise, and you'll be seeing many of the smarter coats in this color. In fact grey, in both coats and dresses, has been a real color success this autumn. And it must be lucky to dress in green, 'cause green is very good too...

So no matter whether you choose black, or raisin brown, or green, or grey, or rust... you'll be in style, for they're wearing all these shades along the smart avenues of the fashion world...

## New Fur Affairs



*Fur coats and wraps attain new smartness in design  
and materials for the current season*

ONCE THE idea about a fur coat seemed to be to mold you as closely as possible to the beaver, the playful Persian lamb or the rollicking racoon. But today we borrow the warmth of all these well set up, winter-hardened folk, and yet cleverly manoeuvre them into models of grace and chic. The Paris designers have been working with a will on such effective stylings as these. To the left, for instance, a black caracul or Persian lamb might be designed in this

Persian silhouette... nipped-in waist, full sleeves and tunic length coat. The muff is decorative as well as useful. One designer adds a wide muff to the finger-tip length evening wrap of mink, perhaps, or squirrel or ermine. On the far right is a swinging swagger in caracul or one of the new novelty leopard, lapin, mole skin or seals. The fur coat is a highlight in winter smartness... for any hour of day this season.

# Suit Yourself

Carolyn Damon, Fashion Editor,  
suggests a suit, skirt and blouse you  
can make for less than twenty dollars

Wear a suit. Have a couple of change-off skirts and two or three blouses. They'll stretch your wardrobe and ease the strain on your budget, because you can amass something of a collection at a surprisingly low figure. For example, a new-fabric, fresh-styled group of suit, skirt and blouse can be made for \$18.00. Here's a good selection from which to make your choice.

All styles on this page will conform to a single set of black accessories. Size 38 is used throughout, but patterns can be had in a wide range.

This breezy, swinging suit could be made in any of the wool crêpes, broadcloths or suitings. The skirts might be done in velvet, velveteen, broadcloth, plaids, checks or stripes. Or from lighter wool crêpes.

Blouses take so many materials — the lovely sheers, the tailored wool crêpes, with metallics and velveteens in wide range.

## SPORT SUIT, LONG COAT

All wool plaid in soft blue, black and yellow check,  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yds. @ \$2.95 ..... \$12.91  
Black guaranteed celanese lining, 3 yds. @ \$1.00 ..... 3.00  
Four black wooden buttons @ 2-25c. .50  
Chatelaine Pattern No. 697 ..... .15

\$16.56

## SPORT SUIT, SHORT COAT

Spruce green heavy wool crêpe, in novelty nubby weave,  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yds. @ \$2.50 ..... \$ 9.36  
Grey celanese lining, guaranteed  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yds. @ \$1.00 ..... 2.13  
4 battleship grey bone buttons @ 2-25c. .50  
Chatelaine Pattern No. 697 ..... .15

\$12.14

## EXTRA SKIRT, Wool Suiting

Black all wool suiting,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yds. @ \$3.95 ..... \$ 7.42  
Chatelaine Pattern No. 1047 ..... .15

\$ 7.57

## EXTRA SKIRT, Novelty Crêpe

Wine-toned novelty weave crêpe skirt,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yds. @ \$1.95 ..... \$ 2.41  
4 copper-toned metal buttons @ 2-25c. .50  
Chatelaine Pattern No. 1047 ..... .15

\$ 3.06

## VELVETEEN BLOUSE (top)

Coronation red velveteen (to wear with wine-toned crêpe skirt)  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yds. @ \$1.25 ..... \$ 2.65  
Make little bows of skirt material. Chatelaine Pattern No. 687 ..... .15

\$ 2.80

## TAFFETA BLOUSE (bottom)

Hunter's gold (also with wine-toned crêpe skirt),  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yds. @ \$1.25 ..... \$ 2.04  
Eight wooden buttons, fabric-covered \$0.10 ..... .80  
Chatelaine Pattern No. 687 ..... .15

\$ 2.99

## SPORT BLOUSE (small sketch, at top)

Striped novelty cotton tweed, bright mixture of colors, to go with black skirt,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yds. @ \$0.39 ..... \$ 1.08  
Pearl buttons ..... .10  
Chatelaine Pattern No. 686 ..... .15

\$ 1.33

## SPORT BLOUSE (dark, middle)

Coronation blue, novelty crêpe to go with black skirt,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yds. @ \$1.00 ..... \$ 2.38  
Chatelaine Pattern No. 686 ..... .15

\$ 3.53



687



1047

Order from leading stores or direct from Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



697



These are Chatelaine Patterns, Price 15 cents.

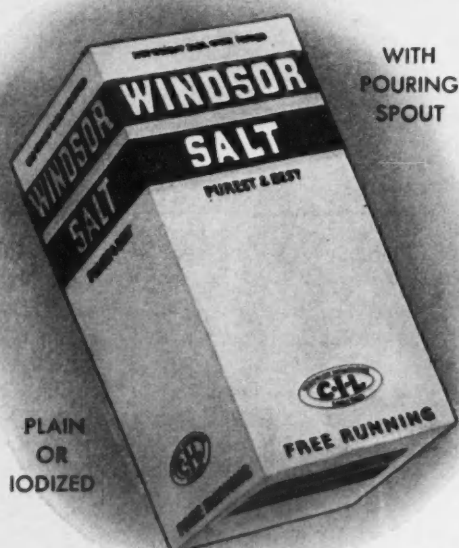


# WINDSOR SALT

for finer food flavouring



THE NEW "MOISTURE-PROOF" PACKAGE  
Wrapped in "Cellophane"



PLAIN  
OR  
IODIZED

WITH  
POURING  
SPOUT

THE NEW "WINDSOR" SALT FAMILY



Now easily recognized by their distinctive Red,  
White and Blue packages.

MADE UNDER STRICT  
LABORATORY  
CONTROL

## PROTECTED FROM MOISTURE— FULL-FLAVOURED—FREE-RUNNING

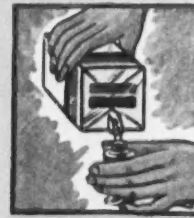
Sizzling steaks, succulent vegetables and other tempting dishes need but the addition of "Windsor" Salt to bring forth their finer food flavour. True that salt was used in

their cooking but that additional seasoning at table is like the whipped cream on pie—it makes the enjoyment complete.

Salt plays such an important part in food seasoning that it is wise to use the best. "Windsor" salt is made under strict laboratory control—purified and repurified to remove all trace of bitterness—refined to a crystal purity, screened to a uniform fineness and scientifically treated to avoid clogging. Now it is brought to you in a new moisture-proof package to protect its flavour and free-running qualities right to your table. Order "Windsor" Salt and refuse all substitutes.



KEEP "CELLOPHANE" ON — PROTECT CONTENTS



Here is the first food package which retains its protective "Cellophane" wrap until contents are used up. Follow the easy steps shown in the illustrations:—1. Insert knife point

under spout lip at "V" formed by "Cellophane". 2. Lift up spout. 3. Result:—Package open—"Cellophane" stays on—Protection complete. 4. "Windsor" Salt runs freely.



## SMOOTH SAILING

### *Zestful "Slicks" Make a Striking Contrast to Nubbed and Clochy Woollens*

The whole style story is told in terms of woven contrasts. The rough and tumble school presents a selection and variety of new bumpy, tufted, flecked and shaggy-threaded stuffs that would have dumbfounded grandmother's draper. Far left, for instance, (698) is a slub weave woollen which we would suggest in red-copper (rust and gold weave) or antique emerald and gold, with brown accessories. Travel crêpe, for 695, is a rich but rough fabric. It would be effective in the new burnt coffee, or Mainbocher's favorite dubonnet. Black or slate grey accessories with the latter, brown with the former. Then for 693, a tufted jersey, how about a raisin or plum tone, complemented by browns or black? The effective velveteen frock, 700, would be lovely in a squadron blue, and daringly use wine tones such as bacchus red for accent.

The old-fashioned hairy broadcloth in 701 would be perfect for a stern battleship grey, with buttons in phoenix blue.

The belted tunic (699) of crinkled crêpe would be effective in the new aubergine (eggplant) shade with ivory vest and black accent.

Smoothies on the fashion front are velvets, velveteens, broadcloths and jerseys. For one of those new daytime skirt length afternoon dresses (699) we suggest black velveteen with luminous silver-green metallic sleeves and collar.

For the black jersey (696) nothing will do but cire ribbon at the collar, cuffs and waist. Try the princess frock (694) in a slick-looking broadcloth, spruce green, with battleship grey accent, and finally make 689 in a black velvet and use turquoise for the belt and collar frill, with wine for the buckles.





What with coarser surfaces, broken lines and high (Coronation) and low (Earthy) colors you'll find style-hunting adventures highly eventful

ROUGH  
GOING

*New - Woven Fabrics Stir Warm Interest in This Season's Fashion Outlook*

All Patterns 15 cents

Descriptions of patterns on page 59. These are Chatelaine patterns, and may be ordered from leading stores or direct from Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. When ordering, give the number and size desired.

**ALTAR SMOKE**—by DONALD A. FRASER

How like an altar is my chimney there,  
And like an offering its fumes arise!  
Up, up they mount, a swift-ascending prayer,  
Till sight no more can seek them in the skies!  
And daily is the sacrifice renewed,  
As on Moriah's Holy Height of old,  
A suit for grace and God's solicitude,  
That peace and plenty may my hearth enfold!  
Let this my home always a temple be;  
A house of refuge from the stress of care,  
And, symbol of the pact 'twixt God and me,  
This chimney-smoke ascending on the air!

dress that she had put on that morning and hung it carefully in the closet. She drew a comb through her hair. There was a streak of grey above her right temple that had not been there that long time ago when the sun shone in a neat, small bedroom and her grandmother hovered about her while she slipped the lace dress over her shoulders. She had heard footsteps on the walk and leaned out to wave to Deric.

"Bad luck," her grandmother had grumbled. "Letting him see you before you meet at the altar."

Yes, bad luck had been waiting even in that moment of flawless happiness.

The dress still fitted her perfectly. She stared at her image in the mirror. The woman who looked back at her was not the girl who had worn the dress so many years before. She put her fingers up to her eyes as though she must close them against the gift the years had given her. The gift she had denied. The face of the boy in her memory faded and she saw Henry's kindly eyes searching hers for an answer to the

devotion in his. How cruel she had been, how ungrateful. How much she had taken, how little she had given. She must show him that she understood, but her heart ached that his bitter retaliation was directed to Carol. It was bitterness that had made him say, "I can't afford to buy her wedding dress," she reassured herself.

She was turning from the mirror to take off the dress when she heard footsteps in Henry's room. It was too early for him to be home. She went swiftly into the hall and opened the door. He did not hear her. He was standing before his dresser with a picture of Carol in his hands. He was a heavy man with broad shoulders. They were bent now in agony. His features might have been cut from granite they were so still, so intent. His eyes were fastened on the young face with a terrible hunger. To Myra in the doorway it seemed that a flash of light revealed a knowledge so dreadful it stifled her. She tried to speak and he heard the strangled sound and turned toward her. The picture fell from

his hands to the floor and the glass shattered.

"What are you doing here?" he asked her, staring at her in misery and bewilderment.

Now that she knew, she seemed to have known always. She would have cried out against him except that his horror was greater than hers. She tried to answer him but she could not. She wanted to fall on her knees and ask God for mercy.

"What have you on?" he asked.

She looked down at the white lace wedding dress. She had forgotten it. It seemed part of a past that had never belonged to her. Nothing existed now but the present—this moment of knowledge between Henry and herself.

"It's my wedding dress," she said, not able to take her eyes from his face.

"You didn't wear a wedding dress when we were married," he accused her. She remembered the brown travelling suit she had worn and the colorless ceremony in the minister's parlor. She had thought she had given him all he asked and she had given him nothing he could not have bought from any woman. No wonder he had turned to the generous warmth of youth. A hot wave of remorse swept over her.

"I—I was trying it on. I thought I'd make it over for Carol. It is lace my grandmother brought with her when she came to America. It is very beautiful lace." She was trembling so that she could hardly stand, and he was looking at her with pity. He was sorry for her, knowing, as he did, that she had lived her whole life with him sorrowing for another.

"You'd better put it away where you had it," he said, and she knew he pictured her bending over it, caressing the lacy folds in her fingers, remembering the man she had loved.

She lifted her face to his and shook her

head. Her eyes met his and she managed somehow to smile.

"I want Carol to wear it, my dear. It was meant for that." She was aware of the radiance in her spirit and knew that she had turned away from the old desolation. She went close to her husband and put her hand on his. "It was meant for our daughter's wedding dress, Henry," she said softly.

The right words had been said. It was as though peace had come suddenly in chaos, setting the universe straight again. Carol was their daughter . . . his as well as hers. Affection and kindness and care are the guerdons of fatherhood. The anguish faded from his eyes. The abyss he had looked in was closed.

"I've got to drive to town," he said. "We'll wire Carol to meet us there and we'll all go shopping together for her trousseau."

He pronounced the French word awkwardly. Then he reached down and picked up Carol's picture and set it on his dresser, brushing the bits of shattered glass away.

"It makes me feel like an old man to think of having a married daughter," he complained gently, as any father does who knows his daughter is about to be a bride.

"You needn't," Myra said, and laughter ran through her words. "You are going on a honeymoon of your own, Mr. Lester." She slipped her arm through his. "You are taking your wife to London for the Coronation. It's going to be lovely, Henry, dear."

She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. The sad, troubled dream was gone. His gaze followed hers and he smiled tenderly at her, assured of a vista of happy years. He bent suddenly to give her the quick, tender kiss a bridegroom gives his bride.

"Better keep this dress," he said. "We'll buy a new one for Carol."

# M-MAKES ME C-CRY



## DON'T LET "UNDERFED" BLOOD KEEP YOU WORN OUT

**M**ANY PEOPLE grumble about being nervously tired and below par after the hot summer months are over.

Usually when you're run-down like this, it's because your blood is "underfed" and does not carry enough food to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your

blood with needed vitamins and other important food elements. Then, your blood can take up and carry more and better nourishment to your tissues.

Eat 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—a cake about ½ hour before meals, or at bedtime. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Begin today!

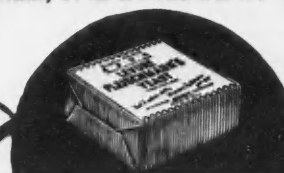


**O**NE of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to muscle and nerve tissues of your body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign your blood is not supplied with enough food.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

**FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER-----**





## The Wedding Contract

(Continued from page 11)

Her daughter—hers and Deric's. She had felt the hot wave of color on her cheeks. The old woman was kneeling at her feet, putting pins in place. She'd kneel before Carol, too, pinning the lace before she sewed it delicately. While she knelt she'd tell Carol what her grandmother had said. It would make it seem right to the girl that she couldn't have a wedding dress of her own.

She took the dress out of the trunk and laid it across her lap. It lay lightly as the remembrance of a dream—a dream of a young face bent over hers, dark hair brushed back, grey eyes worshipping, to give the first tender kiss to his bride. Closing her eyes she could hear the ghostly ripple of laughter that broke from the guests as they pressed forward to kiss her, too. She had been surrounded with kindness, but poor Carol, unless Myra could conceal Henry's hostility, would be miserably hurt at the time she should be happiest.

He had been unusually late for luncheon. She had been watching for him from the window. He had climbed out of the car heavily and she had thought, "He is tired. I must persuade him to take a vacation after Carol's wedding."

They went into luncheon at once and she waited for him to say the first words about Carol's plans. Her mind had already escaped into wedding arrangements, lists of guests, invitations, caterers, flowers banked in the gracious living room. But

when he spoke, he talked of a trip he wanted to take in the spring.

"We'll go to England for the Coronation. Carol said she'd like to be in London to see the celebrations."

She looked up at him quickly. "But, Henry, Carol won't be with us. I know how hard it is for you to realize she has grown up enough to be married, but she is very serious about it."

"What do you know about the man?" Henry asked angrily.

"He's Ruth's brother. You've heard Carol talk about him, Henry. She met him when she graduated. He had come over for Ruth's graduation. I always suspected she would care for him."

"Why did you both keep it a secret from me?" he demanded.

Suddenly she blamed herself for not talking it over with him. But it had only been a mother's intuition, formed by such intangible signs as Carol's sudden disinterest in the other young men she had known and the glimpse of a snapshot she kept on her dresser of a young man with a tennis racquet. Besides, she had never formed the habit of confiding in Henry. She told herself it was because she wanted to spare him her own small worries, but now in honesty she wondered if it was because there was that other one she whispered to in her secret heart?

He spoke again, "Why have you kept it from me?"

"There really wasn't anything to say. I only thought—" she stumbled and was silent. She did not know this man looking across the luncheon table at her with cold, accusing eyes.

"If I'd known what was up I would never have let her go East."

Anger flared in her and she seemed driven to defend her daughter's right to happiness.

"You are really very unreasonable, Henry."

"Am I unreasonable because after these years of caring for your daughter I should resent this scheme of yours and hers?"

She began to feel that she was living in the passages of a Victorian novel. Fathers didn't behave this way in these days. But Henry wasn't Carol's father. Only he had always been so kind it was hard to believe the warmth had not come from his heart. She left the table and came back with Carol's letter in her hand. She held it out to Henry.

"Read this," she said. "You'll understand then that it hasn't been a scheme. Please, Henry."

But he refused to take the letter.

"I suppose you've only told me now," he said, "because you want me to buy her wedding clothes." He was silent, staring beyond her while the maid came into the room to remove the meal neither of them had touched. When she left he said, "I have done all I can do for Carol, Myra. I can't afford to buy her wedding dress."

He left her then. She heard him go up the stairs to his room and after a while come down and, slamming the door behind him get into his car and drive off. Even then she could not believe she had heard the strange, harsh words he had used.

More scenes came back to her. Carol sitting in a window before their first Christmas together hemming a handkerchief for Henry . . . Henry returning from a trip laden with toys for Carol . . . the school catalogues he had brought home for them to choose from . . . the eagerness with which he looked forward to her first letters . . . the way he had said at dinner when she came home for vacations, "The whole house brightens up when you're here, Carol."

The words had meant little to her when

she first heard them but repeating them to herself as she sat in the attic they became heavy with reproach. In the years after Deric left her, she had forgotten how to laugh, to be gay and play. She had been devoted and grateful to Henry. But that had not been enough. She had let herself be nothing more than an efficient housekeeper for him. She had not tried to be a companion. But he had played golf with Carol, they had read the same books, had little jokes that Myra only half listened to. Now—she ran her fingers through her hair in her perplexity—he seemed to repudiate each happy hour he had spent with the child.

The dress slid to the floor. She picked it up and shook it out. Then, closing the top of the trunk, she went slowly down the attic stairs to her room. She laid the dress carefully on the bed.

THE LONG shadows of late afternoon crept through the window and lay on the floor and the pretty rugs. Myra turned on the shaded lamps and listlessly picked up a book she had left half read the day before. But she put it down again. She felt heavy with uncertainty, wondering which way to turn, blaming herself for the failure of her marriage to Henry, but determined not to let Carol's happiness be shadowed. There had always been a special bright radiance about the girl; it had shone in her grey eyes, the attentive turn of her dear face, the quick movements of her lithe body. Some way it must be kept safe. It must not be dimmed.

She decided suddenly to slip on the dress to see what could be done with it in remaking it for Carol. She wanted to busy herself and shut out the insistence of her doubts, but unconsciously she held back the moment she would put on her wedding dress again. She unfastened the grey street



**I D-DON'T SEE WHAT THIS SILLY WAY**

**SO TOUCHY SHE MADE HOME LIFE MISERABLE**

I KNOW DEAR, I FELT WRETCHED MYSELF LAST WINTER. THE DOCTOR SAID I WAS RUN-DOWN. HE SAID MY BLOOD WAS POOR AND THAT'S WHY I FAGGED SO EASILY—AND.....

OH—I REMEMBER—HE HAD YOU EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, DIDN'T HE? ALICE—MAYBE IT WOULD HELP ME? I'LL GET SOME THIS MORNING...

FEW WEEKS LATER...

GOSH, JEAN—IT'S CERTAINLY GRAND TO HAVE YOU SO CHEERFUL AND PEPPY AGAIN

**VITAMINS A. B. G and D**



charge of the dining room. Her experience might prove enlightening to Jane.

Watkins, head waiter at the supper dances, was of the old brigade. He had been with the hotel from the day it opened its doors. He was a little king in his own realm, and you were jolly well expected to play up to him.

However, to the hostess, Watkins was just another waiter under her thumb. Did the worm turn? And how!

Thereafter she found herself minus a table at the supper dances, where she reported social news to the papers. Every one was mysteriously "engaged." If she squatted at what seemed to be an empty place, a waiter hurried forward to tell her it was taken. Naturally she began to fall down on the job.

The manager sent for her. He made no bones about checking her up. The woman, in her defense, reported on Watkins. She felt a trifle guilty at putting him in danger of being fired. But, after all—it was his job, or hers.

Fire Watkins? Ace of waiters. Favorite of the prosperous clientèle who dine and wine. Popular with the bright young set who make up the supper dances. Fire Watkins? He was part of the institution. As for social hostesses! Unfortunately the woods were full of them.

HOWEVER, SUCH little straws which show the way the wind blows, should be used by Jane only for making bricks. Being an intelligent woman, she would tumble to it, that in order to make her position impregnable, she, too, must become part of the institution.

She will gather that just being smiling and gracious at afternoon teas, won't do the trick. Any woman on the waiting list can turn on a smile. Neither will running about shopping for women guests get you far. No, nor even exercising Mrs. Ritz-Carlton's Pomeranian pup. So what?

Is she a good executive? How about trying her hand at sales promotion . . . pulling business from women's clubs and societies. Can she write stuff that looks like social news to women editors? Can she be a "chatelaine," instead of a mere professional hostess? Can she, in fact, socially put the hotel on the map?

During the season, a large hotel is a buzz of social life. Practically every woman's club, college fraternity, and alumnae gives some sort of get-together . . . a ball, bridge-tea, luncheon or supper dance. Here is Jane's happy hunting-ground of opportunity. Not, as she may fondly hope, to do the hostessing. The girls and women of these clubs do their own entertaining. But if she can pull some of this business into her hotel, she may sit pretty in her new job. Here again, she must watch her step, see that she is not treading on anyone's corns. The hotel has its own staff of contact workers. To encroach on their job would put the skids on a hostess from the outset.

She may do a little tactful snooping. The files show what clubs and societies book their social "dos" regularly at the hotel. To anything already covered by that department, she will give a wide berth. But that hotel hasn't all the town whoop-te-dos by a long shot. Jane can get wise to those not yet booked there. If she can land any of these, her stock goes up pronto.

THEN THERE is the debutante merry-go-round. That is anybody's game. Plenty of debs give their coming-out ball outside of the home. Even if Jane doesn't succeed in booking one of these, there are all sorts of deb luncheons, teas, dinners and particularly supper dances to corral. But Jane will have to show originality in her way of approach. Debs are deluged with solicitors, by telephone and letter.

If the hostess isn't a born go-getter, let her leave this work severely alone. She may make a botch of it; get the hotel in wrong with the social world, and herself in "Dutch" with the manager.

Instead, let her take up her trusty pen

and attend to the social news. This is right up her alley. For above all things, she must have a nose for news. As a matter of fact, some hotels will not consider an applicant unless she is an experienced press woman.

In certain cities, the society editors are glad to get well-written stuff, with the names of prominent people at balls, dinners, or luncheons in a fashionable hotel. As for the gossip columns, they will eat up reams of readable chit-chat. And the more our hostess can plaster the name of the hotel in the social pages, the more important her own.

THE HOTEL night life is a dizzy whirl. Here is glamour, if you like. Jane will have to be something of a trouper, a born night-hawk to live up to it. She will drop in at every ball and dance. Make herself *au fait* with those receiving. If there are no special reporters on the job—and there won't be, if the city editors like Jane's stuff—she may cover two or three balls in an evening for the press. Then on to the supper dance . . . which is a nightly feature in most hotels. It is the supper dances that bring out the real calibre of a social hostess. They may be likened to the tossed coin, whose "head" or "tail" determines her number of days on the job.

For it is here she meets the partying clientèle. The regulars who come once or twice a week, the debs, ex-debs, the university crowd, the young marrieds, the bachelors and *bon vivants*.

If Jane somehow doesn't click, it's just too bad. Any amount of trying won't give her a break. A hostess who doesn't "take" has a thin time indeed. Even if she would tackle the job a second season, the chances are she won't be asked to try.

If, however, Jane goes over in a big way, she has the job fairly in her pocket. The guests will give her all sorts of newsy items for the press. She will be invited to half a dozen tables in an evening. She will be flattered, flirted with, winned and champagne all over the place.

Here let Jane keep her head, if she wants to keep her feet. The hostess who knows her world takes all this in her stride; takes it for what it is worth; which just amounts to whatever social news she can dig out from the friendly crowd. As it goes on night after night, with a different crowd, but the same conviviality, it eventually has no more personal meaning than the gay music to which they dance.

Even so, this popularity is not arrived at all in one night. A new hostess must "win" her way. She has to show she can take it; that she can handle any situation. If she has a neat wit, if she can metaphorically thumb her nose when any of the young blades try to put something over on her, they'll love her for it, and henceforth they are her friends.

One of their pet pranks is to give fictitious names for the press. Or they will try to put over a "fish" story, which has nothing to do with fish. Like as not they will announce an engagement of some young couple who are merely pals.

If Jane is gullible, and sends this trumped-up news to the press, what a lark for these lads. But it is no fun for the hostess when the irate mother of the girl or young man, calls her on the telephone and gives her "what for." Many a hostess has been stung by such tomfoolery, once. But it should be only once.

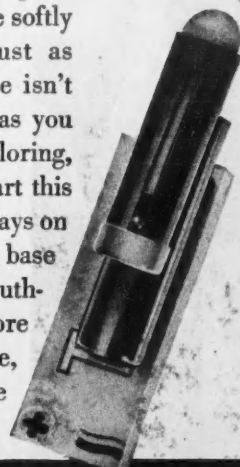
On a crowded Friday and Saturday night, anything goes. So, it's a case of check and double check every line of the social news. A hostess will have to be a little bit more than a detective, and just a shade less than a clairvoyant.

Hotels, however, differ widely. Where the hostess may have a free hand in one, another may cramp her style, keep her in a narrow groove. This, of course, is a lack of understanding of the social hostess's possibilities, and usually such hotels have a new one every season. But there you are—these jobs are so few and far between, if Jane can get even a toehold, she can thank her lucky stars.

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## I am a Social Hostess

(Continued from page 22)

The "folks" are of one mind. All clamor for a launch picnic. "Such fun to take a basket-lunch up the beach."

Jane, optimistic soul, rushes to the telephone. There is a swell speed launch up the lake, called *Summer Moon*. Fastest boat in the neighborhood. The captain, Jane has already met. He is a fair, bronzed Adonis, a veritable exponent of what the well-dressed yachtsman should wear. But he has his price—a guarantee of thirty souls, at a dollar per. Thirty? Jane glibly promises to pack in forty.

Half an hour later, the gala launch swings into the wharf. Jane is there to meet it. But the picnickers—oh, where are they?

Well—some of them had the bright idea of motoring over to see the Quints. Others decided to stretch their legs on the links. The rest just plain want to "loaf."

AT DINNER that evening, a loquacious lady undertakes to explain. "But, my deah—you really couldn't have thought we wanted to go on an all-day picnic. So exhausting. If it were a launch ride by moonlight. Say—after the dance tonight. The whole gang of us would fall for it. Wouldn't we, everybody?"

The gang would. And this time, the gang does. That is, with the exception of the "convalescent wards"—those weary souls who came to the hotel for a rest cure.

Two a.m. Back come your nautical nomads—buoyant, refreshed, and bent on making a night of it. They park at the piano, turn on the radio, pass the cocktails—and they're off.

Next morning the "convalescent wards" are up suspiciously early. The men look strangely haggard; the women are hectic and hysterical. But they're up, all right. Yes, and packed. Catching the first train or boat, bound for some quiet, cool jungle.

About midsummer, guests descend upon the hotel literally in truckloads. There is an all day-all night queue at the booking office. The guests clutter up the halls, verandah and lawns. They spill out over the beach like fish cast up in a tidal wave.

Out of this tangle, Jane must know everyone by name. She must know who are in parties . . . who are unattached. Who, among the latter, want to mix with the crowd . . . those who "want to be alone." She must ferret out the bridge-players, the tennis group, the dancing contingent, the cut-ups and the lie-downs.

Naturally she won't be so amateurish as to run about with a notebook tagging them. There, Miss Jane, is the hotel register. True, the signatures are not accompanied by thumb-nail photographs—nor even thumb prints. But you must get that sixth—nay sixtieth—sense working.

AND NOW, Jane, having passed her probationary test may, with luck, find herself on the payroll of a large, modern hotel in the city. After her buffeting in the rural job—this may look like happy landings.

Her status goes up several pegs. Here she has the privileges of a paying guest, with the "plums" of a visiting relation. And yet, it behooves Jane, right here, to walk softly.

For, although she's got across with the boss, she may have to "sell" her hostess job to every member of the staff—from *maitre d'hôtel*, to bus boy. As for the head waiters—it's amazing how these redoubtable servitors can cramp a social hostess's style. For, to carry on at all, she must stand in with the head waiters, as one woman found out, who almost lost her job through coming to grips with the man in

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**RENDELLS.**

had kissed Ann twice on each cheek—to the point."

"I want," said Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast, "clothes. I want good taste, but I want to be remarkable. Ann can do it. That's why I've brought her."

Ann shook her head. "It's just every woman's dream, Tillie. And you are asking me to make it come true. Me!"

But journeying back from New York five gorgeous days later, Ann knew she had done it—she, and Berthold's smooth establishment. It had taken some hundreds of dollars of corsetry to do for Tillie what nature had conspicuously left undone, and on that foundation Ann had worked. She had been curiously inspired. She had wakened in the middle of the night, and she had seen Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast. She came out of the darkness, an eagle figure, predatory, formidable. She was all in black, not loose to conceal that bony structure, but tight, to advertise blatantly the power and dignity of that fine frame. Black, down over the large veined hands down around the big bony feet, up tight about the scrawny neck—black. That was the answer. And out of that idea, Ann had manufactured—or would it be more honest to say, brought to light?—a new Tillie. Turning her head in the car she looked now at this new Tillie. From under the tightest black skull cap of a hat Tillie's great features stood out, unrelieved, with the chiselled nakedness of a Savonarola. Her coat was of the tightest, smoothest, most expensive, shining black fur, tight as if she had been poured into it; and the collar was pinned close under the chin, with a row of those immensely bizarre diamonds. There was nothing but the most extreme correctness in Tillie's appearance, but she was—remarkable.

"Tillie, dear, take off your hat. I have to look at you."

And obligingly, with no self-consciousness, Tillie took off her hat, and again Ann marvelled. For she had had Tillie's hair cut off close all over her head till it was only an inch long, and then machines had curled these wispy white strings into a hundred soft silk curls. It was disconcerting; there was about that head of soft bright silver an ingenuousness, a naiveté, that caught at the heart. One wanted to touch that silver brightness.

"You'll do," said Ann softly. "And, Tillie—my commission and so on—I want you to know—it came to five hundred dollars. Riches, Tillie."

The pale grey eagle eyes—or were they hawk's?—stared at Ann. "You are definitely rich, Ann. You have talent. I am considering the best use to make of it."

THE DINNER, the dance, was a direct, well-aimed blow at Mrs. Vickars's social midriff. Tillie had only the few, but they were, as Ann knew, the right few; and then—as if it were nothing, and calling her by her first name and being called Tillie in return—she had little Kusbla, the newest Parisian sensation, in to dance. Just before dinner was announced, a car drew up to the door and in she came, spilling French endearments and personality and charm, and calling Tillie "Ma chère Tillie," and kissing her ecstatically on both cheeks. Ann was stunned. Even money doesn't buy that.

And Tillie's evening clothes were just that sensation that Tillie wanted. It was the closest and most clinging of black costumes, made of a heavy dull silk and cut somewhat like a man's evening clothes in effect, but completely feminine in detail. The skirt was tight and straight and perfectly smooth; a small close jacket with tight long sleeves came just to the waist, and was opened in front over a waistcoat of the filmiest pleated silver tissue, caught into a tiny narrow straight band at the neck. The jacket off—and Tillie was instructed to take it off—the dress was revealed as a waistcoat and tight sleeves of transparent silver. But the smartest touch of all, Ann had shod Tillie in pointed heel-less slippers of dull black silk, so that her walk—sober, loose, dis-

jointed—in these slippers, came to have the remote dignity of a Dante. Out of Tillie, Ann had created a personage.

It was not strange that Ann should feel in the evening an intoxication. Julia was there, surprisingly having a real husband with eyeglasses. And there was, of course, Kerry. But perhaps the most important guest of all was champagne, the lightest, the most insidious. Dancing with Kerry became increasingly a delight and a danger. Across the room Ann found herself watching him, watching for his eyes, watching for him to come and dance with her. Once he muttered in her ear, "Ann, you must be careful," but she only laughed at him, teasingly, daringly. It was inevitable, they both felt it, that they should feel again that sweeping mutual surge; inevitable that a moment should come when they were quite alone, supposedly looking at some old English hunting prints, and that once again she should find herself in his arms, lost to everything but the length of her body against his, and his kiss asking of her everything. And this time there were words, tumbled, unguarded, unforgettable.

IT WAS hard, awakening into a daylight that held that memory. Ann was in a panic. This was not something she could tell Stephen. This was dishonesty. Blame it on the champagne as she might, she knew that she had wanted something, and had yielded to it. She knew she had been hoping for that time to come again when she would feel that thing asked of her, and give it in return.

Her heart beat heavily, painfully, all day. She wondered when she would see Kerry. Would he come? Would he stay away? What was she to say? How was she to be natural, not revealing herself? And if Kerry didn't come, she felt she would hate him.

But Kerry came. And it was more painful than anything she had imagined. She wanted to watch Kerry, and she was afraid to watch him. She wanted to find something in his eyes, and she was terrified to look. She wanted to see him a moment alone—why was that? To say what? To feel what? This was a dreadful thing.

But by the next day something of stability had returned to Ann. It must never happen again. She must tell Kerry that. Somehow she must see Kerry and tell him that it was just the champagne. But what was that, but an admission of something to be afraid of, something furtive, something she and Kerry shared in a secrecy from Stephen? It was intolerable.

She wanted a word, just a word, with Kerry alone. But it was curiously impossible. Where heretofore ease and trust had existed, now they had disappeared. Even in the riding hall she could get no word with him. Was he avoiding her? Once in a while his eyes on her seemed angry, contemptuous. Why should he blame her more than himself? Why did he not say something? Why did he not make it possible to reach an understanding? A few words should do it.

Then on a Friday night just like any other Friday night in the world, Ann's world blew up, with the blowing up of a retort into Stephen's face. It was late evening, and she was sitting by the fire, tortured by her thoughts, wishing she could think of something besides Kerry, when the telephone rang. It was Stephen himself, barely able to talk, to tell her what had happened. There was no one to call on. She seemed to herself to fly to the laboratory, so little did she remember what happened between Stephen's voice on the phone and her kneeling beside him where he sat, his head in his two hands. And then she was at the hospital with him. He had gone away with the doctor. It was all just a nightmare, without reality, without feeling.

But at length the doctor came to her, grave but reassuring.

"I think it's not too bad. But it's hard to tell. There's been burning. I can't tell exactly to what extent. To tell you the

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NAUSEA	MOUTH ACIDITY
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Try this way. You'll be surprised at results. And try it particularly if you've been using some less natural and less effective way of overcoming acids. Get either the liquid "Phillips" or the remarkable, new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Each one equals a teaspoon of the liquid, and they're delightful to take and easy to carry with you. Only 25¢ for a large box at all drug stores.

# PHILLIPS'

## MILK OF MAGNESIA

MADE IN CANADA



ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



## BANKS FURNACE sprains ankle

Son applies Absorbine Jr.  
at once. Brings Quick Relief



**WRITES O. H.,** "I was on the way down the cellar stairs to bank the furnace for the night and I slipped on the last step. A terrific pain shot through my ankle and up my leg. Just managed to hobble upstairs. My son got the bottle of Absorbine Jr. from the bathroom—rubbed it on my ankle and by morning the swelling and pain were practically reduced to nothing."

You, too, will find in good old Absorbine Jr. a wonderful family liniment. Many doctors and nurses and clinics recommend it highly for sprains and strains, sore muscles, muscular rheumatic pains. And it's a world-famous treatment for destroying the fungus of Athlete's Foot.

Get a bottle today. Your druggist has it. \$1.25 a bottle and thrifty because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 242 Lyman Building, Montreal.

\*Based on actual letter in our files

### ABSORBINE JR.

(MADE IN CANADA)

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, Sleeplessness

## Trial by Marriage

(Continued from page 33)

not at all sure it's a wise one. I was—I'll be quite honest, Ann—doing you what I thought was a favor. Was I wrong? You do sew, don't you?"

Ann could feel the skin behind her ears prickle. She was being put in her place. It was in the voice, not in the words. But this, she thought, is nonsense. "You mean—you thought I was going to sew those clothes for you, myself?"

Mrs. Vickars spread her hands. "Why—what else?"

"But I am not a dressmaker." Ann's voice was even.

Mrs. Vickars raised arch, pretty eyebrows. Her manner said, Ann, don't be ridiculous. "But, Ann—I only know what I was told. You made this very suit you've got on. It's charming—beautiful."

"But Mrs. Vickars—"

"Well, let's not discuss it." Mrs. Vickars gathered up the drawings and samples into her hands. "I was wrong, that was all." Then she indicated the pile of things in her hand. "But, my dear Ann, consider—it's a bit naive of you, don't you think, to suppose that I am going to pay Bertholdi prices to a person in a little up-state town, isn't it now? It isn't exactly a Bertholdi dress, you know. I should go to Bertholdi's in New York for that. I can really, you know, afford to."

"But you don't want to—isn't that it? And you'll not be paying his prices. You wanted—quite reasonably—Bertholdi-designed gowns without paying Bertholdi prices. I am sorry, Mrs. Vickars, but I don't see that there was any essential misunderstanding. The time and expense of a dressmaker to do the actual labor should be a very small thing to stand in the way of what you want." This, thought Ann, is disgusting.

Mrs. Vickars spoke coldly. "I am not sure that I want it any longer."

She looked down at the pile of things she held in her hands and regarded them a moment. Then, with a slow gesture of being quite done with them, she stretched out her hand and let the lot fall into the waste-paper basket near by. "In fact," she said deliberately, "I know I do not."

Ann regarded her levelly. "In that case, Mrs. Vickars, I must ask you to return the samples and the drawings. Bertholdi is interested in them, if you are not. And they happen to be, if I proceed with this idea, Bertholdi's property."

"As you like. You are entirely welcome to them." Mrs. Vickars turned away.

Ann stood still, looking at her, without moving. After a moment Mrs. Vickars turned, as if in surprise; and then raising her voice she called a maid from the dining room. "Rachel, there are some things of Mrs. Farrington's that fell in the basket there. Will you pick them out and give them to her? She'll tell you which they are. Excuse me, Mrs. Farrington. I believe I hear the telephone. Rachel, show Mrs. Farrington out, and I'll answer the phone myself."

There was no phone ringing, as Ann knew well enough, and knew that Mrs. Vickars intended she should know. Rage boiled in her, as she stood beside the maid and the basket, while the things were fished out and put in her hands. There was nothing else in the basket. Ann left the house, deeply incensed; in a fury, too, with herself that she should feel humiliated. She was still boiling at lunch-time, and disinclined entirely to be soothed by Stephen's affection, Stephen's hoot of laughter at Mrs. Vickars, Stephen's cheerful, "Sure you're mad, Ann, but you'll get over it. What in the world does it matter to you?"

But it did. It stung. Ann, turning it over in her mind, could perceive behind it

the small driving jealousy that had actuated Mrs. Vickars. Mrs. Vickars could go everywhere in this town—to all the people that mattered in it, and over teacups in the afternoon and dinner plates at night, tell the story with her pretty deprecating eyebrows—how Ann took the things from the waste-paper basket. "Was she afraid I would use them? Amusing, isn't it?"

Ann had no champion to fight against those eyebrows. And in back of all, Ann felt, moved Julia—and between Julia and herself the figure of Kerry, shadowy, unadmitted, but very real.

I haven't anybody, thought Ann. But even as she thought it, her mind paused. I have Tillie. That was the real source of this jealousy. This incident provided Mrs. Vickars with a subtle weapon. The disparagement of Ann was also the belittling of Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast. Mrs. Vickars was not the kind of woman to tolerate for an instant a social rival. And it was a queer thing, thought Ann, that one felt so surely that Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast—angular, homely, ill-dressed, silent—was a formidable rival to pretty, perfect Mrs. Vickars. It was smart of Mrs. Vickars to perceive it, to move at once into action while the danger was negligible.

Ann went to Tillie. There was no doubt at all that she felt curiously at home with this stark woman. And without so much as a look or gesture to assure her of it, Ann felt that Tillie was drawn to her.

"Well, Ann," she said, when she had heard. "You aren't the kind to be licked before you start, are you? If you've got to be licked in this world—and we all get licked at something—be licked at the end, that's my motto." She paused, then: "I guess it's time I gave a party."

Then a curious old-pink began creeping up over the leathery face. "If you design me a dress that would knock 'em cold—guess it'd be a feather in your cap, eh, Ann?"

Ann sat silent, a tightness about her heart. You couldn't—you couldn't do anything with Tillie's looks! Tillie would do better to take this licking in the beginning.

"Got to go to New York in a couple of days. Might go in and see Bertholdi, Ann."

"Oh—no!" Ann's cry was instantaneous, unthinking. But when she thought, she couldn't take it back.

Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast raised her eyes and looked at Ann. Then she got up, stretched herself and said, "Bertholdi will let you design me a dress. Party a week from Saturday. Dance in the ballroom on the top floor. Ever see it? Cupids on the ceiling. You'll drive down to New York with me day after tomorrow. Get me a lot of clothes. And, Ann, Kerry MacLouth—" "Yes?"

"He's too good-looking." And Tillie Prendergast marched out of the door.

IT WAS a year and a half since Ann had been to New York, and with every mile that the car purred Ann purred too, feeling under her feet and in her nose and in her eyes, New York.

But if Ann hoped in this trip to solve the enigma that was Tillie, she was mistaken. Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast merely sat, looking out at the countryside. You can't, Ann decided, ever feel quite chatty with an eagle. But what Ann wanted to know was, whether she was sitting beside an eagle or a hawk. But if it's a hawk, she thought, I want never to find it out.

In the morning, dressed to go to Bertholdi's, Ann received a shock. From somewhere Tillie had resurrected an enormous sable cloak with a huge chinchilla collar, and upon a thin chain on her thin neck hung an old-fashioned lavalier flashing incredibly large diamonds. Ann was horrified. Must she indeed go to Bertholdi's accompanying this?

But Jules Bertholdi—Ann felt she should have remembered this—had a great respect for sables, chinchilla, and diamonds. Tillie came at once—after Jules

## Had Rheumatic Pains for 25 Years

His Arms Were Becoming  
Useless

It was about 25 years ago that rheumatism first marked down this sufferer; and finally the day came when he could hardly lift his arms. But he found relief—here in this letter he tells the whole story:—

"About 25 years ago I first experienced slight muscular rheumatism in my arm and shoulder. A few years later lumbago also attacked me. They gradually got worse until the pain got acute in both arms and loins. I could not lift a jugful of water with my arm extended straight out. About 12 months ago I bought a bottle of Kruschen Salts and by the time it was finished I was agreeably surprised at a slight improvement. I bought another one, and when that was finished all the pain had disappeared, and has never appeared since."—T.R.

The pains and stiffness of rheumatism are frequently caused by deposits of uric acid in the muscles and joints. The numerous salts in Kruschen assist in stimulating the internal organs to healthy, regular activity, and help them to eliminate this excess uric acid.

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YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlax Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Orlax imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.



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Relieves Congestion  
—Does Not Blister

At first sign of a cold on the chest apply a Mecca Poultice with the addition of mustard. The warmth in combination with marvellous healing properties of Mecca Ointment will give quick relief. Full directions in each package. 39

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A physician's formula that has benefited sufferers for over 60 years. Try it. You'll be more than pleased with the quickness with which it relieves Asthma and Hay Fever, preventing needless suffering. You simply inhale the fumes.

Your nearest Drug Store has it.

\$1.00 per tin, trial size 25c.

Also obtainable in cigarette form. Northrop and Lyman Co. Limited Established 1854 Toronto, Canada

## RELIEF



## Star Dust

(Continued from page 25)

John. It wasn't just that he was so white, and his hair so wild. His eyes were too big, sunk in blackened sockets. It wasn't that. All the bones of his face stood out, the square chin and the brow ridges and the sharpened cheek-bones, as if the flesh had been stripped away. The bare spirit looked out of that bare face. He put his lips close to her ear. "They think it was an inside job."

"No!" she said sharply.

"Hush," he said. "I thought you'd better know. They're holding everybody. They want us to go in."

John and Cynthia went in together, clasping hands like a pair of frightened children. There were a lot of people in Beryl's suite, and it was completely empty. Cynthia looked first at the sofa where Beryl had sat yesterday. She remembered the aquamarine pyjamas and the jewelled fillet; but she could not make her memory come alive. She could not see Beryl's eyes, nor feel her arms. It came to Cynthia that the memory of her child did not live in this room. The child herself had never lived there—not her own Bunny. Only Beryl Gage, the star.

An inspector named Rawlings was questioning the servants. Cynthia heard the words, but she caught their meaning only in snatches.

"I put her to bed at the usual time," Miss Fish was saying. "When I went in, she was gone. This was the chair where I was sitting. No, I couldn't exactly see her bed. But there's no way in except through this room. The windows have those ornamental screens, as strong as jail bars."

"That's it," said Cynthia. "Jail bars." "No," Miss Fish said. "There didn't anyone come in. That Mr. Freeman, or whatever his name was, came to the door and knocked, but I got rid of him pretty quick. He didn't so much as get a toe inside."

"How did he happen to knock?" Rawlings asked. "Why didn't you hold him up, Smith?"

"I came in to sit with Miss Fish a while," Smith admitted. "I could watch the door from this side as well as from the other, couldn't I? Yes, I was here when that fellow—Foster, I understood his name was—came and knocked. It was just the way Miss Fish said: she only opened the door a crack. I didn't even get a good look at him. I'd have made it hot for him all right, if he'd tried to get by Miss Fish."

Cynthia understood dimly that it was the mysterious Mr. Farmer, or Freeman, or Foster, whom they suspected—perhaps with collusion. He hadn't, after all, been John's guest. No one knew who he was. He had simply appeared, and stayed in the little room at the end of the corridor. Now he was gone. The bed was mussed—more like being tumbled on purpose than slept in, they said. He had left a straw suitcase, as if he had gone in a hurry. It contained a nightshirt, a set of Balbriggan underwear, a comb, a toothbrush, a straight razor, a strap, and a cake of shaving soap. There were no letters. No laundry tags. The makers' labels in the clothes were of brands too common to be traced. He hadn't been so smart about fingerprints. They were working on those.

None of the other guests had seen the stranger. Henrietta had seen him, when she showed him upstairs; and Marie, when she took his tray—as long as the family were out, he said, he'd just have a bite in his room. Miss Fish had seen him at Beryl's door. And Smith had heard his voice. That was all. Rawlings could not get a description. About medium height, they thought, in dark clothes—blue or

brown. His hair was light, or maybe white. An oldish man, Marie thought; anyway middle-aged. But Smith said he must be young, because his step was springy and quick. Probably the hair was a disguise. A quiet man; they agreed on that. Not a man you'd notice.

"You may go now, Mrs. Gage," Rawlings said kindly.

Cynthia went upstairs with John. The telephone was ringing in her room, and John put a powder puff in the bell. The mail lay on her desk; the top envelope was printed on coral paper, with Beryl Gage Coral Composition Tub Corporation in the corner. Cynthia flung the pile inside and snapped the desk cover. She went over to the window. John came and stood beside her. He did not touch her. They were setting up a camera on the lawn. There were police cars at the steps. Telegraph boys streamed up the drive. Newsboys were crying extras. Their voices went keening through the streets: *Beryl Gage Kidnapped*.

"If I could only do something," she said.

"They're doing everything," said John. "They've called in the federal men. Cosmic is offering a reward. Fifty thousand for . . . information. A hundred thousand if she is returned safe. And no questions. I made them put that in. Maybe it's wrong. But I didn't dare not to."

He went down on the floor—like a man who under strong excitement has been walking on a broken leg and now knows suddenly that he is hurt. He buried his face in Cynthia's skirts, holding his hands hard against the backs of her knees. Her fingers found the wheat-sheaf lock that stuck up at his crown. She wished she could cry, so that John could comfort her. But she had no tears.

She said, in a dry voice: "They'll find her."

"Of course they will," John said.

They repeated the phrases over and over, wringing them empty.

They stayed in Cynthia's room all day. Cynthia still wore the crumpled gold tissue, stained with red desert rocks and the dust of the road. John was still in dinner clothes. Now and then he went downstairs in search of news. He shook out for Cynthia the husks of fact that Rawlings gave him. The police were in touch with headquarters in every state. They were watching all the roads. They were searching every car. The big broadcasting stations were sending out calls every fifteen minutes. They were checking Foster's fingerprints with the records. A child with red curls had been found in Yuma. It was not Beryl.

Once Rawlings came to the door. Cynthia stood up, holding her hands over her mouth to keep from screaming, while he talked with John.

"They found Beryl's fingerprints in that little room," John said. He said, with terrible difficulty: "There was . . . no sign of a struggle."

It grew dark finally. The dark was bad. Things happen in the dark. Dark words flowed through Cynthia's mind. Pits and cellars and chains. Darker words yet, that she would not let her mind pronounce.

"John," she said, "I'm going down to that little room."

"There's nothing there," John said pitifully. "They've been all over it."

"I know," she said. "I just want to sit there."

She felt an urgent need to see the room, to handle the things she had brought from Easton. She wanted to sit in the chair where she had bathed Beryl. She wanted to take Beryl's socks out of the Martha Washington sewing cabinet. Perhaps in that room she could find the memory of the child that she had lost. Perhaps there she could cry.

"I'll go with you," John said.

The lights were on in the corridor. There was a bustle downstairs: bells ringing, and voices; but the second floor was deserted. They tiptoed along the hall, their caution grotesque in the brightness. John took Cynthia's hand when he opened the door.

The little room at the end of the corri-

# Darling you're a WONDER!



1 "John was so pleased with his new sweater, I resolved I'd keep it always fresh and colourful for him . . . the Lux way": Before washing trace an outline on a heavy piece of paper . . .



2 After testing a sample of yarn for colour fastness in clear water—gently squeeze the sweater through lukewarm Lux suds. No rubbing, of course. And lukewarm water for rinsing!

Luxing and blocking woollens at home this easy way protects their softness, their fit—saves money on cleaning bills, too! Rubbing with cake-soap or using soap with harmful alkali—tends to shrink and mat sensitive wool fibres. Tissue-thin Lux diamonds have no harmful alkali . . . need no dangerous hot water, avoid injurious rubbing. If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux.



WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS



3 Then roll the sweater in a Turkish towel to press out all the moisture . . . gently ease it into shape . . . and pin it to the traced outline, with rust proof pins. With this simple care, Lux keeps sweaters like new!





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truth—I wish he were in Montreal. There's a man there. But the night train has gone."  
"I can drive him." Better still, Tillie would let her have the big limousine with Jacques to drive her. No. She remembered now: Tillie and the car were away.

Kerry. He could do the driving while she held Stephen.

So it was agreed, and the hospital, quiet, efficient, arranged for blankets and hot water bottles for the car. And here at last was Kerry on the phone.

But Kerry was curiously far away.  
"I don't understand, Ann. Montreal—tonight?"

"Now!"

But Kerry's voice was slow and stilted in answering, as if he might have been asleep. But finally he said, "Ann—I'm just trying to think. Isn't there someone else—Why not ask Tillie?"

"Tillie's away. Kerry!" For something

in Kerry's reluctance appalled and shocked Ann. Kerry was thinking about himself, while Stephen—"You don't want to do it! Kerry—it's Stephen!"

"I'm thinking of Stephen, Ann. And of you, too. To drive all night this way—to be gone—people don't realize, they will talk. But if you can't get anyone—"

"Never mind," said Ann; and hung up.

Not until she was away out of town, with Stephen in a makeshift bed in the back of the car, did her frozen thoughts untangle enough to let one thought through: Kerry had not known she was at the hospital, he had not known where to reach her when she hung up.

But on all sides of her the December cold and night and silence and chill hemmed her in. Stephen, sleeping under a narcotic, emptied by pain, was not beside her. She was quite alone.

To be Continued

## Is Feminism Declining?

(Continued from page 4)

appreciate such women, and support them. Between them and men there should be no distinction at election time. I do not think a woman who is incapable, should be elected to any public office merely because she is a woman. But neither should she, if capable of filling the position, be debarred because of her sex.

"Today, as never before, we need capable women in government bodies—municipal, provincial and Dominion, because we are faced with agitation in many quarters to discharge women from factories, shops, and industrial life generally and replace them with unemployed men."

"...but Senator Fallis, isn't that reasonable? The Heads of Families..." She interrupted with an impatient gesture. "The only reasonable plan is to give work to those who need it, and then, those who are best fitted to do it. Whether they are men or women is immaterial. Men took women's work out of the home, to the factory. Women did not, in the first place, choose to enter industry. They were driven in as an alternative to starvation, either for themselves or their dependents."

I got a flash of that clearness of outlook, that directness of purpose which have made this woman so great a power in her party, so sure an organizer, for many years. Far from a novice in the political field, she is aware of every move in the game; yet a straight-thinking, definite person. I remembered hearing of her quick retort when chairmen were in the habit of saying, soothingly, "And now Mrs. Fallis will say a few words to the ladies." She would stand up without any flourishes—and "up" is to a commanding height—and follow quickly with "And perhaps, a few words

to the men, too." I wanted to know about that.

"Do you feel, in the Senate, like Lady Astor in England, that you represent the woman's viewpoint?"

"Definitely, no. I represent the people. If woman 'belongs' anywhere, politically, it would be in the provincial house. There such matters as health, education and social service are dealt with. They are her particular study. Yet to date, she hasn't made the slightest dint on that legislative body in Ontario.

"Personally, I like the Senate," she went on. "Once I thought of the Commons, because I had been trained in the hard school of campaign battles and heckled speaking. But now I find in the Senate a judicial body in which, with partisanship forgotten, one can see the Canadian scene in its entirety."

I wondered, aloud, if many women had the capacity for such a wide and intelligent outlook. I suggested that in the Houses of Parliament, with their technical phraseology, much of the procedure was difficult for the average feminine mind to comprehend.

Senator Fallis agreed that since many men in politics had legal training, they often gave their utterances a ponderous sound. But things could be simplified.

"Women are beginning to understand that such a question as the tariff, for example, once regarded as a political football and of no interest to them, is directly reflected in their own household budgets; that when the nation pays interest, or raises trade protections, women immediately feel the repercussions in their grocery bills, and in the earning capacity of their households. Certainly one big job women in government can do is to make such matters clear to every woman."

"And—taking one more look at women—may I suggest this? When we believe enough in our mission, something will happen. Upon the way we, today, fulfill the duties of the higher citizenship to which we have been called, hangs the fate of women in the next generation."

Photo of Mrs. Fallis by Violet Keene.

## JUST WISHING

By LOUISE HERCUS

I'd like a lot  
Of useless things;  
An evening gown  
With silver wings.

A pair of shoes  
Not made for wear;  
With shiny buckles  
And never a care;

A saucy hat  
With Chevalier air,  
So all the folks  
Would turn and stare.

To saunter out  
As a princess might;  
Leaving the kitchen  
Looking a sight!

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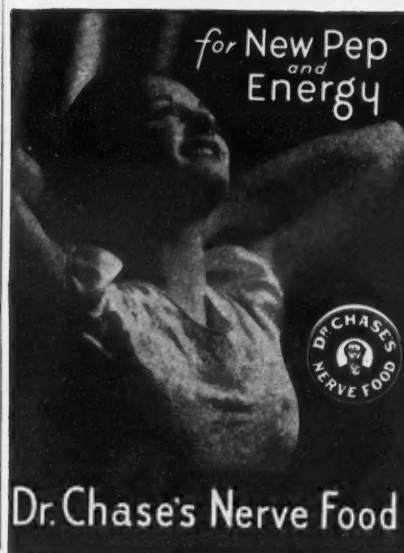
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## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning.  
Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else, 25c.





avocado stone and slipped down from Cynthia's lap. She went to lean against Uncle Neddy, watching out of her father's eyes under her mother's curls. She had never liked Martin.

"Could you make me a funny face like him?" she asked Uncle Neddy.

"Reckon so," said Uncle Neddy, "if I had me a little nut to whittle."

"I ask you," Martin was saying, jubilant. "Is this box office, or is it box office? I've got a new picture lined up. 'Kidnapped.' It'll stand 'em in the aisles."

"You mean," said Cynthia slowly, "that Cosmic wants to take up Beryl's option?"

"And how!" said Martin. He pulled papers from his pocket. "Read that and sign on the dotted line. Here's a pen."

Cynthia looked at the papers. She looked at Beryl. She looked at John. John was still standing near the door. Dona had a hand on his arm, and she was whispering; the soft mesh of her words was a silken net. Over her gleaming golden head, Cynthia's eyes met John's.

In those first moments, in the snapping of tension, Cynthia had not grasped the significance of what had happened. It had seemed as if just finding Beryl settled everything. Now she saw they were not at an end; they were at a new beginning. Their agony and their horror were fine publicity. On them they could step up into the future. Martin would be in that future. And Dona. And Beryl Gage, the star. It would be very brilliant. And very expensive. In the moment of meeting John's look, Cynthia understood. She began to tremble, as if a desert wind had blown upon her. For in John's eyes was a look of terrible and consuming eagerness; a pleading that was almost compulsion. So—John wanted that future. So—John wanted her to sign. She took the pen that Martin held toward her.

It was then that Beryl laughed. Cynthia had not heard Beryl laugh for a long time—only the stage laughter that her

parts required. Now she was leaning against Uncle Neddy's knees, watching his big blunt hands. And at what he did laughter burst out of Beryl, spontaneous, irrepressible, a little girl's joyous snicker. It was as if that unconscious laughter freed in Cynthia something that had been sealed up tight for two years; she was herself again. She braced herself, like one poised at the head of a long slide, fighting against gravity and the brink. The pen fell at her feet when she stood up. Her voice was too high-pitched, but very clear.

She said: "I won't sign it."

Martin was moving up a table. He did not even pause. "Oh come," he said reasonably. "You don't mean that. You're tired. You're upset."

Dona's voice cracked like a silken whip. "She can't do that. Go ahead, John. Make her sign it."

John was stepping forward.

It was suddenly very still, and they were all watching John. Martin stood grotesquely, clutching the table. Dona made a dramatic gesture that did not quite come off. John loomed above them all. He held his head high. He held his shoulders square back to match the square jut of his chin. There was dignity upon him, and authority; an air of taking responsibility without fear. Cynthia saw that it was not J. Winthrop Gage standing there, father of the star; it was John himself. She saw another thing besides. Dona had held J. Winthrop Gage, as Martin had held her, by threats; but her own John had never for a single minute been possessed by Dona. Her look rushed up to his in pride and tenderness. She knew then that whatever John asked of her she should do.

John's voice was not loud. But no one, then or afterward, ever questioned what he said.

"We won't sign it," said John. "We're taking the night train—for home."

He bent down before them all. Plain John Gage kissed Cynthia, his wife.

## Smart Women are Self-Made

(Continued from page 14)

### HATS—(Continued)

your hats and you'll look better than ever before. And please get them on at the right angle.

**For the Young**—You can be high hat . . . peaked, folded, halved, twisted—whatever you like. Watch those shaggy bobs you wore last year. They don't fit in with the new hats . . . you need careful curling or slick waving. Wear suede felt for sport, fur felt for dress, velveteen or velvet for evening turbans. Set off odd little shapes with veils or earrings or ornaments. Wear the very brightest colors, if you've a mind to, with dark costumes. Use an orange quill with hunter's green felt; all sorts of metallic or bright trims with black and brown. Halos will be among your best types.

**For the Mature**—There are more hatting don'ts than do's for you. Never mind those ultra modern or surrealist touches. Use feathers wherever you can, and your best effects will come from the small birds or larger wings laid flat against the brim or crown of your hat. Long sweeping feathers are for younger folk. Ostrich is your friend. Use it discriminately. Don't overshadow your face with too much brim.

You may be surprised that an off-the-face effect will suit you. And there's nothing smarter than a sporting felt set at the right angle—not too far over, not too straight. Be careful about your underbrim colors. Don't get them too bright. For street wear, nine times out of ten you'll be smartest in a standard, well-made felt in a dark tone, or in a not-too-

high crowned, stiffer felt, with bird wings over the top.

**For the Tall (Stout)**—You will have to be particularly careful about high, unusual numbers. Rule out the cone and swirl shapes, right away. You can get deftly folded crowns that give the effect of height without actually adding inches. You will be better with a brim, and the well-tailored sporting felt is usually your very best model. For afternoon and dinner, choose wide hats with ornaments rather than turbans and berets.

**(Slim)**—One of the interesting new beret versions is your best choice. You can get one with a trailing feather, which will go backward rather than up. You can also wear turbans nicely and for evening, nothing will be smarter with your velvet and metallic gown than a velvet turban. The fur turban, if well creased, will also be smart on you, with fur coat or collar. Veils suit you, too.

**For the Short (Stout)**—Very wide brims are out for you. You can get high crowns; but be careful you don't appear to taper off to a ridiculous point and be out of balance, or that you don't get too extreme a model if your face is large. Beware of long veils that will cut you too much. You will be better to have your hat conform in color to your costume, to give a full-length effect. Use feathers sparingly.

**(Slim)**—Wear them peaked, coned, twisted to any height you like. Tipped with bright colored quills or ornaments. The most amazing of the new hats were designed for you. If you get an unusual hat, though, don't try for too intricate a coiffure. Simple waves or well-disciplined curls and swirls will be best. The high fur turbans for fur coats should be an excellent choice for midwinter.

And a word about headdresses generally. All New York is wearing feathers in the evening, in anticipation of the Coronation.

Young things go in for flowery crowns and tiny bows. There's a headdress for



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dor was dark. But the lights behind them laid a beam over the threshold. In the low chair by the window, Uncle Neddy Flanders, of Easton, Ontario, sat dozing. Beryl was asleep in his arms.

THE LITTLE room was crowded. Cynthia sat on the edge of the bed, with Beryl in her lap. There was sand in Beryl's curls and cereal on her chin. She clasped an avocado stone carved with a funny face; it was Trimmer to the life, white and soft. Her knees were grubby. Her feet nearly touched the floor. She was going to be tall like John.

John looked very tall, standing by the door. He towered above Dona. "They ought to arrest that horrible old man," Dona was saying. "After all, he did kidnap her."

"Or they might give him the reward," John said. "He brought her back."

"Oh, John," cooed Dona. "You're simply priceless."

Uncle Neddy Flanders tamped down the tobacco in a hoary pipe with the end of a blunt brown thumb. Uncle Neddy's hair was white, and there was silver stubble on his chin, but his skin was pink and clear, curiously unlined. His eyes were the unclouded blue of childhood and fair weather. He looked puzzled, answering their questions.

"I'm sure sorry I worried you folks," he said. "I left a letter on your desk, Cynthia. Never thought but what you'd find it."

"How did you get her?" Rawlings asked him.

"Come to me herself," said Uncle Neddy proudly. "Heard my voice and clumb down the dumb waiter. Wa'n't that smart of her? She was always a smart little tike. Puts me in mind of one time in Easton. . ."

"Why didn't you take her back?" Rawlings asked.

"She was lonesome," said Uncle Neddy simply. "I couldn't take her back if she was lonesome, could I?"

"No," said Cynthia.

"She slep' on my bed," Uncle Neddy said, "and I watched right by her. This morning we lit out early. Never thought but what 'twould be all right, her folks being gone so, and nobody but the hired help to home. 'Twa'n't like I didn't know they'd trust me. I used to mind her plenty times back in Easton. Didn't I, Cynthia?"

"Yes," said Cynthia.

"If you thought it was all right," said Rawlings, "why didn't you tell anybody?" "That nuss wasn't real folksy," explained Uncle Neddy. "Kind of snapped me up like." He added ingenuously: "Bunny said if we told, we wouldn't be let go."

"How did you get out?" asked Rawlings.

"The back way," said Uncle Neddy. "Seemed like everybody was up front. Now you mention it, I did take notice there was a good deal going on. But Bunny said there always was."

"There always is," said Cynthia.

"We had us a real nice time," said Uncle Neddy gently. "Ain't changed a mite, Bunny ain't. I got me kind of worried, seeing that last picture. 'Tiddlywinks.' Didn't seem like Bunny acted hardly natural. So I took me my money out of the Easton bank, and come on out here. That Pacific is a real sightly ocean."

"We went to Venice," said Beryl, "and rode on the roller-coaster."

"That was nice," said Cynthia.

"We had pink lemonade."

"It was just the one glass," said Uncle Neddy hastily. "Figured one glass wouldn't ought to hurt her."

"No," said Cynthia.

On the terrace they could hear Martin Porphyry giving out a statement to the press. "Cosmic keeps its promises. No questions, we said. There will be no questions. Beryl Gage is safe in her mother's arms. The next Beryl Gage picture. . ."

Martin was excited when he came in. He went straight over to Cynthia; when he pulled a curl, it snapped back close to her head, the way Beryl's did. Beryl took her

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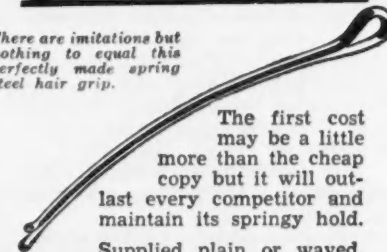
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from such effects unless you've got a telling eye for line rightness. The natural waist-line is best for you, with narrow belts. Don't be swallowed in too high-necked effects.

(*Slim*)—Indulge in peplums, short-cut jackets and amusing and tricky effects. But don't be misled into too youthful effects if you're past the flush of youth. Remember a mature woman wears nothing that is so becoming as dignity. Princess lines were made for you. Extend your height with up-reaching hats. Avoid wide waists. Be careful about three-quarter coat lines. Go completely peasant if you like. Wear those perky, sleeve-accented evening frocks.

The tall or short stout woman will do well to choose her suit, if she has one, a double-breasted effect with four buttons below the bust. Have no breast pocket and as narrow a V-neckline as possible.

The slim woman, short or tall, should look best in the two-button, single-breasted, peaked lapel jacket suit.

#### FABRICS—(Continued)

shiny combinations of the same materials, velvet trims on sport frocks, and different monotone but duo-design ideas for skirts and jackets.

*For the Young*—Do be mad in stripes and plaids and things like shiny evening jackets that look like raincoats, silks that seem to be tweeds, satins that have gone hoarse in an effort to keep up with the sporting trend. Then drop suddenly into demure loveliness with soft drapes that will make you look as deceptively simple as the Greek ladies did. Don't try to combine tweeds and woollens, but for blouses and tunics run wild in metallics and satins, pleatings, shirrings, swathed and quilted effects. Have one black jersey with three strands of pearls at the throat.

*For the Mature*—You'd be surprised at how smart some of the new cleverly diffused metallic-on-rich-color fabrics look with grey hair. There's a dignified sheen to them. Fur and fur fabrics are among your greatest allies. Softness of contour and a feeling of youth go with those capes, sleeves, pockets and collars of rich fur.

Have rough-looking weaves in fine fabrics, but unless you make a point of being the gay young grandmother don't go in heavily for tweeds of the more manish variety. You will find new broadcloths and pebbly wools and wool jerseys flattering. Duveltyne and velours will have a familiar feeling as from of old. Wool jerseys for sport or outdoors; velvet, lace, fine crêpes for afternoon; lace or velvet for evening. Keep away from shiny satins, except in bits of trimming.

*For the Tall (Stout)*—Yours are the lovely soft-hanging draperies and swiftly molded woollens of the season. Stay away from heavy weaves, and bulky fabrics. You can have a figured frock if the figure is large and well absorbed in the general surface. Don't wear sprightly little sprigs or quaint tricky designs. They're for the smaller women. You might have a large flower pattern, in lovely soft shades, in chiffon. If you wear velvet, see that it is cut with rigid simplicity. Have very little trimming of any kind.

(*Slim*)—You can let big patterns run riot over your frock, and choose your shiny satins as lavishly as you will. The rich metallics will be your particular good fortune, for they give you the rich texture you need.

The tunic in velvet and metallic should be your best dinner frock. Back fullness as in the new evening heavy satins or afternoon woollens will suit you. Look your full height in the evening, and bear it proudly. You, too, can confidently try one of the new evening broadcloths in sweeping lines. Don't get materials that could be in any measure flimsy. Wear yards and yards . . . straight, slinky lines and tight-fitting effects will be good on only one out of ten of you. Be sure you're that one . . . before you try.

*For the Short (Stout)*—Stay away from shiny, light-catching fabrics. Remember

they highlight whatever point of contact they make. But there are dull, gleaming things that will satisfy your craving for richness and still be flattering. Avoid any but the most discreet of patterns. Wear slub and rough weaves, in soft materials.

Don't combine fabrics in any way that will "cut you off." Get as lengthening effects as possible, and be careful of trimmings.

(*Slim*)—All the gay little perky patterns you like are yours for the wearing. In your princess silhouette you can have sprigged nosegays, quaint, chintzy-looking effects. Gay, bright flower patterns, of not too large design. You can be pert or slinky, as pleases your fancy. Be glamorous in gleaming satins, effective in richly cut velvets. Be careful in your two-tone effects in fabric though, as you want to appear as tall as possible. A deep cut back will often give you a longer look for evening. Wear a lot of rough-looking sport things for games and outdoors. You can afford to look youngish and rough and tumble.

#### COLOR—(Continued)

all sorts of color effects within the fabric . . . shot taffetas, interwoven tweedy mixtures two-tone thread woollens.

*For the Young*—Go gypsy in your sporting and peasant things: Deep, rich tones for afternoon; gay or delicate shades for evening. For your one black frock, have the brightest of color accents—royal blue, scarlet, Robin Hood green. Splash your duller frocks with bright buttons; patch them with vivid pockets; circle them with shiny braid. Color—yes! But use it mostly in masses. Young girls look loveliest in soft shades for evening . . . unless they're exotic. And watch your make-up with bright shades.

*For the Mature*—Your byword will be black. Your alternative, grey or brown. But don't look sallow in them. Heighten your make-up; give yourself bits of color at cuffs and throat, in scarves, flowers and hankies. Remember that wine tones need a certain responsive depth of healthy skin tone; that yellow must have warm brown tones to be good for you; that you can really wear almost any color if you use it suitably, or get it with the right tones for your skin; that many women with blue eyes carry a mistaken idea to their graves that blue is their best color . . . when they only make themselves look washed out by too bright tints.

Your good looks depend more on character and depth of experience, now. Don't smother that in masses of bright, glinting shades. Whatever you do about bright tones, keep the shades around your face soft and pleasant.

*For the Tall (Stout)*—Too bright colors will make you big instead of striking. Plain black will be your best bet nine times out of ten. But you can do clever things with color accents. Don't apply color where it will draw attention to too fulsome lines. Use trimmings sparingly.

(*Slim*)—Remembering only the shades that are bad for you (and you should go to a beauty or fabric specialist and find out definitely) you can splash your colors around as much as you like. Do be careful of chartreuse. Tall slim women seem to love it . . . and while it's a lovely shade, it was meant only for unusual and striking people. You will find the rich Coronation purples, blues and reds becoming in velvets.

*For the Short (Stout)*—For goodness sake, don't indulge in large, colored corsages or wide, colored belts. You can look very smart in the single unit color costume, and wear any of the deep new tones if you keep your accessories in black or brown. And be careful of such things as colored stockings or bags. Yours is the problem of making yourself appear as well proportioned as possible, and the eye which must travel from one large spot of color to another finds you anything but. Don't wear bright shoes if your feet are short and squat.

(*Slim*)—You can wear a great many

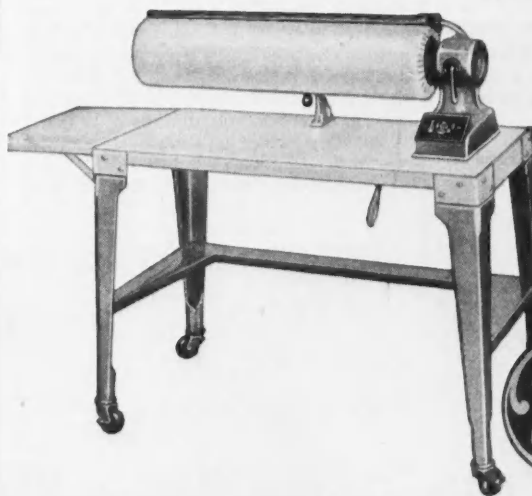
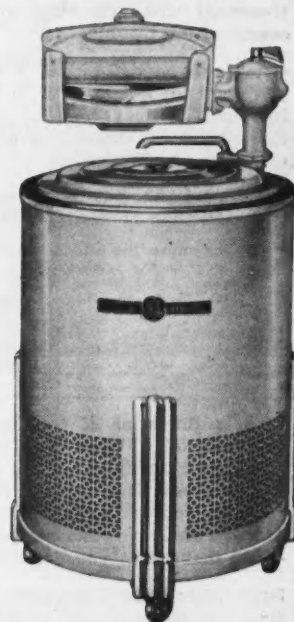


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every age. But unless you're prepared to spend time and thought on your evening coiffure, better go without. The final note of grooming is contained in a charming headdress . . . but don't slap feathers or ornaments in hurriedly at any angle and let it go at that.

#### COSTUME ACCENTS—(Continued)

You're to be elegant in your breeziness; dignified in your swinging vitality.

*For the Young*—Put braid on your squared shoulders, wear unusual pockets, string buttons right down the front or back of your dress, get yards of shining cire braid for a plain frock, wear high necklines; get gloves that are longer, but have tricky buttoned or leather effects to match your shoes; do have one pair of buttoned ankle-height shoes.

Get all sorts of mad scarves, hankies, and gloves for sport; but be as quiet as the traditional mouse in your afternoon and evening accents. Add silver or gold to a dark frock, for office or evening.

*For the Mature*—Never were costume accents more to your liking. You can wear high necklines, but use buttons or smocking or pleating to detract from too marked a bustline. You can trim almost anything anywhere with fur.

*For the Tall (Stout)*—Use your trimmings dexterously. You're better with natural waistline belts . . . not too wide . . . and scarves, buckles, etc., will break the long lines of your figure pleasantly. You can wear those enormous corsages that are being shown for evening this year, especially at the low-cut neckline. If your arms are large, and your shoulders broad, don't have long rows of shiny buttons from shoulder to wrist, no matter how many fashion pictures you see with that effect.

*(Slim)*—You, too, can have large corsages, and bright scarves. If your neck is long, remember that a halter neck top tends to accentuate it. Try a knotted front tie. Yours are all the beautiful wide belts with their enormous buckles, the big shiny handbags, the long striking gloves. Don't have rows of buttons right down the front or back of your frocks. You can wear shawls, capes and all manner of jackets. Also dolman sleeves to good effect.

*For the Short (Stout)*—Watch those necklines. You're in the gravest danger of looking choked with a high, tight collar, or overstuffed with straight stern bustlines. Relieve with bits of lace, or frills, or pleats. If your neck is short, tie your scarf softly in front, and be careful to show some of your neck. If your bust is large, see that your evening frocks come well up at the armpits. Rows of buttons, if not too large, will add to your height. For you the new handbags and gloves are being styled in sizes just suited to your build. Too large a bag is often a very discordant note for a

short, stout woman. Salesgirls know what size bag you should carry. Ask them.

*(Slim)*—Because you can wear so many accents so smartly, watch carefully that you don't overdo it. Avoid wide kerchief scarves in big patterns, too full or long collars, capes, etc., because they will shorten you. Tiny frills around your skirt or full pleats, particularly starting from a few inches below the waist, will be good. You can wear tiny, tight waistcoats, gay boleros, the most dashing of bright scarves (but don't make them too wide). Don't make your gloves too elaborate.

As the eye travels quickly from your head to your feet, watch your shoes particularly. Try an uneven fullness in your hemline. Wear bright, pert little bouquets of flowers or berries rather than big corsages. Have a selection of gaily-colored "dickies" for your suits.

#### SILHOUETTE—(Continued)

wear. Work off all your reckless ideas in street and sport wear. Gentility begins at eight p.m.

*For the Mature*—Forget that too-old-to-wear-the-new-styles idea. Everything is plastic. Fur sleeves will make sport jackets more becoming. Surplice fronts or tucks or pleats lend cunning to new bustlines. Better keep away from wholehearted princess and peasant lines. Everything else goes. Wear softly draped evening clothes or well-cut velvets.

*For the Tall (Stout)*—Avoid beltless princess lines, particularly if you're long from waist to knee. Don't wear jagged shoulders or flounces or flares to emphasize your already ample proportions. Graceful molded lines are your most important style aid, for you must soft pedal color, fabric and trimming. Wear classic, dignified things; draped Empire for evening, laces for formal dinner or afternoon, well-cut sport things for daytime. Don't go too short on skirts.

*(Slim)*—You can stand capes, flares, flounces—all manner of line emphasis. But beware of cluttering.

Pleated skirts or fullness at the hemline are especially good. Be sure your clothes aren't too loose and straight hanging. Avoid long, unbroken lines. You can look woolly and tweedy for sport time. Be careful about low cuts for thin backs and flat chests in the evening, and watch out for too high a waistline. Take constant mirror counsel lest the new effects add a cubit to your stature. They're apt to.

*For the Short (Stout)*—Study your figure and direct the eye to whatever part is best. Avoid hip or bust embellishments (in spite of temptations this season) if you're large in either place. For sport, simply cut woollens or knitted, finely made, are best. Be very careful of either too short or too long jackets or tunics. Better keep away

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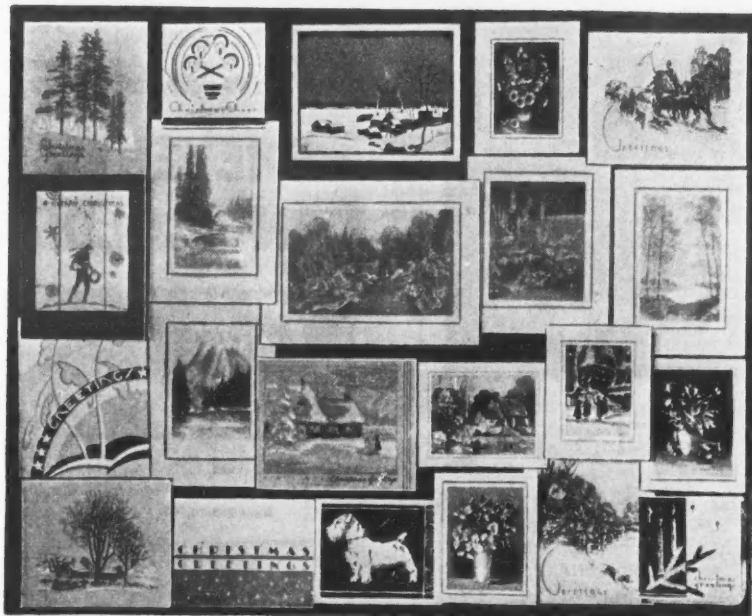
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By AGNES I. ASTON HILL

These poppies are the dearest flowers of all,  
For softly have they spread a silken pall  
Above those cradled in eternal sleep;  
Like voluntary sentinels, they keep  
Their silent watch above the hosts of dead,  
That earth has folded in her common bed.

These poppies are the kindest flowers of all,  
Softlier than silence do their petals fall—  
Upon the sleepers—like ensanguined tears,  
As though they wept the waste of youthful years;  
Their tender roots, like little hands impress  
The sacred soil, as in a close caress.

In myriads, upon the mem'ried field  
Where seed of life was scattered but to yield  
Harvest of bitter rue, and rosemary,  
The poppies whisper their sad threnody—  
Fairest of all, these flowers that keep the  
tryst  
With those who won the accolade of Christ.



### Marie Le Cerf's Christmas Cards

**C466**—Canadian Artists Series and English garden and flower pictures, the latter in exquisite, natural colors, and each one worthy of framing. All are of finest stock, with matching envelopes. The large, centre card is a real gem—you will find it hard to part with this. It is in gorgeous colors; measures over 6 x 8 inches and is a faithful reproduction of an English castle

garden. Our box, too, this year is particularly attractive, representing a Christmas sky of deep blue, studded with countless stars. You will be delighted to use this for one of your presents. The box, containing twenty-two of the finest grade and most charming Christmas greeting cards, is priced at only \$1.00. Write to Marie Le Cerf, 481 University Ave. Toronto.

## Mrs. Black's Answer

*Women in Politics? Maybe they don't want to be, says the veteran M.P. from the Yukon. A surprising reply to Edith Kerr Macdonald's accusing article in October Chatelaine*

MY BELIEF is that women, generally speaking, are not in public life because they lack that particular line of ambition. There are, of course, isolated cases in all countries as well as Canada, but women usually have their husbands, homes and children. It does seem to me that, if a woman is a devoted wife and mother bringing up a family of two, four, six or eight boys and girls, keeping herself interested in their interests, making her home the centre of attraction for them and their friends, she has a *man-sized* job to look after.

I do not believe for one moment that women have an "Inferiority Complex" as Mrs. Macdonald suggests, at least that has certainly not been the impression made on me by Canadian women I have met.

It is not often that even men go into politics with the idea of making a career of political life.

Men do not vote for a man simply because he is a man any more than women will vote for a woman because she is a woman. There are always many reasons to govern the average voter.

I have always felt that women could not do much worse in charge of governments than men have done. It is still a question in my mind if we could do much better.

I very much doubt if the average woman would rush a government headlong into debt as our governing classes have done, nor do I believe women would have made the railroad question a political football playing, as is done now, one great railway system against the other.

Women generally lack political training,

they seldom have the leisure, the means or the opportunity really to study political economics.

Are women ready, or willing, to take the hard knocks, the bitterness of political campaigns, the expense, the time, and all too often the dreadful disappointments that come to many men who have given their best to the political service of their country and party?

Not many of us would deliberately court such martyrdom.

For over thirty-two years politics, Governmental policies, the public men of Canada and the Empire, railways, the banking system, conscription, the penal system, the death penalty, Juvenile Courts and delinquent training, the unemployed and the unemployable, Canadian railways, high and low tariffs, and a thousand and one allied questions have been my daily, and I might almost say hourly, mental food, while every four years, or less, the demand became greater.

Then with every politician comes the dreaded moment when the public want a change and one belongs to the ranks of the forgotten.

We must not forget that every Prime Minister of Canada—great and good men all—have at some time faced disastrous defeat.

How many women in Canada have the desire, the leisure, the means, the education willingly to face the gruelling strain of political life?

The lack of the above qualifications explains to my satisfaction why more women are *not* in politics.

1. SEES MR. HALL (JR.) SCATTER SAW-DUST OVER MRS. HALL'S RUG. THINKS MRS. H. MUST GET OUT VACUUM CLEANER

2. SURPRISED AS MRS. H. BRINGS IN ONE OF THOSE LIGHT, HANDY BISSELLS AND WHISKS UP DIRT IN A JIFFY

3. AMAZED HOW BISSELL CLEANS UNDER LOW FURNITURE AND THAT CAN'T-COME-OFF BUMPERS PREVENT SCRATCHING

4. HEARS MRS. H. EXPLAIN HOW BISSELL CLEANS ALL KINDS OF RUGS BECAUSE OF ITS HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL

5. FIRMLY RESOLVES TO GET A BISSELL FOR QUICK CLEAN-UPS AND SAVE VACUUM FOR GENERAL CLEANING. THEN...

**BISSELL**  
The really better sweeper  
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

6. LISTENS AS MRS. H. TELLS ALL:  
"I use my Bissell for quick clean-ups and save my vacuum cleaner for periodic cleaning. Bissell's exclusive Hi-Lo brush control automatically and fully adjusts brush to any rug nap. You should see the beautiful new models!"  
**Models from \$4.75 to \$7.45**

MADE IN CANADA

### THE CHATELAINE SEAL OF APPROVAL

CHATELAINE INSTITUTE SEAL on a product is a real safeguard to the buyer. Chatelaine Institute Approved Products have passed thorough housekeeping tests. In addition, every approved



food product has satisfied our chemists in regard to purity and quality. Similarly, every approved appliance has satisfied our engineers on the soundness of its construction.

CIGARETTE BY  
PHILIP MORRIS

**VIRGINIA  
OVALS**  
CIGARETTES

CRYSTAL BY  
JUNOR'S





A cold is something you can't fool with. It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances inviting serious complications by neglecting a cold.

Treat a cold for what it is — an internal infection. Take an internal treatment that gets right at the source of the trouble.

Grove's Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. It is internal in effect. It does the four necessary things to break up a cold quickly and effectively.

- 1.—It opens the bowels gently but effectively.
- 2.—It combats the cold germs and fever in the system.
- 3.—It relieves the headache and "grippy" feeling.
- 4.—It tones up the system and helps fortify against further attacks.

This is the kind of treatment a cold requires. When you feel a cold coming on do something about it right away. Don't neglect it. Go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Bromo Quinine —and make sure you get Grove's!

Start taking the tablets two at a time. If taken promptly Grove's Bromo Quinine will check a cold within 24 hours—the kind of action you need to end a cold.

A few pennies invested in Grove's Bromo Quinine may save you a lot of trouble.



color combinations, and one of your best bets is to take something such as a richly-colored scarf or belt, and work out one or two of the colors in the remainder of your costume. In a well-designed scarf, you can't go wrong in following the shades you find. Wear bright shades for daytime. Teatime is your best hour, when richly fashioned gowns or new colored frocks catch candlelight and make your figure appear at its best. Your taller sister has the advantage over you in sport things, but this is your shiningest corner.

Generally speaking, gold and silver accents on black are smartest for afternoon and evening. Try black with accents of geranium red or royal blue. Deep red with copper brown, chestnut with light red.

## Wanted: For My Daughter

(Continued from page 18)

in on her own shopping, so she can make her mistakes young, learn to buy exactly what she wants, and feel comfortable in what she's wearing. I'll teach her to think about becoming lines, and the right colors, and I hope she applies her little brain to that as well as to her Latin. And it's going to be quite a struggle for Mamma to be an example, but I hope I can train her very young to hem, and darn, and wash her stockings out at night, and to use a needle and thread instead of safety pins. To be well-groomed, to be neat, to take her stitch in time, and take her spots off at once. And to take her shoes to the repairs before they get run down at the heels and beyond repair.

There are so many important things besides her looks. Her adaptability, for example. I shall encourage her to accept all invitations possible, and to entertain frequently at home. And I shall bear in mind that I am the older generation, and after the introductions I shall retire to the back of the house. The kids must feel free to roll up the rugs, and make all the racket they want to. I'll let them help get their own refreshments, and remember to keep stocked up with ginger ale, cheese, and crackers. I'd so much rather have my daughter entertaining at home than being entertained in a roadhouse. So my living room, if we can't afford a special rumpus room, will be an informal place with lots of ash trays, and a big comfortable davenport, and pillows that can be put on the floor. There'll be a radio, and a victrola, and tea every afternoon, even if a very simple one. I think I'll try to encourage Sunday-night supper at home. My daughter's friends will drop in, if the bunch is always there Sundays, and it will be grand experience for her as a hostess. We'll let the guests help with the dishes.

I'll start my daughter in young at tennis,

The violet shades; dark green with plum; corn color with pink or claret; tête de nègre brown with prune; bottle green, with accessories in oakleaf yellow; light moss green with dusty pink.

Grey and green tweed mixtures; dark moss green with pistache; revolutionary red with pale blue for evenings; wine red with smoke blue; dull red with green combinations; black with crushed strawberry; the raisin browns; the vintage reds. Spanish tan to accent navy, grey and black, and to blend with potter colors. Chaudron to accent grey and fir green. Peter Pan taupe beige, to harmonize with raisin, plum; slate grey for stone blues and blue greys.

Use contrasts sparingly.

bridge, swimming, and particularly dancing. If we can afford it, she shall have golf and riding lessons, too. And know how to scramble an egg, and sing alto, and play bridge, and roast hot dogs over an open fire, and play a mean game of tick-tack-to. If she has any musical talent, she will take piano lessons—at least until she can pound away her moods on the old piano.

If our way of living is simple, I shall try to take her to more formal homes. I don't want her to be appalled by lobsters or butlers or chauffeurs, or artichokes. The time for her to get used to these things easily is before she reaches the self-conscious stage. Before she is thirteen, she shall have been to the most elegant restaurants I can find.

When the date age comes, if she isn't getting phone calls and invitations, I shan't pester her about it. But neither will I assume that her interest in boys is unawakened, and that she's just having a good wholesome time with that nice group of girls. I'll see that she reads pamphlets and books on how to be popular with boys, and how to make her dates a success. I'll help her with it as much as I can, but it's really her own battle to fight. All I can do is see that she gets around to plays and night clubs, the opera and concerts, and dines at good hotels—even if it means going with father and mother, or some dull male relative. She will at least feel at home in public places of entertainment, and when the first invitations present themselves, she will have to worry only about how she's putting herself across. She can be thinking about her escort and making herself interested in him, and not be stewing in an embarrassed morass of doubt as to who precedes whom down the restaurant aisle.

If the theories I have taught her of the right way of living should break down under the mental and moral upheaval that she's bound to go through at college; if she's got to discard everything she's been told and think out a whole new philosophy and moral code for herself, I want to be sure that she has indelibly impressed no her mind the common sense reasons for good behavior, as a safe rudder through the storm and a sound basis for her new philosophy.



The air-conditioned coach in the new Canadian Pacific streamlined train. Decorated in cream and brown, the individual air-cushioned seats are adjustable at the press of a button, or can be swivelled by a foot press, so that travellers can face the new wide window if they wish. The individually controlled lights set plumb into the ceiling are another novel idea.

## GENERAL HEALTH Combination PACIFIER and TEETHING RING

soothing — hygienic  
cellophane wrapped

Moulded from pure gum rubber. Can be washed in boiling water without injury. 25c—ask your druggist for it by name.

"GENERAL HEALTH" NIPPLE

- Baby can't pull it off!
- Non collapsible
- Can be boiled without injury

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LAURENTIAN AGENCIES, MONTREAL

## CHRISTMAS GIFT

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES make excellent and economical Christmas gifts. On all orders placed before Dec. 15th ONE DOZ EXTRA Names will be included FREE. All orders which include the purchase of a tube of Cash's NO-80 Cement, 25c (for household use, and including attaching of names neatly without sewing, to garments) will be put up in attractive Christmas Gift Box. Cash's Names avoid clothing and linen losses at home, school or travelling. Order early from your dealer or CASH'S, 16 GRIER ST., BELLEVILLE, ONT.

CASH'S 3 doz - \$1.50 6 doz - \$2.00 NO-80 Cement  
NAMES 9 doz - \$2.50 12 doz - \$3.00 25c a tube

**Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer** AT ALL DRUGGISTS 35¢-75¢

TOO MUCH TO EAT - NO EXERCISE! THAT'S JUST THE TIME TO ALKALIZE!

ALKA-SELTZER, FRIEND IN NEED! THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY - YES INDEED!

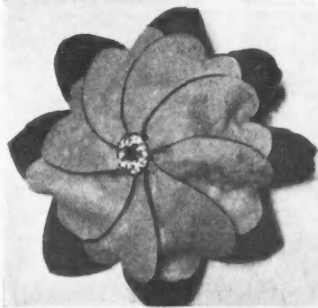
IT'S SILLY DEAR TO SUFFER SO. I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS LONG AGO.

Be Wise - Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

Alka-Seltzer makes a sparkling effervescent solution combining an analgesic (aspirin), antacid, and a germicide. You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

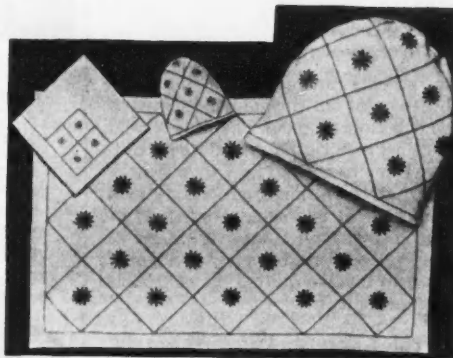
TUNE IN 7:15 P.M. BATH DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC - NETWORK

**C462—American Beauty String Holder.** A beautiful American Beauty rose, with green leaves and yellow centre, makes a very ornamental and particularly practical holder, for the twine pulls very easily through the centre of the rose. About 9 inches in size—stamped rose, green and yellow art felt, with green felt back—very easily made up. Price 35 cents.

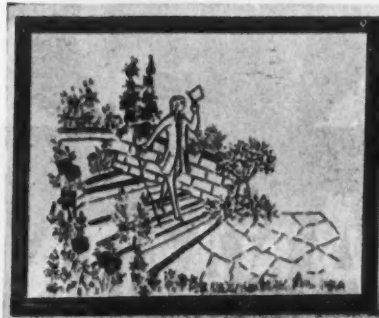


**C465—Ready Reckoner Bridge Score Pad.** With cover to match bridge cloths that have been supplied by the Studio—the little cross stitch design is worked in a half hour. By simply moving a button, you get your complete score at a glance. Makes a most acceptable and inexpensive bridge prize or a nice present for your bridge-playing friends, either men or women. After working, you simply paste the goods to the front cover of the pad. Stamped on red or orange art felt or on beige Venetian satin. Price for complete materials, 25 cents.

**C460—(Below.) Puppy Coal Mitt.** A cute little puppy for your hearth—stamped on extra heavy black felt, with cottons for working, binding for wrist and ring for hanging. Price 35 cents.

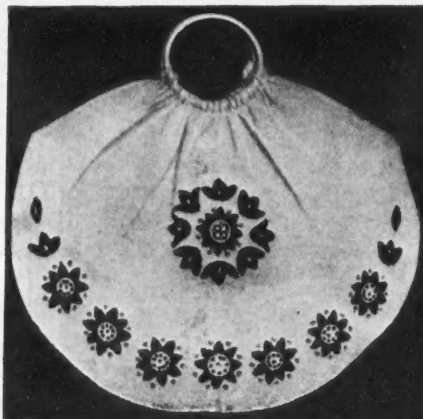


**C459—Breakfast Tray Set.** In dainty design. The trellis is worked in a long green chain stitch and the flowers in lazy-daisy stitch in color desired, with gold centres. Comes stamped on white, green or yellow linen. The tray cloth is 15 x 24 inches, with medium size tea cosy, egg cosy and serviette. The set is priced at \$1.00; cottons for working come to 15 cents and a cosy form can be supplied at 35 cents. A form is not necessary for the egg cosy—any small piece of flannel or similar material will do.



**C458—"Lovers' Meeting" Pictures.** Size 9 x 12 inches. Can be supplied stamped on cream linen or black taffeta silk. In linen they are priced at 35 cents and in silk at 50 cents the pair. Cottons for working come to 15 cents.

**C457—Work or Shopping Bag.** In simple but very modern design—quickly worked in wool. Comes stamped on heavy oatmeal linen and brown and black art felt—size about 12 x 16 inches. Bracelet handles in natural polished wood, large enough to slip easily over the hand. Complete materials including lining are priced at \$1.00.



Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can always be supplied Full directions for working are sent. Prices include postage.



It Helps  
Children  
*drink  
their  
milk*

Ovaltine supplies the extra nourishment that builds health and resistance. Children love it. It is a pure food concentrate combining by the special Ovaltine process the nutritive elements required by brain, nerves and body.

Add two teaspoonsful to a cup of hot milk.

## OVALTINE

*Tonic Food Beverage*

### A Christmas Gift for Children

TEXCRAFT has been welcomed as the ideal Christmas gift, providing lasting interest to the young people. Texcraft provides unusual artistic training, developing the latent talent in every boy and girl. In it are included delightful sketches of circus clowns, of Cinderella, Dutch Girl, Cowboy, Mexican Boy, Little Bo-Peep, Interior scenes, Windmills, Japanese Girl, Indian Boy, etc., etc., — 24 of these.



The Little Dutch Girl.

Ten big colored crayons enable any boy or girl to produce colored patterns on these outline sketches. This is done with pattern cards placed beneath the sketches. These cards permit hundreds of different patterns when used in combination.

Texcraft comes in a strong box, 16" x 12"; with a richly colored cover, altogether an excellent, educational, inexpensive Christmas gift that is highly appreciated.



Busy fingers are never in mischief.

If your dealer cannot supply you enclose money order for \$1.15 and a Texcraft set will be mailed, post paid to any address in Canada. Refills are available at all times at 18c for one package, or 30c for two packages.

Manufactured Exclusively for  
the British Empire by:—

**TEXCRAFT**

481 University Ave., Toronto,  
Canada.





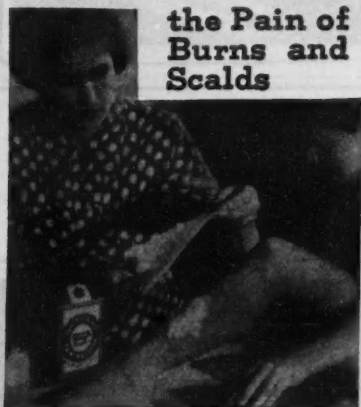
## "HONEY BOYS"

4½ cups sifted pastry flour  
1 teaspoon Cow Brand Baking Soda  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons cinnamon  
½ cup sugar

1 cup strained honey  
½ cup milk  
3 tablespoons melted shortening  
½ teaspoon vinegar  
1 egg, well beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking soda, salt and cinnamon and sift together, three times. Combine honey, sugar, milk, shortening and vinegar. Cook until hot, stirring constantly. Do not boil. Cool. Add egg. Add flour, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Allow dough to ripen in a cool place overnight. Then turn onto floured board. Knead well. Roll ¼ inch thick. Cut with plain or fancy cutter and decorate with bits of raisin. Bake in hot oven (425°F) 10 minutes. Makes 3 dozen cookies.

## Soda Soothes the Pain of Burns and Scalds



A soothing paste of Cow Brand Baking Soda and water quickly eases the suffering caused by burns and scalds, bringing grateful relief from the pain. Severe burns or scalds should be treated by a physician but, while waiting, a good first-aid treatment is the Baking Soda Paste.

Cow Brand Baking Soda has many helpful uses upstairs and down. In original sealed packages—for a few cents—at your grocer's.

Mail this Coupon

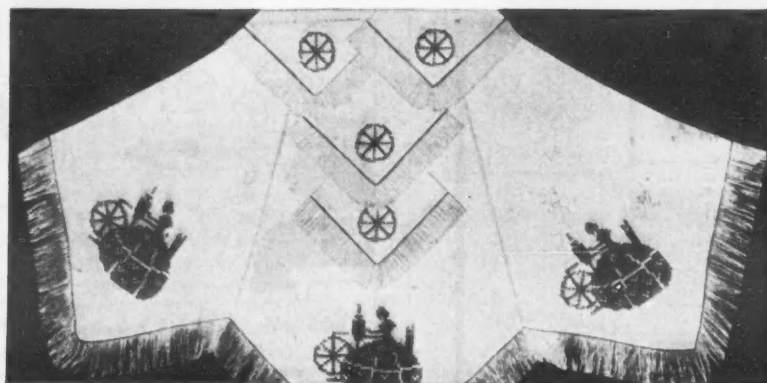
CHURCH & DWIGHT LIMITED,  
2715 Reading Street, Montreal, Que.  
Please send me free booklets on the medicinal  
and cooking uses of Cow Brand Baking Soda.

Name.....

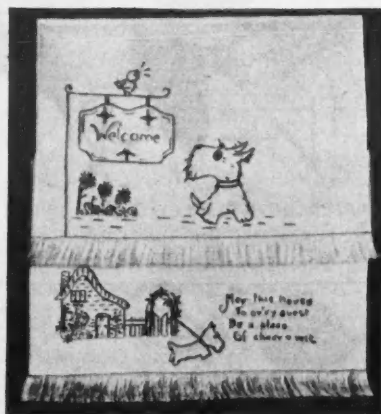
Address.....

U-26 PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS 55

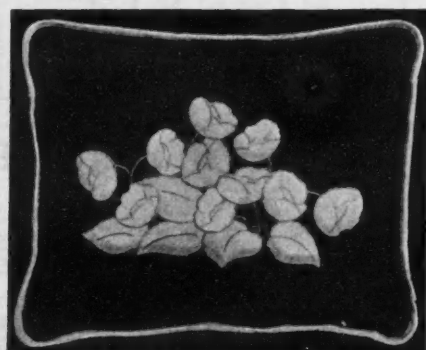
COW BRAND BAKING SODA IS  
PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA



## CHRISTMAS GIFTS



C463—Guest Towels—13 x 18 inches, on white, yellow or green linen. Hems are required on each side; the selvedge is used for one end; the other end requires a single row of hemstitching or a double row of machine stitching before fringing. Price per pair, 50 cents; cottons for working, 10 cents.



C456—Felt Applique Cushion. About 16 x 20 inches, stamped on fine black or brown art felt; appliqué in shades of orange and green. When work is finished, front and back of cushion are joined together with a most artistic three-color binding in green, dull gold and orange. Complete materials are priced at \$1.25 and a form can be supplied at 50 cents.

C455—Cosy Cape Bed Jacket. Six balls of silk twist wool—five pale blue for the cape itself and one pink for trimming. If a larger cape is desired, additional balls can be supplied at 20 cents each. Please state choice of colors for cape and trimming—blue, pink, mauve, green, yellow and white. [The six balls of wool, with instructions for making, are priced at \$1.35, and a bone crochet hook at 10 cents.

C282—Spinning Wheel Luncheon Set. An old-world design, so appealing that it has become new again and the most popular silhouette of all. To be worked in cross stitch in black—stamped on white, cream, yellow or green linen. A single row of hemstitching or a double row of machine stitching is required before fringing. The 36-inch cloth and four serviettes are priced at \$1.45; cottons for working, 10 cents. A 45-inch set can also be supplied but in white or cream only—price \$1.95 the set; cottons for working, 15 cents.



C464—A colorful set of handy holders for the kitchen. The cucumber and fish are stamped on green, the rose in rose shade and the forget-me-not in blue—binding and work in gold. Fronts and backs are sent, but no interlining—any small pieces of washable material answer for this. The set of four with bias binding and cotton for working, price 50 cents.

Order from Marie Le Cerf  
481 University Ave.  
(See opposite page)



## How mother helps to PREVENT MANY COLDS



● At That First Sniffle  
—or sneeze—signs that a cold may be coming on...



● Quick! A Few Drops  
of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril



● It S-p-r-e-a-d-s  
Its scientific medication swiftly spreads through nose and upper throat—where 3 out of 4 colds start

Mother relies on Va-tro-nol for help in preventing her own colds, too. She can feel the tingle as this scientific medication spreads through the trouble zone in her nose and upper throat. Va-tro-nol is specially prepared to stimulate Nature's defenses in this area. Used in time, Va-tro-nol helps to prevent many colds... and to throw off head colds in the early stages.

Quickly relieves "Stuffy Head"

## VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Look in your Va-tro-nol package for the interesting story of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds in the home. In clinic tests among 17,353 people, this Plan cut sickness from colds more than half!

Follow Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds

## CORNS

INSTANT SURE RELIEF!

To instantly relieve pain, stop shoe pressure and safely remove corns, use

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!

Ease tight shoes; prevent sore toes, blisters. Fresh color, waterproof. Easy to apply. At all drug, shoe and department stores.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

## MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Murine relieves and relaxes tired, burning eyes. Cleanses and soothes reddened, irritated eyes. Easy to use. For adults or infants. Use Murine daily.

plus tragedy, in the life of the Follies' producer, and M-G-M has embellished this with a series of awe-inspiring musical numbers which I doubt will be equalled in years. They are exceedingly beautiful and always in good taste. The film runs more than three hours and is being shown exactly as presented as a road show.

**A Midsummer Night's Dream.**—The first of the screen's big Shakespearean shows, produced by Max Reinhardt, is a curious mixture of good and bad. This fantasy had superb fairyland ballets, but they ran nearly an hour at a stretch. Dick Powell was pertly Yankee throughout, despite his period costume, and Mickey Rooney did an annoying sort of juvenile Tarzan as Puck. However, in the popular-priced version of the film now being shown, the ballets have been cut to more reasonable length, Mickey has been toned down considerably, and there is a decided improvement in the film as a whole. The fairyland episodes are still tops in anything Hollywood has turned out along that line.

**Romeo and Juliet.**—Raves are in order for the first newcomer of the month, a very magnificent screening of Shakespeare's immortal romance. "Romeo and Juliet" has never been presented with more charm or splendor, but there are a few things on the debit side. Leslie Howard plays Romeo with a Hamlet influence, and wears gauntlets in the balcony scene which do not make it particularly passionate. It's hard to think of making love with gloves on (or is it?). John Barrymore gives us a swashbuckling Mercutio, and appreciation of his portrayal is a matter of taste. Shakespeare's technique, using a multitude of brief scenes, is admirably suited to the screen, and the play makes much better screen fare than you might anticipate. It will be one of the season's most talked-about pictures. The youngsters will probably enjoy it, but I question their ability to understand it properly.

**The Road to Glory.**—A stern and vivid indictment of war, this should have been called "The Road to Gory." There is powerful drama in this story of two officers,

a girl, and the old father of one of the men, and there is terrible realism in the showing of the horrors of war. Outstanding is a trench sequence where the troops realize that the enemy is digging a mine beneath their lines. It's strong stuff and no place for weak hearts or stomachs. The youngsters, provided they can stand the stuff, will learn a great lesson from it.

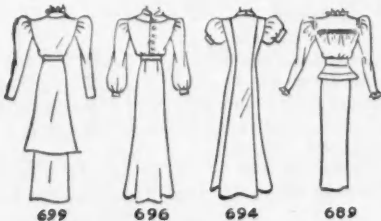
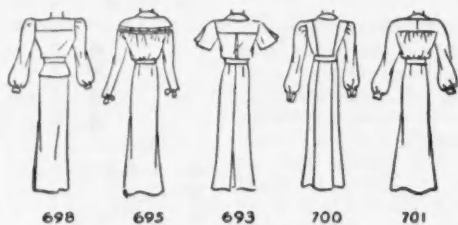
**Give Me Your Heart.**—We last saw Kay Francis as "the lady with the lamp," but here she is back in her regular assignment as the lady with the past, and she is much more at home in the part. Taken from the English stage success "Sweet Aloes," this film gives her ample opportunity to dress stunningly, and to emote properly over the illegitimate child that fate deprives her of. The whole problem starts out as a triangle, but soon becomes a wrecktangle, and the women just love it. Funny part is, the men like it too. Not suitable for youngsters unless they are very sophisticated.

**Swing Time.**—Another of the delightful Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers dancing romances. This is quite as good as its predecessors except in the music department. Jerome Kern contributes six ditties, all of which are conspicuous by their lack of melody. However, the lyrics are novel and ingenious, so what more can we ask? The kids will love it.

**Stage Struck.**—Here's a rip-roaring little comedy with music, with Dick Powell as a dance director, Joan Blondell as a burlesque cutie who achieves fame by shooting her husband, and a newcomer, Jeanne Madden, who makes a debut and bid for stardom all in one picture, as the stage-struck country girl. It's all hokum, but very well done. The emphasis is on romance and laughs. This one is okay for the children, too.

**Last of the Mohicans.**—A really fine picture, re-creating the early days when America was all British. Humor, romance and tragedy are highlighted against a vivid panorama of the French-British-Indian wars. The horrors of an Indian massacre are a bit vivid, but it is stirring stuff. Everybody will enjoy this, but it is especially recommended for the boys and girls.

## DESCRIPTION OF CHATELAINE PATTERNS



ALL ONE  
PRICE  
15 CENTS

No. 698. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material.

No. 695. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material.

No. 693. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved version.

No. 700. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch material and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch contrasting for dress with bishop sleeves and vestee.

No. 701. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires  $3\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material.

No. 699. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 34 requires  $5\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved, full-length tunic dress and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch contrasting for vestee and pleating.

No. 696. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 34 requires  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of ribbon for bow.

No. 694. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 5 yards of 39-inch material for dress with long sleeves and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of contrasting.

No. 689. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material and one yard of braid.

No. 697. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material and 3 yards of 39-inch lining for  $\frac{7}{8}$ -length coat with dart sleeve and skirt with nap.

No. 687. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material for short-sleeved blouse with standing collar.

No. 686. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 34 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved blouse.

No. 1047. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34-inch waist. Size 28 requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material for skirt with either panel.



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BE NATURAL  
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Clear complexion—bright vitality can be yours. Take Beecham's! This purely vegetable laxative quickly restores that internal cleanliness which is the very foundation of health.

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A PENNY  
A DOSE

Regular and Family Size

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PILLS  
THE GREAT REGULATOR



That unbeatable Astair-Rogers duo sparkles through "Swingtime."

## The Movie-Go-Round

by ROLY YOUNG

DON'T BE KIDDED by the movies, and what is more important, don't let the movies kid your children. The movies are primarily entertainment, and as such they have just as much right to take dramatic license as any other of the creative arts. The historic novel, play or even painting, pushes historic fact around with complete indifference, in order to achieve dramatic effect. The motion picture has, and exercises, the same right. Curiously enough, possibly because the photographic reproduction appears so real, the majority of people never seem to consider that fact, and I have heard many people exclaim that they did not know that such and such an event was so-and-so, until they had seen it in the movies—and this despite the fact that they were taught differently at school. They seem to think the movie version is correct and their history lesson was wrong. As an example, there is the episode of the meeting of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots in "Mary of Scotland." There is no historic background for such an episode, and there is every reason for believing that the two queens never did meet. However, playwright Maxwell Anderson realized that such a meeting was a "punch" dramatic situation, so he played ducks and drakes with history and brought the two together, near the end of his play. That was dramatic license. The movie made from the play retained the episode, and 90 per cent of school children who see "Mary of Scotland" will always be convinced that the two queens met in Mary's cell . . . that is,

unless parents and teachers take the trouble to point out the difference between fact and fiction to them. Parents should see so-called historic films that their children are going to see and they should make certain that the younger generation gets its facts straight and separates entertainment from fact. Of course, it's a bit of trouble . . . but isn't bringing up a family supposed to involve quite a bit of trouble and responsibility?

TWO OF LAST YEAR'S FILMS are back with us now, both having been shown in the larger Canadian cities as road-show attractions, and now coming out at regular movies and regular prices, consequently we will start our reviews by giving you a reminder about them.

*The Great Ziegfeld.*—The most magnificent and extravagant screen musical produced to date. It cost slightly over two million dollars to reconstruct the life of the famous beauty impresario and recreate screen versions of some of his most lavish spectacles. William Powell gives a splendid portrayal of William Powell giving a splendid portrayal of Florenz Ziegfeld. Their physical resemblance was so close, in fact, that it was impossible to conceal the William Powell in the Ziegfeld character . . . or am I getting completely muddled? Outstanding performance is contributed by Luise Rainer who emotes to tremendous heights as Anna Held. Myrna Loy suffers by the brevity of her rôle as Ziegfeld's second wife, Billie Burke. There is a fine story with drama, romance and comedy,



Fredric March, June Land and Warner Baxter find it gory going on "The Road to Glory."

Randolf Scott in "The Last of the Mohicans," any boy's dream of Indian days in early America.



CHATELAINE, NOVEMBER, 1936

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## "20 Years Old at 79"



I'M in the "Talkies" now! Here's why. Seven years ago I started lecturing, at 71. I had never done public speaking, but I got along—as anyone will who has a real message. Soon I had invitations to lecture all over America—and in England, too. Now for 10 months each year I do nothing but lecture, travelling 15,000 miles in a season. Still, engagements offer that I cannot fill so I have made a talkie to give my message at places where I cannot go personally. This talkie is called "One Young Man" and it shows how I spend my days from the time I rise at 4.30 a.m. When you see this picture, you will say "He doesn't say much about his foods." I don't. I don't say much about them in my advertising, nor lectures. I tell

people what my foods—(Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and the alkali-forming beverage Kofy-Sub) and fresh air, exercise, etc., have done for me and let them draw their own conclusions. Those who see me on the platform or who will see me on the screen can draw only one conclusion—that the foods which can build such a body as mine at almost 79 are unequalled as builders of youthful, elastic, flexible, supple, resilient and resistant bodies. The thoughtful and sincere need no other inducement to use Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub, all natural laxatives, Kofy-Sub being the richest in blood-making iron of anything known to me. The unthinking cannot be induced to use sensible foods, and anyway, I have no interest in them. If you are interested in a youthful, well-formed, elastic, flexible, supple, resilient and resistant body, and if you would be always "on your toes" physically and mentally, write for free booklet "How to Keep Well" and other literature—address Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.

*Robt. G. Jackson M.D.*



The photographs in this advertisement are taken from the Talking Picture "One Young Man," featuring a day in the life of Dr. Jackson.



—Armstrong Roberts

## Defensive Play

*Don't be a spoil-sport when your hand is bad; clever handling can turn a little spot into a big shot*

by AMY STEVENSON

DEFENSIVE PLAY is perhaps the most difficult of all, and it can be made intensely interesting. A series of bad hands is apt to lead to a bored and fatalistic attitude: "What's the use of hoping to do anything with a hand like this?" Try instead to look at it this way: "Can I possibly squeeze out a trick somewhere, or enable my partner to do so?"

In duplicate play (where each pair plays the same hands as other pairs sitting their way) this comes out clearly. Suppose the East and West pairs have a bad hand to contend with, against the North and South good hand. Quite often one East and West will lose a point less than the other pairs, and consequently they get a top score. If you have a singleton and two or three little trumps, it is possible you may get in a ruff; or your long suit may produce a winning card at the end; or your lead of "top of nothing" (such as 8 from 8, 6, 3) may just suit your partner's hand.

With good or fair hands the possibilities are exciting, especially if you have to make the opening lead, and your partner has not bid. Against a suit call, if you have Ace, King and others, or a sequence of honors, the lead is easy enough. And with broken honors, such as Ace, Queen, Jack, or King, Jack, 10, the usual lead is the top of the interior sequence. i.e., the queen in the first case, the Jack in the second. And from Queen, 10, 9, or King, 10, 9, lead the 10. When obliged to lead away from a single honor, and you have two four card suits, one headed by a King, the other by a Jack, lead from the lower honor of the two. Against a No Trump call, the standard "blind" lead is fourth best, unless you have a very long suit headed by high honors, when you lead the top of your high honors.

With no obvious lead, or with a suit containing a tenace such as A. Q. or K. J., it often pays to lead "top of nothing." And when opponents have bid two or three suits, a trump lead may deprive them of one opportunity for ruffing the losing cards of each other's suits.

Once dummy is down, the situation is easier. Try and read the declarer's hand! Is he planning to clear a long suit in dummy, with only one entry to the hand? Then it is very important to take out dummy's entry, even if you have to sacrifice a high card in your own hand to do so. Does he want to use dummy's small trumps for ruffing his losing cards? Take out dummy's trumps on every opportunity and so on. Later in the game you may be in the lead with a winning card in some suit, but you know that both declarer and his partner have no more of that suit

while they still have one or more trumps. Avoid leading it if possible; it is one of the worst possible plays to enable declarer to trump in one hand, and discard a loser in the other. Another point in defensive play, which especially applies to no trump declarations, is this: holding the winning card, with two or more little cards in dummy's long suit, hold up the winning card whenever you think declarer may thus be prevented from running the long suit. I hope the following hand will make my meaning clear—by-the-by, it also illustrates my point about taking out dummy's entries.

I will not discuss the bidding, only the defensive play. North and South were rather optimistic, but they were not vulnerable; East and West were vulnerable. North dealt and bid one Club (opponents passed throughout), South bid one Diamond, North two Clubs, South two No Trump, North three No Trump. Here is the hand in full.

N		E	
♠	7. 5. 2.	♠	K. 6. 4.
♥	A. 7.	♥	K. 9. 3. 2.
♦	5. 2.	♦	7. 6. 2.
♣	K. Q. J. 6. 5. 4.	♣	A. 3. 2.
W		S	
♠	A. 9. 8. 3.	♠	Q. J. 10.
♥	Q. 8. 5.	♥	J. 10. 6. 4.
♦	J. 10. 9. 8.	♦	A. K. Q. 3.
♣	10. 7.	♣	9. 8.

West led the 3 of Spades—he has also four Diamonds but they were bid by South. When dummy went down, East did a little thinking. South, having gone to three No Trump, has almost certainly a trick in Spades, two or three in Hearts, and probably three in Diamonds, he having bid that suit. Dummy has the Ace of Hearts, and four or five Club tricks once the suit is cleared. South's contract looks quite safe. But suppose he has only two or three Clubs—then if the Ace is held up to the second or third round, his only hope of making the rest of the Clubs lies in the Ace of Hearts entry. East therefore won with the King of Spades, and led back the King of Hearts. Now whether South plays his Ace at once, or on the next round, he is trapped. He must clear his Clubs, and East simply holds up the Ace till he knows South has no more Clubs, and then returns his highest Spade to West. (A hand very like the above was given as one of the Bridge Olympic Test hands.)



## I Nursed the Quintuplets

(Continued from page 21)

was refreshed with a thorough soaping and washed off by a dip in the tub on the table. She was not just submerged in the water and then taken out again. She was given enough time to react to the beneficial influence of the water, before she was again placed on the table and gently rubbed dry with the towel until her skin glowed pink.

When she was all through and dressed in a fresh flannelette nightie and a pink woollen jacket, one could see how good she felt. She smiled a little and reached her small hands for her beads to play with. She was put back into bed again. It was freshly made with a comfortable big pillow at the back, so that she could half sit up for a little while. There was another smaller pillow underneath the folds of her knees, so that she would not slide down in the bed. To prevent her from getting tired, her position was often changed. She made no protest whatever at going back to bed, she was so comfortable, and besides, she never thought of protesting. Things usually happened right, she thought, and now she felt better and a little drowsy.

As her temperature went up, her diet became liquid. This morning she had just her coddled egg and some milk. Then she toyed a little with the string of wooden beads, which, as she was sick, she was permitted to play with in bed. When the doctor came, she was sleeping peacefully.

This happened when the babies were a little over ten months old. One by one they took a cold with fever and discharge from the nose. No one became very ill; no one was kept in bed longer than the temperature lasted, which in the case of the sickest ones, Emilie and Marie, was only five or six days.

BUT A COLD with a baby is a very serious thing, because it can so easily develop into grave conditions, such as pneumonia or ear trouble. And in spite of all care and precautions little Marie's cold sought its way to her eardrums, which had to be punctured. After that all was well and our anxiety abated. But it took some little time before the five sisters recovered their appetites and their usual hardiness.

The origin of the cold was traced back to a visitor who was permitted to enter the nursery without a mask, and unknowingly, even to himself, must have brought the germs to the babies.

The picture I have just drawn of the beginning of little Cecile's sickness, is so common that the experience must be well known to every mother. As it so clearly shows, far more stress was laid on the proper nursing of the infants than on medication. This is a characteristic trait in the medical skilfulness of the doctor, and in all probability the very cause of his eminent success with the Dionne quintuplets.

It must be noticeable to those who are interested, that no medicines were ordered by Dr. Dafoe upon the first report he received of Cecile's indisposition, not even the favorite remedy, castor oil. And even later, with the exception of disinfecting drops carefully poured into tiny nostrils, the doctor continued to fight shy of drugs. The babies were treated, not with castor oil or other laxatives or with antipyretics and cough medicines, but with fresh air, sunshine, water, enemas and careful diets.

The sick baby was placed in the sunniest corner of the room. The windows were kept open all the time and the little one shielded and sheltered from draughts by screens. The ailing baby was kept in bed so long as the temperature remained fluctuating, and the infant was made comfortable by frequent changes of position and of bed linen. The small patient was bathed

and sponged off with tepid water several times during the twenty-four hours, especially when her temperature was high and after sweatings, care being taken that the room at this time was comfortably warm and draughtless. The diet was watched with attention; when temperature was high, liquids were given, often in small quantities—water, milk and orange juice; as it abated the baby's foods became more solid and were given again at the regular mealtimes, with only fluids given between meals. The baby's stools were observed with care as to consistency, smell and frequency. Enemas were given, sometimes several times a day, to rid the intestines of poisonous matter and thus bring down the too-high temperatures. Each sick baby was strictly separated from the other children and all its belongings kept carefully apart.

As soon as temperatures were again normal, the small convalescents resumed their outdoor naps. The first days, perhaps, the periods outside were a little shorter than usual, but soon again they were gradually brought up to normal.

But this head cold, caught during their tenth month, was unfortunately not the most serious set-back the Dionne babies suffered during the first year of their delicate existence.

IT WAS at the time when the five sisters were just beginning to pick up strength toward the end of their premature period. They were three months old. A short while ago they had forever abandoned the cramped quarters of snug incubators. Their flaccid skins were beginning to fill out with muscle and fat, their previously spiderlike small bodies swelling into rounded, deliciously babyish contours. They were beginning to notice things around them; they were already cooing their own inimitable words and expressions. As by a miracle they were developing into real normal babies.

Then one day it happened.

"This child is hot," said one of the nurses as she fixed up little Yvonne for the night. "Can it be possible that she's got a fever?"

The temperature was forthwith taken. And the fine quicksilver stem, pushing high above the red arrow on the graded scale, gave us the news. The terrible fact that little baby Yvonne was sick with a fever stared us in the face, so much more terrible and full of foreboding because Yvonne and her sisters were yet so small, so premature, so delicate. For a moment we stood crestfallen, while pictures of what might happen raced through our worried minds in an ominous procession.

And while our hands went on mechanically folding diapers and putting fresh nightdresses on the little ones, we discussed with each other in an undertone our observations and our conclusions. The clue was found, one symptom was unearthed—a smelly stool. That was all. No other signs of forewarning could we find in all our minutely detailed observations.

Then we decided upon action. We were at this time still in the Dionne farm house. There was no telephone by which to get into communication with the doctor. So I got into my car and drove off to see him.

Having heard my report, the doctor said little but looked grave. He went immediately out to the farm house and looked over little Yvonne. The poor parents became very alarmed when they heard that one of their small babies was not well. Our relief nurse was called upon for permanent duty to help the night nurse, upon whose shoulders was resting such an important and exhausting part of the work.

The next day things did not improve. Yvonne's temperature soared all too high and her stools continued to be bad. Toward evening little Cecile felt hot and very feverish, she too with only one other symptom—smelly stools. One by one the others followed, Annette, Marie and Emilie. Just at the moment when they were taking their first steps toward normal growth and development, leaving their premature

## A kingdom all his own

What a grand start a modern youngster gets! Everything special for him . . . even a special laxative!



MOTHER . . . Isn't it logical that a baby will thrive best on *special* care? After all, his system is a delicate thing. Tender. Still growing.

That's why you probably have a *special* baby tub for your baby . . . use *special* soap . . . *special* powder . . . and a *special* food formula, of course.



Doctors say the same logic should follow in the laxative field. They say a baby should have a *special* laxative, too. For it stands to reason that if his system is too delicate for adult food, it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives. That's why doctors recommend Castoria—the laxative made especially and only for children.

Castoria is mild . . . gentle . . . and above all, SAFE. It will never upset your baby's stomach because it works chiefly in the lower bowel.

It won't cause cramping pains because it contains no harsh drugs. It contains no purging irritants—no narcotics—nothing that could possibly harm the tiniest infant system. In fact, a famous child specialist said he himself couldn't write a better prescription than Castoria.

You'll be glad to know that children love the taste of Castoria. They take it gladly. And that is most important. Because, as you know, the fight a child puts up against a laxative he hates can upset his entire digestive system!



So, mother, think twice when your child next needs a laxative. Give him the laxative made especially for children . . . CASTORIA. Thousands of doctors prescribe it. Every drug store sells it. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle tonight.

# CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children



# Mothers..

## YOUR CHILDREN NEED THIS PROTECTION TOO.....

In the famous little Dafoe Nursery at Calander, Ontario, "Lysol" is the only disinfectant used to help protect the Dionne Quintuplets from the dangers of Infection.

This method of scientific child care is available to every mother. Give your loved ones the same protection. Use "Lysol" in all household cleaning. "Lysol" is a dependable germicide—so reliable, so economical.

Send for "Protecting the Dionnes"—the story of how "Lysol" is used in the Dafoe nursery—offered to all mothers, free, in the hope that it will help them to protect *their* homes, their loved ones against Infection.

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1936



### How to get "Protecting the Dionnes"

Just send your name and address on a carton front from "Lysol" to Dept. C-6, Lysol (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Canada. Your free copy of "Protecting the Dionnes" will be mailed to you postpaid.

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant  
TRADE MARK "LYSOL"  
REGISTERED IN CANADA



# The Baby Clinic



Keep him in bed as long as there is any fever.

## Mother . . . Beat That Cold

*Autumn tendency to Bronchitis may be  
a sign of Tuberculosis*

by Dr. J. W. McCULLOUGH

WITH THE coming of the cooler weather of autumn, many children have attacks of bronchitis or broncho-pneumonia.

These often follow the perspiration of play; the child cools too rapidly; there is a chill, followed by a rise of temperature, increase in the pulse rate, cough and loss of appetite.

The majority of cases begin somewhat in this manner.

In some children, with a so-called tendency to colds, the germ of tuberculosis is at the bottom of the trouble. Such children should be tested in order to discover if they react to the tuberculin test.

One of these is Mendel's or Mantoux's. It is a simple and harmless test consisting of the injection into the superficial layers of the skin 0.05 c.c. of diluted old tuberculin. If the child is tuberculous, there will be a thickening and redness around the site of the injection.

Parents need not be alarmed if the test is positive. In such cases investigation should be made of the child's surroundings, to see if there is any immediate source of infection such as tuberculosis in a member of the family or in some of the child's associates. Anything of the kind should be segregated. It is the old story of "separating the sick from the well."

The infected child must be placed under the best conditions of good food, fresh air and healthy surroundings. If this is done the infected one will get well.

The child with bronchitis should be kept in bed as long as there is any fever. The windows should be open. Glucose diluted with water and flavored with sugar and lemon may be given freely. So, too, may water and fruit juices. Milk to which a little sodium citrate has been added, is a good food.

The skin should be bathed with lukewarm water when the temperature reaches 102.5 degrees Fahr.

A simple mixture to induce light perspiration may be used, but the administration of medicines should be left to the doctor.

Prevention is of value. Children at play should not wear too heavy clothing. They are liable to cast some of it off when they get too warm, thus running the risk of chill.

Broncho-pneumonia and bronchitis often occur in the child with measles. In such cases the cough is very harassing. It may

sometimes be relieved by the inhalation of steam from a kettle containing limewater. This, as well as other complications of measles, is one for the doctor.

## Your Question Box

**Question**—My baby's toenails are ingrowing. One is quite inflamed. What is the best treatment?—Mrs. R. G. F., Bellerene, Alta.

**Answer**—The best and simplest treatment for ingrowing toenails is to use an angular piece of glass and with it cut a groove in the middle of the nail from the skin margin to the farther end of the nail, so as to almost but not quite penetrate the nail. This track or groove will serve to form a hinge upon which the edges of the nail may be gently forced up by the insertion of a bit of cotton or lamb's wool. I should advise that you have your doctor do the little operation. I have repeatedly had the best of results from it. Once the edges of the nail are trained to better habits you should, with correct shoes, have no more trouble.

**Question** — My little girl, twenty months old, has had a rash on her face since Christmas. She scratches it and it tends to bleed. Otherwise she is healthy and well nourished. Diet detailed.—Mrs. F. W. R., Lone Rock, Sask.

**Answer**—From what you say in your letter your child is evidently well trained. Whatever the rash may have been at first, the scratching infects it and makes it worse. It needs the simplest sort of treatment. I recommend you to try equal parts of the following:

R. Liquor Plumbi subacetatis dil. and Liquor Carbonis detergens. āā 3i. Sig: Apply to the parts night and morning and allow to dry. Don't use water or soap. Wipe off the skin with a little olive oil. The prescription may smart a little at first, but that will soon subside. If you had your doctor make some skin tests he would be able to determine what food, if any, is the cause of the rash.

Please write and tell me how you get on. I am always interested in learning the results of treatment.

# Quicker Relief

## FOR CHAPPED SKIN



IT'S fun to be outdoors, but no kindness to your skin. Face and hands lose their niceness—get coarse, dry and rough.

Put softness back into your skin—sooner—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Its rich lubricants soak your skin—stay there, too—to bring lasting smoothness, not just a few minutes' slickness.

Hinds is quicker acting. Creamy—full-bodied—not watery. Every drop works.

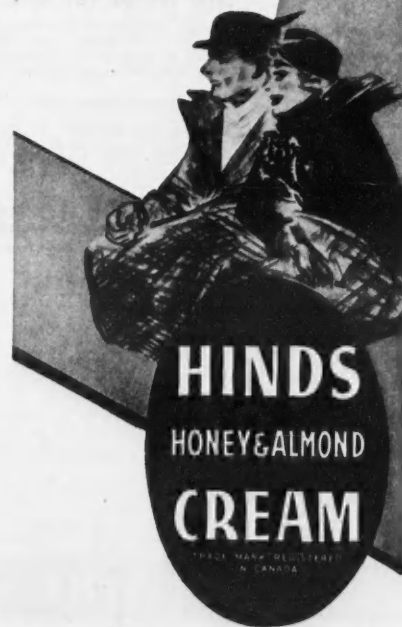
## FREE LOTION DISPENSER

You'll say it's the handiest thing you ever saw. Tidy. Simple. No spilling. No muss. No waste.

### Send No Money

Simply print your name and address clearly on the inside front panel from the 50c size Hinds Honey & Almond Cream carton. (Or, if you prefer—the inside front panels from two of the 25c size cartons). And send to A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited, Dept. C4, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Canada. Your free Lotion Dispenser will be sent to you immediately.

This Dispenser will not fit the 15c size bottle.



**HINDS**  
HONEY & ALMOND  
CREAM



they are recommended and offered to the public by our departments of health, should be convincing proof of their effectiveness and safety to the most apprehensive and sceptical of parents, whose actual reason for doubting this can only be complete ignorance or indiscriminate superstition. Again, it is unpardonable to let our children be the innocent victims of our own irrational inadequacy.

These obvious and safe precautions against diphtheria and other preventable diseases were carried out, without hesitation, as soon as the quintuplets reached an age deemed suitable and proper for such inoculations. In spite of the fact that the Dionne babies are kept so rigidly out of danger of infections, yet the doctor was unwilling to neglect any precaution which might render the protection of his small wards more perfect. True to his principle, Dr. Dafoe refrained from speculation and experiments also in this. He was convinced that such preventive medical treatments as inoculation against diphtheria, by complete tests and statistics, have been so shorn of their nature of speculation that it would rather have savored of undue experimentation to have omitted their achievement.

WHEN A BABY is sick, the only proper place for it is in bed. There it is surrounded by that even temperature which lessens the harmful effects endured by a feverish and sick small body. In its protecting nest the baby is guarded from chills, and strained nerves are soothed by comfortable repose of tired limbs. If the baby protests against staying in bed, it is either not placed right and tucked in with comfort or it is spoiled and has never acquired that trust in the motherly nursing hands, which is apt to evoke the child's instinctive willingness of submission and co-operation. To pick up a baby suffering from discomfort or pain, endeavoring to soothe it in our loving arms by tenderly rocking it to and fro, I am afraid, is but a pitiable admission of our own inability to alleviate its suffering by more efficacious means and, in effect, more relieving to our own impotent commiseration than to the poor little one's aching body.

If a baby falls sick, it is too serious an event to admit the omission of any precautions, even if the ailment appears slight and its ultimate development never becomes serious. All too often nothing but a cold and a snuffle, a sneeze and a cough can be the origin of deadly pneumonia. So trifling a thing as the baby's smelly stool may be the onset of such dangerous intestinal disorders as summer diarrhea or intestinal toxemia, causing those sudden rises in temperature, which might bring the sick child into the grip of fatal convulsions, before we are even aware that the little one actually is ill. Even at so early a moment, there is no time for delay or speculative watching and waiting. There is no time for tentative experiments in medicines, neighbors' remedies and home cures. As soon as the baby shows signs of any kind of indisposition, it is far safer to be at once on guard against all possible eventualities. It is at once time for our trusted doctor's advice which, if allowed to guide us from the start, is likely not only to save us expense otherwise spent on trial remedies and painkillers, but much unnecessary suffering for the baby. For only the trained medical mind of the conscientious physician can tell the true meaning of the unfavorable signs, and choose the right treatment for what they announce.

But if a doctor's advice and skill of diagnosis and treatment are necessary to the sick baby, so is our co-operation in intelligent nursing before and after his advice is obtained. It is just as bad to do nothing before the doctor has been consulted, as to do too much. The use of medicines and drugs, however, without the express authorization of the doctor, should absolutely be banned by anyone who wishes to be considered a wise and intelligent mother. On the other hand, such precautions as putting the sick child to

bed, separating it from others and treating it carefully and cautiously with baths or sponge baths to soothe it and to prevent too high temperatures, even in some instances—although never in the presence of acute pains in the stomach—treating the baby with careful enemas to clear out the bowels may not only relieve immediate pain and discomfort but effectively check the onslaught of illness. The sick baby should be watched with careful attention and all symptoms and signs, which in any way can help the doctor in his conclusions, such as the preservation of stools and vomitted matter and the observation and recording of the baby's condition and indications of discomfort, should never be neglected.

The baby's acute illnesses, often caused by accidental, almost unavoidable contamination, may by their very inexpectancy of sudden attack, be extremely dangerous to the child and put our alert attention to a severe test. Yet the latent disorders, the onset of which is imperceptible and the actual existence of which is only disclosed by such things as pallor, listlessness and loss of appetite to any other but the physician's experienced eye, are not less perilous and demand our closest observation. If by their nature the suddenly attacking illnesses perform have to be treated by curative methods, it is by far the safer plan to guard against the slowly developing ailments by preventive treatments.

Two of the disturbances of this last category—rickets and constipation—are so common that a word about them might not be amiss. The Dionne babies suffered from the first one, never from the second.

My experience and knowledge as a nurse do not provide me with sufficient authority to give a detailed and scientific description of rickets and its symptoms. Nor should anyone venture to diagnose it upon the insufficient insight of a layman. But it is well to know that this all too frequent disorder is caused principally by lack of the vitamin D, therefore a disorder of a nutritive nature. Some of its symptoms are pallor, sweatings of the scalp, distended abdomen, late teething and, in more advanced cases, deformation of the bones, such as pigeon chest and bowleggedness. Its most important preventives, as well as its chief remedies, are direct sunshine and cod-liver oil. A delicate coat of suntan, acquired through a gradual, cautious and well-judged exposure, first of parts, then of the whole of the baby's body, to the direct rays of the sun or to the sunlamp; a wholesome life in scanty sunsuits during the summer, that is the best immunity against rickets. But up here, in our northern country, where the rays of the sun are pale and devoid of much of their invigorating powers, especially in winter, it is necessary to provide supplementary measures of the lacking vitamin by cod-liver oil. It is of vital importance for the baby's health and no child should go without it from its first month to its third year. It is marketed in so many different forms, that all the actual and supposed idiosyncrasies of every child can be discounted—there is always some form in which it can be successfully administered to the most difficult baby.

A baby is not born with constipation. It is a disorder which comes from insufficient quantity of food or from faulty choice or proportion of the components in the feedings. Unless the source of the trouble is eliminated by effective changes in the baby's diet, following the doctor's advice, cure can naturally not be hoped for merely by laxative remedies. I wish it could be fully understood that constipation in small babies, in almost every case, is the direct result of faulty feeding, not of the infant's faulty constitution, and that a chronically constipated child, when, as a last experiment it is put in the hands of the doctor, cannot be cured in one day. It may take weeks, even months, of careful and patient nursing before the invidious condition is fully cured.

To be continued



## "You're risking your child's HEALTH!"

Mother: "Whatever do you mean, Nurse? I simply wiped his nose."

### KLEENEX checks spread of colds!

#### USE KLEENEX FOR HANDKERCHIEFS!

Kleenex is recommended by doctors, used in all leading hospitals, because it does not allow germs to escape (99% of all germs that touch it are caught and held by the special Kleenex fibres) and because Kleenex is used only once the cold sufferer cannot re-infect himself as he does using handkerchiefs over and over again.

The use of Kleenex avoids the agony of a raw, inflamed nose, too. Kleenex is twice as soft, and five times more absorbent than cotton. The Softest yet Strongest of all disposable tissues.

#### CAUTION!

Do not accept inferior tissues as substitutes for Kleenex. There is only one Kleenex. To be sure you get genuine Kleenex ask for it by name.

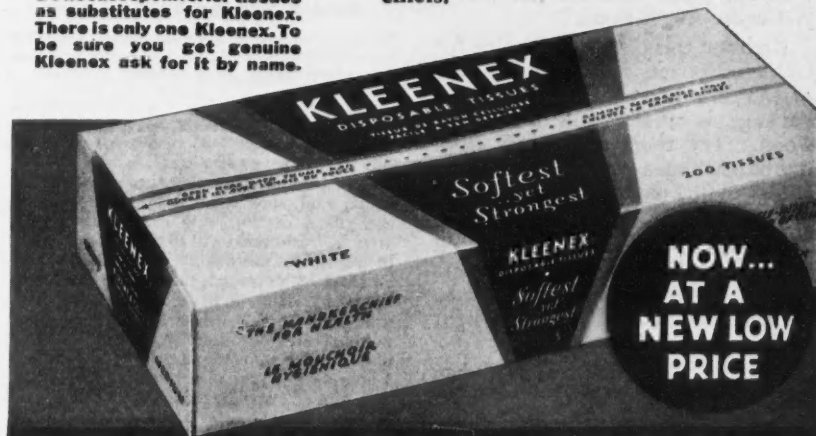
Nurse: "Yes, but when you've been using that handkerchief yourself, you pass the infection of your cold right on to Johnnie."

Mother: "But I have to use it for his nose once in a while."

Nurse: "No you don't. Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, not only for Johnnie but for yourself. You see, you use each soft, absorbent Kleenex tissue only once, then destroy it—germs and all. In this way you prevent the cold germs spreading to others and you avoid re-infecting yourself as you do using repeatedly the same cold-laden handkerchief."

Mother: "I'll have to get some right away. Just another item of expense."

Nurse: "It's not expensive at all, Mrs. Brown. The hospital uses Kleenex exclusively. We find you can use more than twenty Kleenex tissues for the average cost of having just one handkerchief laundered. And incidentally you do away with the disagreeable task of washing soiled cold-laden handkerchiefs."







## FOLLOW HER RULE FOR GIVING BABY A LAXATIVE

Has 18 years experience  
... cares for hundreds of babies in foster home

MANY UPSETS in baby's health are caused by constipation and to safely relieve this condition, the laxative should be exactly suited to a child's requirements.

Mrs. F—'s rule for overcoming constipation has shown excellent results in her foster home for infants. She reports as follows:

"I have been a foster mother to hundreds of babies in the past eighteen years. And every child, regardless of age, has benefitted by Baby's Own Tablets. Before using these tablets I had tried several children's medicines, but none can be compared with Baby's Own Tablets as a laxative; also for teething and colic."

Mrs. F—, Toronto.

The ingredients in Baby's Own Tablets stimulate liver and intestines, thereby relieving constipation promptly, gently and safely. These sweet-tasting little tablets were originated by a Canadian physician for the relief of baby's constipation, fretfulness, simple fever, teething, indigestion, colic, colds, diarrhoea, upset stomach and other childhood ailments. Certified safe... even for the young, delicate baby. Full directions in each package. Price 25c.

• Try them at our risk. Buy a package today and, if you do not find them as good as we claim, return the partially-used box and we will refund your money.

Dr. Williams'

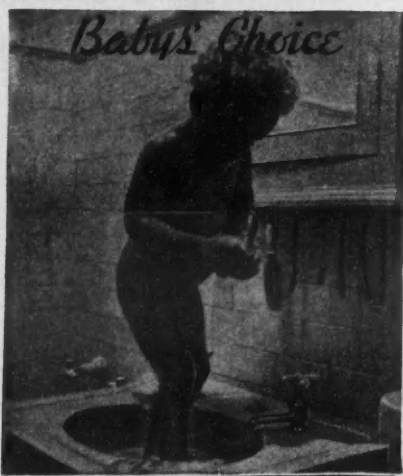
## Baby's Own Tablets

## Chatelaine Service Bulletins on Beauty Culture

Concise—Authentic—Essentially Helpful

"How to be Fresh as a Flower"  
"How to Care for Your Hair"  
"Dressing Your Face"  
"Beautiful Hands"  
"A Lovely Skin"

See Page 50



## BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for You and Baby too

babyhood behind, then all our small babies were stricken with intestinal toxemia.

Where did this infection come from? What could we have done to prevent it from reaching the babies? Inevitably, a hundred times a day we asked ourselves these questions, as we went through the eternal rounds of watching, taking temperatures, giving sponge baths and treatments, weighing and feeding the sick little ones.

True, there had been bedbugs in the incubators, impossible, in spite of every effort, to get rid of. But now, since the babies had been put in their new white cribs, which were placed a little away from the walls, none had been seen. It was not likely through them.

From the first day of the babies' lives a deadly war was waged on flies. Every night, when all had gone to bed, and early every morning, the kitchen, from where the filthy insects came, was sprayed with fly-killing fluids and, after being swept up, the dead flies were thrown into the fire. Furthermore, to guard against any errant flies that might, perchance, escape through opened doors into the babies' sanctum, there was protecting mosquito netting, not only in the doorway and over the windows of their small room, but covering each little cot. Yet flies are pernicious things, persistently making their way into places where they are least wanted. And when a kitchen, hard to keep free from them, was so close and the screen doors between it and the room outside the nursery were opened at least twenty times in an hour by six members of the family, two maids and three nurses, is it then possible to avoid that one or two flies might wing their way into the babies' innermost sanctuary, however well it is screened in? This did happen, but so rarely and of so short duration was the existence of such a vagrant fly, that it could not be blamed for being the cause of the babies' ailment.

How could it then have happened that the infection reached the babies? Everything that came in contact with them was thoroughly boiled and sterilized. With regard to their feeding and all that pertained to it, there was positively no slip of the surgical cleanliness with which everything was handled. For this we could vouch. Not only did we carefully cleanse our hands before touching their feeding things, but the nipples and bottle covers were never touched except with boiled forceps, never even with our clean hands.

But the babies' washing—what about that? The unscreened shed at the back of the house was the only place where the soiled linen could be kept. Strict orders were given to keep all the babies' diapers and clothes apart from all the other laundry of the house. Time upon time I was out there to see that the rule was being followed. Strict orders had also been given that every piece of clothing that belonged to the babies was to be thoroughly boiled. A special large boiler had been procured for the purpose. I often made sure this was done. Could it be possible that this had not been carried out lately? I asked again. To my horror the answer was: "Not lately, there was so much linen to be washed and it was thought unnecessary to boil all of it."

Well, there at last was the answer to the question from where the infection had reached the babies. There could be no doubt about this, at least not to anyone who had seen the shed behind the kitchen, in which the soiled linen had to be kept. That was where the flies did their dirty work. That was the way their plantations of microbes came in contact with the small ones, whose still so delicate constitutions had not yet acquired any resistance against onslaughts of germs. The infection came through clean, but unsterilized, unboiled diapers.

It is not with the intention of laying the blame on anyone for this unfortunate omission that I have given so much space to this incident, but so that it might be learned and convincingly proved by our mistake, that no precaution in the care of

infants is too unimportant to stand disregard, and that flies are a pestilence inadmissible to anything that belongs to a baby.

But finding the solution to the problem of the source of the contamination could only serve to prevent further repetition of the error—not to cure the babies. This, unhappily, was a much harder task, a task of which we came to despair many times.

The babies' temperature charts came to look like the tracing of a winding road, uphill and downhill, in interminable succession. And in each hot wave of fever, in each fierce fighting reaction against the germs, a little more of their insufficient store of strength was spent and burned out.

Where was it going to end? By what means and remedies and treatments could new strength be generated into the babies' weakening bodies? By what methods, we asked ourselves, could the poisonous effects of the virus be neutralized?

It was at this time that the babies' new home across the road from their parents' farm house was about to be completed. When the little ones had miraculously survived their second month, giving promise of continued life; and when the prospect of the northland winter in a draughty farm house seemed to hover like an inevitable full stop to the babies' further survival and progress, plans for an adequate dwelling for these delicate creatures were made and immediately carried out.

The day before the opening of the babies' new home, the Dafoe Hospital, was fraught with anxiety. In the night, little Cecile had another sudden rise in temperature, which made her delirious. She flung her restless small head from side to side while strange and unusual sounds escaped her dry lips. And in the afternoon, when I came around the crowded little nursery, going from one white cot to another, I came to little Annette in the corner. She had improved slightly earlier that day, but as I looked at her face now, it was flushed. I touched her little cheek. It was hot. And as I stood watching, my heart suddenly missed a beat. There was a strange twitching of tiny muscles of arms and legs and face. I watched her for yet a minute to make sure, petrified with anxiety and with fear. Annette, the lovely baby, was taking a convulsion—she was just on the very verge of it.

In suppressed haste I made my preparations to meet this emergency—convulsions, the worst scourge of baby life. One of the reporters happened to be outside the gate. I beckoned to him:

"Please go and get the doctor for me."

He rose to the occasion and went without asking a question. I found mustard and tied it up in a gauze bag, got the bathtub on the table and a jug of warm water, all ready and prepared, should the little one really take a convulsion.

I went back to Annette and bent over her cot. She seemed better. She did not twitch any more. Perhaps she would escape the ordeal of having her small limbs contorted in cramps.

When the doctor arrived, he ordered enema and cooling bath. The hot small body of the baby responded satisfactorily. As she felt the cooling tepid water come in contact with her feverish skin, she heaved a little sigh, opened her eyes and looked at us with a kind of relieved contentment. Then she was dressed in fresh clothes and put back to bed. There was no more twitching. The simple treatment had soothed her and made her drowsy, and in a few minutes she was sleepily ushered into the dewy embrace of a propitious transpiration. For the moment the danger was over and the menace to little Annette's life brought to naught.

And so it went on, up and down. While the festivities of the opening of the Dafoe Hospital took place, the babies continued on their downward slide toward the door of death.

The doctor and his colleagues shook their heads as they looked at little Emilie and Marie. The fever had crushed what there was of strength out of their feeble

bodies, like one presses water out of a sponge. There seemed to be no possible chance of their survival. Preparations were made for blood transfusions for these two smallest babies, as a last resort. It was arranged that, at the word of summons of Dr. Dafoe, equipment and specialist doctors were to be brought by airplane from Toronto to Callander.

The situation became more and more tense and the babies' condition, as a weight balancing on a point breathlessly suspended, remained unchanged. Then the doctor took the step, which in spite of the grave risks it entailed, proved to be the salvation of the sick babies. He decided to take them out of their farmhouse nursery into their unequipped new home without delay.

So the babies were moved. In the face of all the discomforts of complete absence of furniture and household utensils; with nothing but the things absolutely necessary to carry on the nursing of the babies; with two hissing lanterns only to light us through the nights; against the horrified protests of the naturally fearful parents; in spite of drizzling rain, we moved our dying small patients. But we moved them from out of the darkness of a crowded dim grey room, by force of circumstances alone deemed adequate to house such delicate infants, into the fresh airiness and stimulating, life-giving sunshine of their new nursery.

In a row in the middle of the bright room stood five high white cots. In each lay a weak baby with skin still hot and dry from fever, and with small faces of such unbelievable pallor that they looked sickly greenish in the light of day.

But the risk the doctor took in carrying out his well-considered attempt to save the babies' lives once more proved justified.

In a couple of days the fever completely left the babies, and gradually they successfully passed through the period of convalescence into normal babyhood and healthiness. Truly, the doctor's trusted allies—fresh air and invigorating sunlight—at the most critical time during the babies' first year, did not play him false.

IT IS scarcely necessary to add more to the story of the Dionne babies' ailments, in order to enhance still further the close escapes they had from running aground on the shoals of danger, which more than once menaced their precarious hold on life during their first year. That so delicate infants, born under the formidable handicap of a two months prematurity, should pass through the first significant twelve months of life quite unscathed, could hardly be expected.

Yet, as we look back upon the tale of each period of acute sickness, regrettable as it may seem, still stricter adherence to precautions and still greater insistence on rigid observance of the rules laid down in the proper care of the babies, might have rendered them avoidable.

Does not this then prove by the very occurrence of the errors and their dire consequences, that such seemingly unimportant things as masks, flies and sterilization of all baby's belongings, cannot with safety be neglected in the effort of safeguarding the child from illness? And each baby born is as important a being as any one of the famous quintuplets; each one should have the benefit of the same simple measures of precaution to prevent sickness—immaculate cleanliness of surroundings and all possible protection from disease-bringing germs.

With regard to preventive measures, modern science and wise governments have today opened ways and means by which every child, rich or poor, can be protected from certain communicable diseases. I am thinking especially of anti-diphtheria toxoid and vaccination against smallpox. In our time of advanced science, there need exist no child exposed to the suffering and the dangers of, at least, these two ailments. And the unassailable tests these preventive treatments have been put through, before



# Housekeeping

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT  
CONDUCTED BY HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Photograph—Ryrie-Ellis-Birks

## The Golden Rule of Frying

*Deep fat cookery is not only lovely to look at and heaven to taste . . . it's easy, inexpensive . . . and digestible. Helen Campbell offers a simple method for making the best of the doughnut-fritter family*



**G**ENTLEMEN prefer blondes, we're told, and being a person of another color I've no reason to doubt it. Seems to me the great majority like to look across the table at spun gold or platinum, but I've noticed—I'm a great one for noticing the gentlemen—that the masculine appetite is all for a dark brown taste in the mouth. Now, of course, there are dark brown tastes and dark brown tastes, but I'm not saying anything about the morning-after kind; you can do as you like about that one. It's the beguiling flavor of dark complected foods I'm talking about. Think of all the brunettes in the food world that any man goes for—roast beef, chocolate cake, ginger bread, cider, doughnuts, and all the delicious crunchy-crusted products which come from a frying kettle. So put the fat on the fire!

But after all, I don't advise this method of cooking merely to please a lot of men; there are plenty of other good reasons. When November starts doing her stuff, isn't it part of the fitness of things to serve real food with a bit of substance about it? Especially in this country where Nov-

ember means business—no foolin'. In spite of any notions to the contrary, deep fat frying is easy—as I think I can prove to you. And economical, when you consider the inexpensive ingredients you can put together, give them a hot bath and make them taste their very best. Then, think of the satisfaction you can get out of it, if you imagine those doughnuts and croquettes are your worst enemies and that you're boiling 'em in oil. Worth something, that, in these lawful days!

Are fried foods indigestible? I knew somebody would ask that, and I tell you in all conscience that they're not, if you fry them properly. Of course, if you let them become grease-soaked or use the wrong fat or too high a temperature, you'll get into all kinds of trouble and somebody may have a pain. But it's easy to sidestep these little blunders and turn out something acceptable to even the most petted of stomachs. That's that, I hope.

Just any fat won't do for frying. Mindful of good digestion and fine flavor, the thing is to select one with a high smoking point, which means that [Continued on page 74]



# A new Queen of Cakedom! . . . PERFECT PARTNER FOR SWANS DOWN ANGEL FOOD



## But...you can't get cake like this with ordinary flour

**GOLDEN SPONGE LOAF!** . . . Here is a new and glamorous answer to that familiar query—"what-to-do-with-egg-yolks-that-are-left-when-you-make-Angel-Food."

Right on this page is the recipe for Golden Sponge Loaf—*simple and easy!* Printed on every Swans Down package is the recipe for Angel Food. Try them both—and from one batch of eggs—score a double hit!

You will—you're bound to—*provided you use Swans Down Cake Flour.* Yes—Swans Down! For you'll never match that Swans Down perfection—your cakes simply can't be so wonderfully delicate and light—if you use *ordinary* flour.

Here is why: The Swans Down gluten is super-delicate—far more

tender than the kind in ordinary flour. *And added to that, Swans Down is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour!*

### Golden Sponge Loaf (9 egg yolks)

1½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1½ teaspoons baking powder	1 cup, plus 2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt	9 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
6 tablespoons cold water	

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Add lemon rind, then sugar gradually to beaten egg yolks, beating with rotary egg beater after each addition until thick and light. Fold in half of flour thoroughly. Add half of water, and fold until blended; then fold in remaining flour and, lastly, remaining water. Bake in ungreased oblong pan, about 15 x 9 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Remove from oven and invert pan 1 hour, or until cold. Remove cake from pan and trim edges. Cut crosswise in thirds; put

together in three-layered loaf, spreading Rich Lemon Filling between layers and Luscious Lemon Frosting on top and sides of cake.

### Rich Lemon Filling

Combine ¾ cup sugar, 4 tablespoons Swans Down Cake Flour, and a dash of salt in top of double boiler. Add ½ cup water and 1 well beaten egg, mixing thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook 10 minutes, or until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from boiling water; add 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup lemon juice, and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cool.

### Luscious Lemon Frosting

Cream 1 tablespoon grated orange rind with 3 tablespoons butter. Add 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Combine 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 tablespoon water; add to creamed mixture, alternately with additional 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, until of right consistency to spread. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add dash of salt.

(All measurements are level)

### Bargains! Send!

The wrong oven temperature ruins many a cake—so why take chances? Send for this handy oven thermometer—and know when the temperature is right. Sturdy white enameled metal. See coupon for wonderful cake-book and thermometer offer.



(Check the offer you prefer, we'll pay the postage.)

Consumer Service Dept., General Foods Limited, Cobourg, Ont. B11-38

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin), for which I am to receive a copy of "Latest Cake Secrets." Enclosed is 65c, for which I am to receive the reliable oven thermometer described above. Also a copy of "Latest Cake Secrets." 33

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Prov. ....



# Eat plenty of **FISH** FOR HEALTH

**H**ERE is the health story of Canadian Fish and Shellfish . . . proteins for strength and energy; Vitamins A and D for good health; mineral salts for good bones and teeth; iodine, copper and other elements indispensable to the health and sturdiness of the growing child and for the well-being of adults.

And that is only one chapter in the advantages of Fish as a Food. There's tastiness and economy as well. For Canadian Fish and Shellfish offer you a variety in flavour and kind that will inspire scores of delicious recipes . . . firm, delicate, easily-digested meat that has made Canadian Fish and Shellfish famous through-

out the world for its quality and tastiness. And remember, there isn't another food that gives you more value in healthful nourishment for every cent spent than Fish.

Make "Any Day a Fish Day". Serve Canadian Fish and Shellfish more frequently throughout the week. You have a world of variety and flavour to choose from . . . seafish, shellfish, fresh water fish . . . in fresh form . . . or frozen, canned, smoked, dried or pickled . . . every form to tempt the most fickle appetites . . . and every form available to you in prime condition . . . through Canada's modern organized facilities.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES, OTTAWA



Write  
FOR FREE BOOKLET

Department of  
Fisheries, Ottawa

Please send me your  
free 52-page Booklet,  
"Any Day a Fish Day",  
containing 100 delightful  
and economical Fish Recipes.  
CHAT.

Name.....

Address.....

NM-2

**FISH IS ALWAYS IN SEASON**

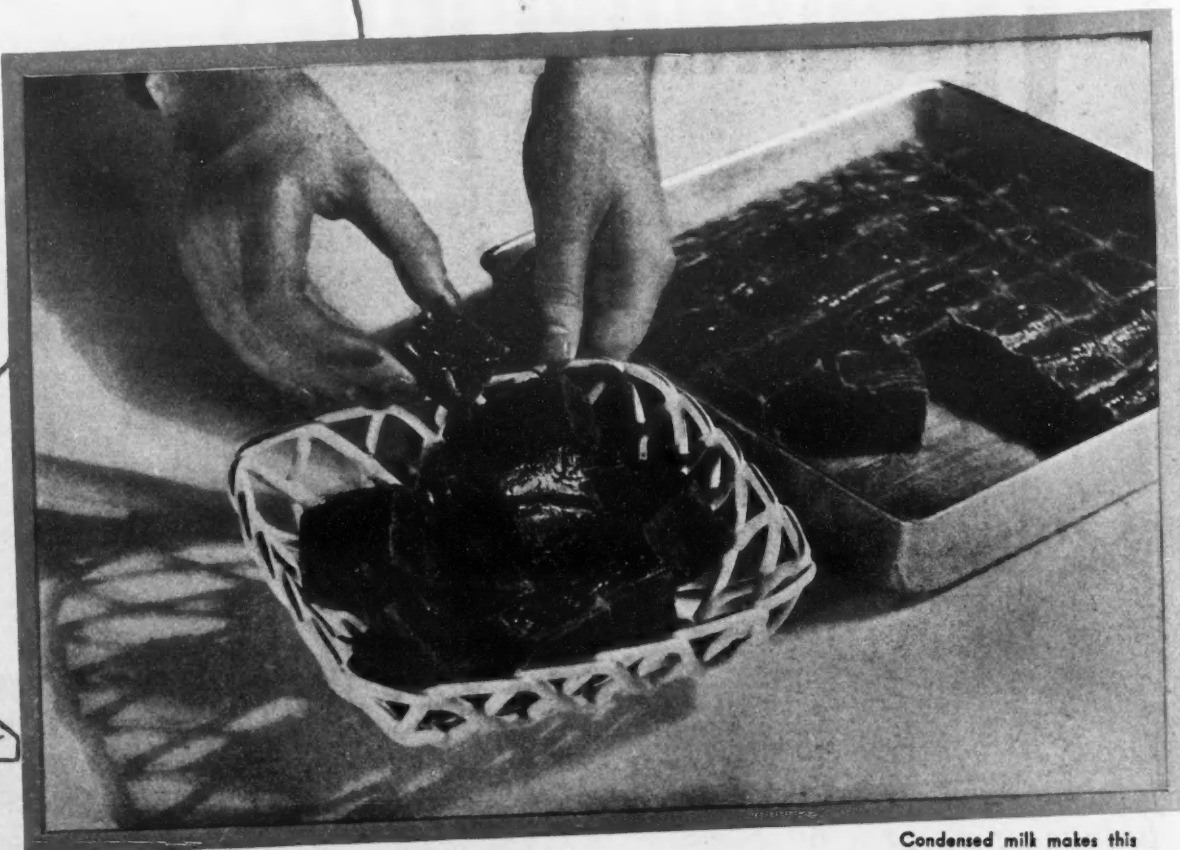


# Condensed Ideas!



*Quick tricks for adding richness and flavor with condensed and evaporated milk in many ways*

by  
**HELEN G. CAMPBELL**



Condensed milk makes this chocolate fudge creamy and delectable.

**Y**OU HEAR people say that speed is the curse of the age and when someone cuts in on me with loud honks, I'm inclined to believe it. But when it refers to quick and easy ways of accomplishing the hundred and one odd jobs around a house, us girls are all for up-to-date efficiency, labor-saving devices and short cuts in cooking.

Not that we try to get out of things, for the modern chatelaine is keen on feeding her family well-balanced and interesting meals. Simply that we don't see much sense in taking the long hard way if there's a better one.

No cook these days has to start from scratch when so many ingredients are ready made and waiting merely for the final bit of preparation. And what effortless and delicious dishes we can make with the canned, packaged and bottled products on our shelves!

Even the staples—the good old culinary standbys—appear in new forms and new dresses to the benefit of housekeepers. Take milk, for instance, an indispensable food in any family. There's no fault to find with the clean, fresh, pasteurized product, but you can't deny that condensed, evaporated and powdered milks have advantages of their own. In the first place, their concentrated quality allows you to store a lot in a little space—and that's something these days when kitchens are smaller and space is at a premium. They keep splendidly in their containers, so you can always have a supply at hand for regular day-to-day use, or at least as a supplement to the liquid variety which runs short occasionally even in the best-regulated families. Dependability is another of their good points, for they are prepared according to a definite standard of quality, purity and flavor. You know what you're getting, no matter when or where you buy them. Expensive? No, especially when you consider their food value and the many purposes they serve.

Their contribution to speed and easy cooking is a feature which appeals to every housekeeper. Or it will when you know about them. Surprising what quick tricks you can do with them and what an excellent flavor and richness they give to many dishes.

But right at the start, let me explain the difference between condensed and evaporated milk, for many people

get mixed up here—to their disappointment. Condensed is a blend of milk and sugar and is the heavier, thicker and sweeter of the two. You have to take off the whole top of the can as it won't pour and you can't get at it any other way. After you have it opened, it keeps in the tin without spoiling; the sugar helps preserve it, you see. The only debit to that credit is its unsuitability for use to any great extent in savory dishes. When combining it with other foods, take the extra sweetness into account and use less sugar than the recipe calls for. Unless, of course, you're working from one made out for condensed milk. There are plenty of them—excellent, time-saving recipes, for puddings, pie fillings, ice creams, frostings, sauces, macaroons, candies, and so on.

The quickest salad dressing you ever made is simply condensed milk—two thirds of a cupful with one-quarter cupful each of lemon juice or vinegar and salad oil, an egg yolk and a few seasonings. Put them all together in a glass jar and shake for all you're worth for two minutes. Make any additions you like afterward—prepared horseradish, catsup or chopped pickles—by way of suggestions. Or fold one-half cupful of whipped cream into it if you want a fluffy topping for your salad.

Evaporated milk is unsweetened whole milk reduced in volume by the evaporation of about half of the water. When you dilute it as directed on the container, you put the water back and you have whole milk, not a substitute. The unopened can will keep indefinitely, but once opened, the milk should receive the same care as the ordinary fresh kind. No special directions are necessary for using it, although many recipes have been developed to take advantage of its double richness.

Milk powder is made from either whole milk or skimmed, so be sure you get the variety you want and you have the makings of several quarts of milk in one small tin.

But use the right proportion of powder and water for if you skimp, you'll get a thin, watery product which doesn't do it—or you—justice. The label tells you how much and how to go about the rejuvenation process. There are no special points to learn about using this product in cooking, as it takes the place of fresh milk in any recipe where this ingredient is called for.

[Continued on page 76]

# An Exciting New Recipe Ham and Cornbread Shortcake

## Magic's Surprise Recipe for November

Here's an exciting new recipe—for housewives who are tired of serving the same old thing day after day. It's easy, it's delicious, and makes an inexpensive main dish for lunch or dinner. This recipe has been carefully tested by home economics experts. Try it on your menfolk. They'll go for it in a big way!

### HAM and CORNBREAD SHORTCAKE

¾ cup flour	1½ cups corn meal
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	1¼ cups milk
2 tablespoons sugar	1 egg, beaten
1 teaspoon salt	4 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Add corn meal and mix well. Add milk, beaten egg and melted shortening. Pour into greased eight-inch square pan. Bake in a hot oven at 425° F. for about 25 minutes. Split while hot (first cutting into eight pieces, if desired), butter and put together with Creamed Ham. (Any left-over meat may be cubed and heated in gravy to make another delicious filling for this shortcake.) Serves 8.

### CREAMED HAM

2 tablespoons butter	½ teaspoon onion juice
4 tablespoons flour	1 whole clove
¼ teaspoon salt	2½ cups milk
a small piece of bay leaf	1½ cups cooked ham, cut in ¼-inch cubes

Melt butter, add flour and stir until well blended. Add salt, bay leaf, onion juice and clove. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Bring to boil and boil two minutes. Add ham.

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## Be sure to make it with Magic Baking Powder if you want fluffy lightness and luscious flavor

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The supplies you need for Ham and Cornbread Shortcake are being featured at your grocer's





# Meals of the Month

Thirty Menus for November

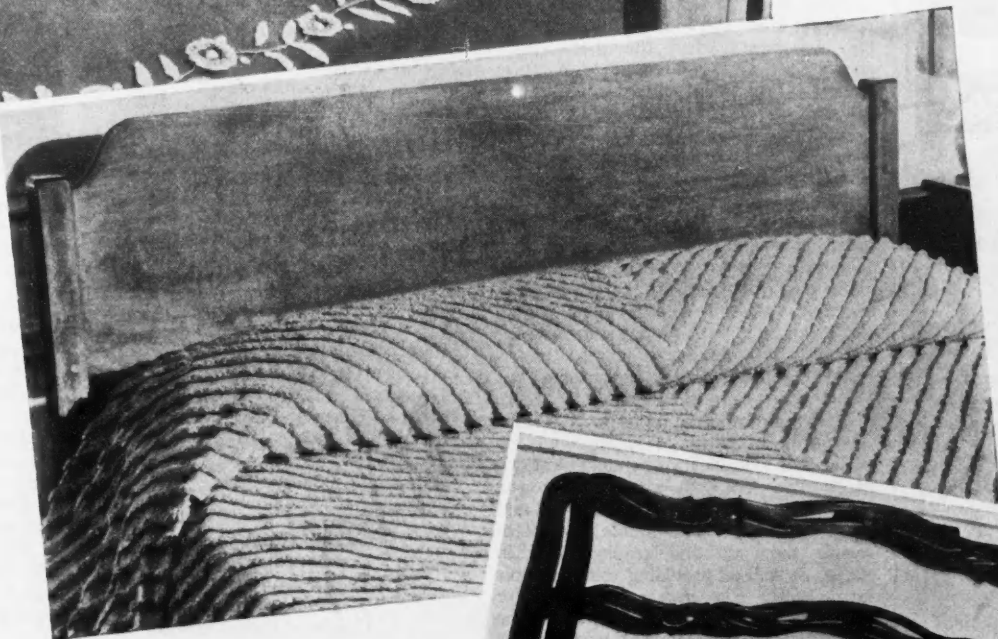


1 <b>BREAKFAST</b> (Sunday) Grapefruit Cereal Jelly Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	<b>LUNCHEON or SUPPER</b> Ramekins of Oysters and Noodles Hot Bran Muffins Caramel Nut Ice Cream Cakes Tea Cocoa	<b>DINNER</b> Roast Pork Apple Rings Browned Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Mixed Fruit Cup Frosted Individual Cakes Coffee Tea	16 <b>BREAKFAST</b> Apples Cereal Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea	<b>LUNCHEON or SUPPER</b> Creamed Cottage Roll with Peas Canned Plums Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	<b>DINNER</b> Celery Soup Cold Roast Beef Baked Potatoes Scalloped Onions Roly Poly Pudding Coffee Tea
2 Cereal with Raisins Toasted Bran Muffins (from Sunday) Honey Coffee Tea	Welsh Rarebit Head Lettuce French Dressing Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Cold Roast Pork Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Baked Apples with Jelly Coffee Tea	17 Stewed Figs Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Rice Ring with Curried Beef Pear and Ginger Salad Tea Cocoa	Chicken Fricassee Boiled Potatoes Creamed Celery Red Jelly Whip Coffee Tea
3 Tomato Juice Cereal Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Tea	Baked Stuffed Squash (use left-over pork) Pear and Grape Salad Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Wax Beans Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea	18 Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Cold Meat Home-made Relish Pan-fried Potatoes Baked Apples with Marshmallows Tea Cocoa	Oxtail Soup (Baked Stuffed Potatoes Sliced Beets Brussels Sprouts Scalloped Egg Plant) Steamed Fruit Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
4 Stewed Apricots Bacon Marmalade Coffee Toast Tea	Vegetable Soup Pilchard Croquettes with Lemon Hot Scones Fresh Apple Sauce Tea Cocoa	Mock Duck Mashed Potatoes Parsnips Boiled Rice Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	19 Orange Sections Cereal Toast Coffee Conserves Tea	Chicken Broth Corn Fritters and Bacon Stewed Prunes with Cinnamon Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Liver Loaf Riced Potatoes Beans Floating Island Coffee Tea
5 Orange Halves Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Sliced Bologna Hashed Brown Potatoes Relish Pickle Apricots Tea Cookies Cocoa	Grilled Lamb Chops Parsley Potatoes Spinach Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea	20 Grape Juice Plain Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Lettuce Salad Pineapple Sherbet Wafers Tea Cocoa	Baked Trout with Savory Dressing Parsley Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
6 Stewed Apples Pancakes Syrup Coffee Toast Tea	Baked Beans Chili Sauce Brown Bread Sliced Oranges with Coconut Tea Cocoa	Boiled Salmon Egg Sauce Potato Chips Cole Slaw Gingerbread Whipped Cream Coffee Tea	21 Bananas Cereal Toast Bacon Marmalade Coffee Tea	Pancakes and Syrup Fresh Fruit Cup Nut Bars Tea Cocoa	Noodle Soup Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Turnips Apple Tapioca Pudding Coffee Tea
7 Sliced Bananas Cereal Plain Muffins Conserves Coffee Tea	Salmon à la King on Toast Fresh or Stewed Tomatoes Canned Pears Gingerbread (Frosted) Tea Cocoa	Onion Soup Grilled Sausages Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Diced Fruits in Cherry Jelly Coffee Tea	22 (Sunday) Grapes Cereal Fried Eggs Coffee Toast Tea	Fried Mushrooms on Toast Celery Butter Tarts Tea Olives Cocoa	Dressed Spareribs Baked Sweet Potatoes Creamed Oyster Plant Creamy Rice Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
8 (Sunday) Chilled Pineapple Juice Fried Ham Coffee Jam Tea	Devised Egg Salad Rolls or Toasted Muffins Assorted Fruits Cookies Hot Chocolate	Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Pumpkin Pie Coffee Tea	23 Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Split Pea Soup Cheese Crackers Sliced Oranges and Bananas Tea Cocoa	Wing Steaks Boiled Potatoes Carrots Peach (canned) Shortcake Coffee Tea
9 Orange Sections Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Bean Soup Lettuce and Tomato Salad Individual Banana Shortcakes Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew Dumplings Buttered Carrots Braised Celery Caramel Junket Coffee Tea	24 Stewed Apricots Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Pork and Beans Brown Bread Grapes in Ginger Ale Jelly Wafers Tea Cocoa	Scotch Broth Fried Oysters with Lemon Potato Chips Spinach Cranberry Pie Coffee Tea
10 Stewed Prunes Bread and Milk Corn Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Cheese Fondue Dill Pickles Canned Cherries Plain Cake Tea Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Apple Crisp Coffee Tea	25 Half Grapefruit Cereal Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Asparagus (canned) with Cheese Sauce on Toast Canned Pears Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Grilled Fresh Ham Creamed Potatoes Corn Apricot Up-side-down Cake Coffee Tea
11 Grapefruit Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Finnan Haddie (cooked in milk) Hard Brown Rolls Vanilla Ice Cream Fruit Sauce Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Cold Sliced Corned Beef Potato Salad Vegetable Jelly Mold Prune Soufflé Coffee Tea	26 Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserves Tea	Ham Omelet Chili Sauce Apple Sauce Cake or Cookies Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Lima Beans Coconut Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
12 Cereal with Dates Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Corned Beef Hash Sweet Pickles Apple Compote Cookies Tea Cocoa	Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Peas Cottage Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea	27 Cereal with Raisins Coffee Cake Jelly Coffee Tea	Salmon Salad Brown Rolls Almond Junket Tea Cocoa	Clam Chowder Spinach Ring with Creamed Eggs Baked Onions Mashed Squash Fried Tomatoes Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
13 Tomato Juice Cereal Hot Biscuits Coffee Jam Tea	Clam Chowder Crackers Cheese Jellied Fruit Salad Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Fish Steaks Au Gratin Potatoes Canned Asparagus Pineapple Tapioca Coffee Tea	28 Apple Sauce Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Raw Vegetable Salad Gingerbread (from Friday) Cream Cheese Tea Cocoa	Sausages Boiled Potatoes Sauerkraut Steamed Carrot Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
14 Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee Conserves Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Onion Toast Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Baked Cottage Roll Baked Potatoes Corn Chocolate Cup Cakes Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea	29 (Sunday) Chilled Grapefruit Fried Scallops Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Assorted Sandwiches Relishes Chocolate Mint Roll Tea Cocoa	Roast Duck Pickled Crab Apples Mashed Potatoes Peas Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
15 (Sunday) Grapefruit Juice Waffles Maple Syrup or Honey Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Potato Cakes Mustard Pickle Waldorf Salad Cake Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Baked Squash Strawberry Bavarian Cream Coffee Tea	30 Oranges Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Candied Sweet Potatoes Bacon Canned Raspberries Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Vegetables Beet Salad Vanilla Blanc Mange with Jelly Coffee Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.



Photographs courtesy of  
Eaton's-College Street.



# Night Life..

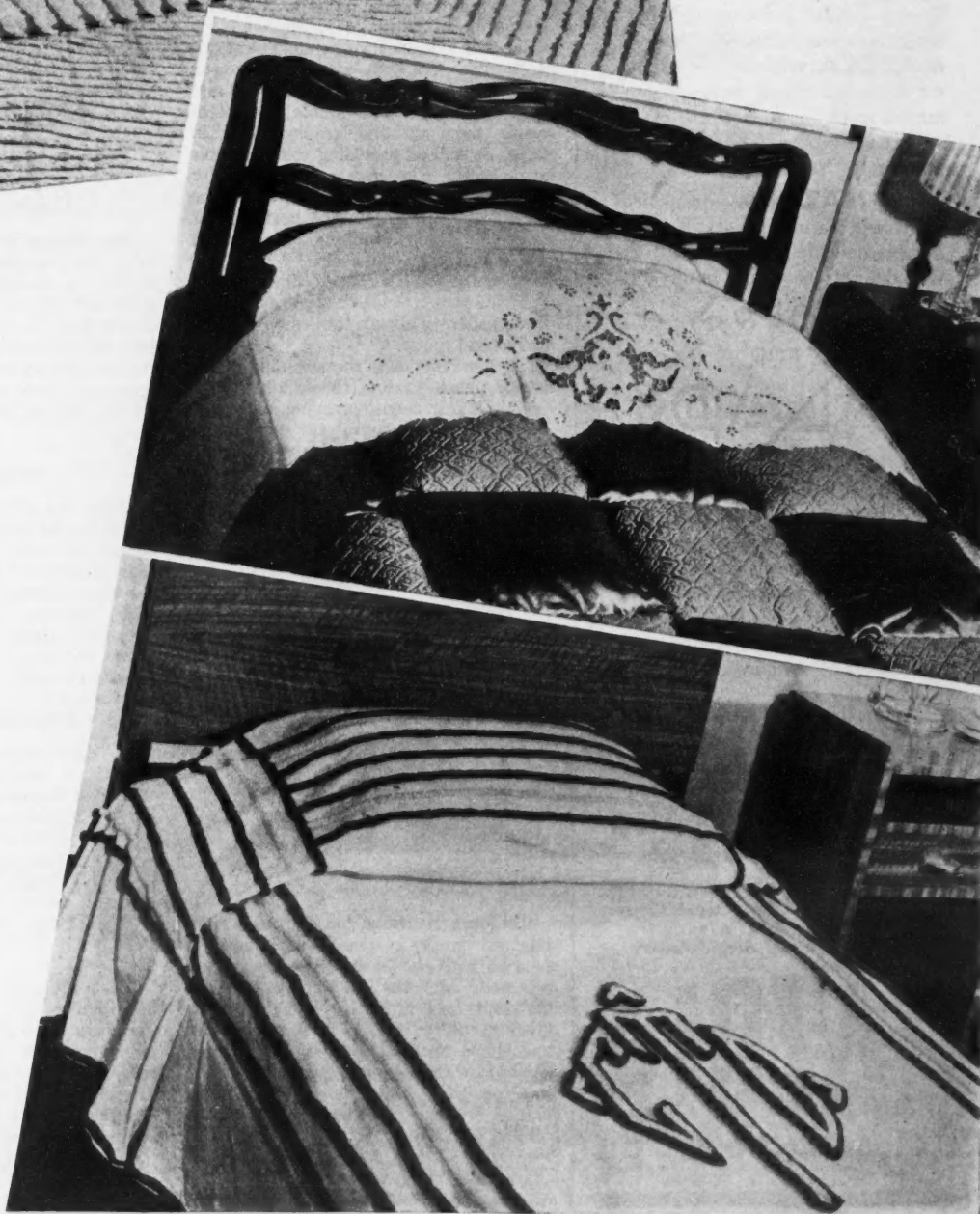
*To dress your  
bed well, choose  
a cover in  
keeping with  
its style*

1. (Top photograph). A day bed to delight the heart of any young girl with a room of her own. Suitable and smart for the business woman's bed-sitting room, for it's an attractive couch by day and a comfortable resting place later. Sturdy enough for a boy's "digs" too, and cut along the modern lines he loves. Shown here in daytime dress with dark blue cover embroidered in white, and a pile of natural crash covered cushions trimmed with red and blue brush fringe.

2. A maple bed with the sturdiness of early colonial design and the simple lines so popular today. Appropriately, the spread combines new style and old to give a smartly tailored effect. Tufts—revival of a quaint trim—are arranged in diagonal rows after the modern style. Is easily fitted under and over the pillow and has enough weight to lie flat and smooth. Practical, too, as it washes beautifully. Pale green here, but you can get other colors.

3. A Canadian reproduction of an eighteenth century mahogany bed is shown made up and turned down. Top sheet and pillowcase are embroidered in matching design which at least adds something to their attractiveness if not their practicability. Note the generous turn-back, which is a good feature of any sheet on any bed. The maroon satin eiderdown is quilted in large blocks, alternately plain and patterned. Dark in color, but light in weight as it should be.

4. This modern hawewood bed has a light colored, textured spread with raised stripes of brown and yellow along the sides and across the pillow when you tuck it under. The monogram in the centre is a smart new note—very swish in a modern room. Attractive in dark colors against a pale background or vice versa. Or any two contrasting shades.







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**T**O EVERY MOTHER, her baby is worth its weight in gold. And to many mothers, Heinz Strained Foods have proved just as precious.

Mothers who appreciate the imperative need for vegetables in the infant's diet, have welcomed these nutritious, scientifically prepared Heinz foods. They know these foods are pure, wholesome, appetizing—first, because of the Heinz label—second, because the enamel-lined tins bear the seal of acceptance of the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association.

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*Mothers should note that Heinz Strained Foods are not seasoned and the doctor's advice should decide the amount of seasoning required, if any. These foods are a boon, also, to convalescents and adults on soft diet.*

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Canadian plant established at Leamington, 1909

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# HEINZ ACCEPTED STRAINED FOODS





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## The Golden Rule of Frying

(Continued from page 67)

it won't smoke or burn at the temperature required to cook whatever you're cooking. Butter is "out" for that reason, for as you know yourself, it browns at quite a low heat. Lard—a high grade—can be used successfully, and there are many vegetable fats and oils which are excellent for the purpose. If you treat them with kindness, they can be used again and again—but not forever—without carrying over previous flavors to the next lot. No one wants to be reminded in today's apple fritters of last week's fried onions!

Going back to temperature, the fat is ready for uncooked foods such as potatoes and doughnuts when the thermometer shows 375 degrees Fahrenheit or, if you're using the bread test, when a cube browns in sixty seconds. For already-cooked croquettes and the like, have it at 390 degrees Fahrenheit, or hot enough to brown the bread in forty seconds. You see the sense of that, don't you? Keep the temperature steady as the food cooks and see that it reaches the proper degree between each batch you're cooking.

Arrange your food in the basket—not too much at a time to cool the fat unduly—and lower it with loving care into the kettle. The immediate commotion is caused by the moisture in the food, but things soon calm down and no harm's done if you've allowed room in the pan for a natural exuberance. Which reminds me to say that food for frying should be as dry as possible—potatoes wiped in a towel, croquettes, fish balls and so on egged and crumbed to serve the double purpose of sealing them up and keeping them in shape, as well as providing that desirable crispy crust. Egg, in a coating batter for fish, meat, and certain vegetables does the same useful trick—lets the heat in, but keeps the fat out, while adding a bit of "goodness" on its own hook.

When the food is cooked, drain it on a crumpled paper towel or a piece of clean brown paper, to absorb the drippings while it's hot and runny.

All that remains is the straining of the fat through a piece of cheesecloth over a sieve. Or if it needs clarifying, add some raw potato slices, reheat till they brown and then drain. Astonishing what they'll do for it.

Who says frying is much of a job? But even if it were, wouldn't that lovely, dark brown taste be well worth it?

### Meat Croquettes

- 2 Cupfuls of ground, cooked meat (beef, pork, veal, lamb, ham or a combination of these)
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of grated onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley or green pepper
- ½ Teaspoonful of paprika
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of fat
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of milk

Combine the lemon juice, grated onion, chopped parsley or green pepper and the paprika with the finely ground meat and mix well. Melt the fat, blend in the flour and salt and gradually add the milk, stirring constantly. Cook until smooth and thick, continuing to stir. Cool and combine with the meat mixture. Shape into croquettes, roll in fine sifted bread or cracker crumbs, dip in beaten egg which is diluted with a little water and roll again in the crumbs. Fry in deep, hot fat (390 degrees Fahr.) until nicely browned. Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot.

### Apple Fritters

- 5 or 6 Tart apples
- 1 Cupful of flour
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Egg
- ½ Cupful of milk

Peel and core the apples and cut in lengthwise sections or in fairly thick slices. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar, and add the egg which has been well beaten and mixed with the milk. Mix thoroughly. Dip each piece of apple in the batter and fry in deep, hot fat (375 degrees Fahr.) until nicely browned. Drain on absorbent paper, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve hot with lemon sauce. Sections of banana, fresh peach, pear or thick slices of tomato may be used instead of apple.

### Fried Pies

- 2 Cupfuls of flour
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¾ Cupful of shortening
- Cold water

Seasoned apple sauce  
Sift together the flour and salt and cut in the shortening with two knives or a pastry blender. Add only enough cold water to hold the ingredients together and roll out on a lightly floured board to one-eighth-inch thickness. Cut in large rounds and in the centre of each round place a tablespoonful of the seasoned apple sauce. Moisten the edges with cold water and fold over to form a semicircle, pressing the edges together with a fork. Fry in deep, hot fat (375 degrees Fahr.) until delicately browned and drain on absorbent paper.

### Cheese Puffs

- 1 Egg
- ½ Cupful of milk
- 1 Cupful of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- Salt and pepper
- ½ Cupful of grated cheese

Beat the egg well and combine with the milk. Sift together the flour, baking powder and seasonings and combine with the milk and egg mixture. Lastly add the cheese and beat well. Drop by spoonfuls into deep, hot fat (350 degrees Fahr.) and fry until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper and serve with powdered sugar and lemon juice or as an accompaniment to meat.

### Sardine Faggots

Drain the oil from sardines and rinse quickly in hot water. Dip each sardine in lemon juice and wrap in a rectangle of plain pastry rolled until very thin. Press the edges together and fry in deep, hot fat (375 degrees Fahr.) until delicately browned. Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot as an accompaniment to a tomato cocktail.

### Sweet Potato Croquettes

- 2 Cupfuls of hot, mashed sweet potatoes
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 Teaspoonful of sugar
- 1 Beaten egg
- Sifted bread crumbs
- 1 Egg, beaten and diluted with a little water

Beat the mashed potatoes until free from lumps, add the butter, salt, pepper, sugar and beaten egg and beat well. Shape into croquettes. (If the mixture is too stiff, add a little hot milk to thin it.) Roll in the sifted bread crumbs, dip in the beaten egg diluted with the water and roll again in the sifted crumbs. Fry in deep, hot fat (375 to 400 degrees Fahr.) until nicely browned. Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot.

### French Fried Potatoes

Peel potatoes and cut into half-inch strips. Soak for one hour in very cold water, then drain and dry thoroughly between towels. Fry, a few at a time, in deep, hot fat (375 to 400 degrees Fahr.) until nicely browned. Drain on absorbent paper and sprinkle with salt.

For potato chips, cut the peeled potatoes into very thin slices with a sharp knife or with a potato cutter, soak, dry and cook as directed above.

For Julienne or shoestring potatoes, cut the peeled potatoes in very thin strips, having them as uniform as possible in size and proceed as above.

### French Fried Cauliflower or Asparagus

Prepare the cauliflower for cooking, separate into flowerets and soak in cold water for one-half hour. Cook until tender but unbroken, in boiling salted water, drain thoroughly and cool. Dip in beaten egg and roll in sifted bread crumbs, then fry in deep, hot fat (390 to 400 degrees Fahr.) until nicely browned. Drain on absorbent paper, sprinkle lightly with salt and serve hot.

Asparagus is done in the same way, using cooked or canned asparagus stalks, which have been thoroughly drained, dipped in beaten egg and rolled in bread crumbs.

### French Fried Onions

Peel large onions and slice in thin slices (one-eighth to one-quarter inch thick). Separate into rings and fry in deep, hot fat (350 to 375 degrees Fahr.) until nicely browned.

Alternative methods—Dip the onion rings in milk, drain and dredge lightly with flour before frying as directed above.

Dip the rings in beaten egg diluted with water, drain and dredge lightly with flour.

Dip the rings in a thin batter and fry as directed. When the rings are nicely browned, drain on absorbent paper and sprinkle lightly with salt. Serve hot.

### Fried Scallops or Oysters

- 1 Quart of scallops or oysters
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of salad oil
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Egg, diluted with two table-spoonfuls of milk or water
- Sifted bread crumbs

Drain the scallops or oysters, let them stand for about one hour in a dressing made by mixing the oil, lemon juice and salt. Drain and dip each one in the diluted egg, then roll in crumbs. Fry a few at a time in deep, hot fat (365 to 375 degrees Fahr.). Remove when nicely browned and drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot with lemon or with Sauce Tartare.

### Doughnuts

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- 1 Cupful of granulated sugar
- 2 Eggs
- 4 Cupfuls of flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ¼ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- Dash of mace
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ¾ Cupful of milk

Blend the shortening with the sugar and add the well-beaten eggs. Beat well. Sift together the flour, baking powder, spices and salt, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Place a little of the dough on a floured board, pat to half-inch thickness and cut with a floured doughnut cutter. Fry in deep, hot fat (350 to 375 degrees Fahr.) turning to brown evenly on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper and dust with powdered sugar. This recipe should make about three and a half to four dozen doughnuts, depending on the size,

**Corn Pudding**

- 2 Cupfuls cooked or canned corn
- 2 Eggs, slightly beaten
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of sugar
- A few drops of onion juice
- ¾ Cupful of evaporated milk
- ¾ Cupful of water (boiling)
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- Dash of paprika

Combine the above ingredients in the order given, mix well and turn into a buttered baking dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. Fahr.) until the custard is firm when tested with a silver knife. If desired a half cupful of chopped green pepper, pimiento or grated cheese may be added to the mixture.

**Carrot Ring**

- 2½ Cupfuls of grated, raw or cooked carrot
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of evaporated milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of sugar
- Dash of white pepper
- ½ Cupful of blanched shaved or chopped almonds
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter

To the grated carrot add the beaten eggs, the evaporated milk, the seasonings, sugar and almonds. Melt the butter in a ring mold and turn the mold so that the sides will be greased, then add the remainder of the butter to the carrot mixture. Mix well and turn into the mold, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderately slow oven (325 deg. Fahr.) until the mixture is firm. Serve unmolded and fill the centre with creamed peas or other desired vegetable.

**Lentil Soup**

- 1 Cupful of lentils
- 1 to 1½ Quarts of water
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Medium onion
- 2 Whole cloves
- 1 Tall can of evaporated milk

Add the water and the seasonings to the lentils and boil together until the lentils are tender. Force through a purée sieve and add water, if necessary, to make the volume of pulp and liquid up to one quart. Add the milk, reheat and serve at once, or keep hot over boiling water. *Candy dish—Courtesy Robt. Simpson Co. Ltd.*



Photograph courtesy The Canadian Spool Cotton Co. Ltd.

Ladies  
Wear  
Lace  
That  
They Make  
Themselves

PARIS PUTS high value on hand-made lace for collars this season; many a quaint little wool or travel crêpe frock will have some such pretty complement as this collar, with its double rows of medallion motifs. It's simple to make and most effective.

**Materials required—**

- 2 Balls Mercer-Crochet No. 20s White
- Crochet Hook No. 4 English or No. 8 American
- 2 Small Buttons

**Abbreviations—**

- Ch.....Chain
- St.....Stitch
- Dc.....Double Crochet
- Tr.....Treble
- Dbl tr.....Double treble
- Ss.....Slip stitch

**Neck Band—**Crochet a chain for length required. Into 2nd ch from hook work 1 dc, 1 dc into each ch to end of row, 1 ch, turn. Work other 6 rows of dc. Make 2 loops of 6 ch at one end of neck band to form buttonholes. Sew buttons on opposite side.

**Medallion—**Commence with 3 ch, join with ss. Into ring work 6 dc, continue working in dc, increasing to keep work flat until it measures 1½ inches in diameter and having 45 dc on last row. 1 ss into next dc, 7 ch, 1 dbl tr into same place as ss, \*miss 2 dc, 1 dbl tr into next dc, 3 ch, 1 dbl tr into same place as last dbl tr, repeat from \* all round. Join with a ss into 4th of 7 ch. \*Into space of 3 ch work 4 dc, 1 dc into each of the next 2 dbl tr, repeat from \* all round. \*1 dc into each of the next 3 dc, 2 dc into each of the next 2 dc,

1 dc into each of the next 3 dc, miss 1 dc, repeat from \* all round. \*1 dc into next dc, miss 3 dc, 3 dbl tr into next dc, 2 ch, miss 1 dc, 3 dbl tr into next dc, miss 3 dc, repeat from \* all round. Work 1 dc into each st and 2 dc into space of 2 ch all round. Break off thread. Work other 14 medallions to correspond. Sew medallions on to neck band at equal distances from one another, having 9 medallions on lower row and 6 on upper row.

**Tie Bow****Materials required—**

- 3 Balls Coats' Mercer-Crochet No. 20s White
- 1 Pair of Milward's Knitting Needles (No. 12) English
- Cast on 86 stitches.

**Diamond Pattern in 4 Rows—**Knit 1 row plain. Knit 1 row purl. Knit 1 row taking two stitches together. \*Knit 1 stitch, lift and knit thread between stitches of previous row, repeat from \* along row ending with knit and make 1 stitch on last stitch (86 stitches). Repeat diamond pattern once. Knit 10 rows stocking stitch (1 row plain, 1 row purl). Repeat diamond pattern twice. Knit 12 rows stocking stitch. Repeat diamond pattern twice. Knit 18 rows stocking stitch. Knit 30 rows ribbing (1 row 2 plain 2 purl, 1 row 2 purl 2 plain alternately). Knit 40 rows stocking stitch. Repeat diamond pattern twice. Knit 40 rows stocking stitch.

**Middle of Tie—**Knit in ribbing (1 stitch plain, 1 stitch purl) for 18½ inches. Work other side of bow to correspond. Knit 1 row plain before casting off stitches.

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FOURTH PRIZE	-	-	-	125.00
FIFTH PRIZE	-	-	-	75.00
10 PRIZES EACH OF	-	-	-	50.00
20 " " "	-	-	-	25.00
50 " " "	-	-	-	15.00
130 " " "	-	-	-	10.00

And Among Storekeepers Who Supply Bovril to Prize-winners, \$1,000.00

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For nearly fifty years millions of people all over the world have found Bovril a great help in building health and strength and in maintaining vitality. The reason is this:

The delicious beef goodness in Bovril has been scientifically proved greatly to increase the nourishment of ordinary foods, if Bovril is part of the daily diet, because Bovril has a definite stimulating effect on the digestive system, which is very beneficial. Bovril is good for young and old as a proven body-builder, especially in milk for children.

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### RULES

1—Open to Canada only. Any user of Bovril can enter, except employees of Bovril (Canada) Limited, their agents or families.

2—All entries must be mailed before November 28th, 1936. Winners will be notified at the earliest possible date.

3—You may send as many letters as you like, but each must be accompanied with a metal cap from a bottle of Bovril, Bovril Cordial, or Johnston's Fluid Beef, or a fair copy of a label from any of these.

Wrap cap in paper and enclose with your letter.

4—Address your entries to Contest Dept., Bovril (Canada) Limited, 6201 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que., whose property they become and cannot be returned.

5—IMPORTANT! Give in your letter the name and address of the store where you bought Bovril.

6—No correspondence can be entertained regarding the decisions of the judges. Their decisions are final.

7—PRINT NAMES AND ADDRESSES CLEARLY.

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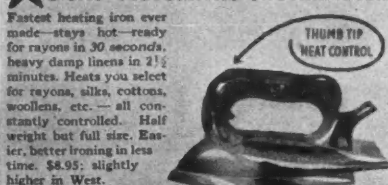
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46 Years Making Quality Products

## Condensed Ideas

(Continued from page 68)

### Creamy Chocolate Fudge

- 2 Cupfuls of granulated sugar
- 1 Cupful of water
- 1 Can of condensed milk (1½ cupfuls)
- 3 Squares of unsweetened chocolate
- ½ to 1 Cupful of broken nutmeats (if desired)

Mix the sugar and water and bring to boiling point. Add the condensed milk, stir until well combined and boil gently over low heat, until the mixture will form a firm ball when tried in cold water (235 deg. Fahr.). The mixture must be stirred constantly, particularly during the latter part of the cooking, to prevent burning. When the desired stage is reached, remove from the heat, add the chocolate which has been cut into small pieces and stir until dissolved and thoroughly combined. Add the chopped nuts, if desired and beat the mixture until thick and creamy. Turn into a buttered pan, cool and mark in squares.

### Maple Cookies

- 1 Can of condensed milk (1½ cupfuls)
- ¾ Cupful of maple syrup
- 2½ Cupfuls of graham cracker crumbs
- ½ Cupful of chopped nuts

Add the maple syrup to the condensed milk in a saucepan and blend thoroughly. Cook over gentle heat, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens (about five minutes). Cool and add the graham cracker crumbs and the chopped nuts. Mix thoroughly and drop by spoonfuls on to a buttered baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.) for about fifteen minutes or until nicely browned. Remove from the pan as soon as they come from the oven.

### Carrot Pie

- 1 Cupful of cooked, sieved carrots
- ¼ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- ¼ Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Egg yolks
- 1 Can of sweetened condensed milk (1½ cupfuls)
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- 2 Egg whites
- Unbaked pie crust

Force enough cooked carrots through a purée sieve to make one cupful. Add the spices, salt, egg yolks, condensed milk and melted butter. When thoroughly blended, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn this mixture into an unbaked pie shell and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.) for about forty minutes or until the filling is firm and the crust nicely browned.

### Pumpkin Pie

- 1 Cupful of cooked or canned pumpkin
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of ground ginger
- ½ Teaspoonful of cloves
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of cinnamon
- 3 Eggs
- 1 Can of sweetened condensed milk (1½ cupfuls)
- 1 Cupful of water
- Unbaked pie shell

If fresh pumpkin is used, steam it until tender and force through a fine sieve. To the pumpkin add the salt and spices (amounts may be varied to suit individual tastes), the slightly beaten eggs, the condensed milk and the water. Combine thoroughly and turn into an unbaked pastry shell. Bake for ten minutes at 450 deg. Fahr., reduce the temperature to 350 deg. Fahr., and continue baking for thirty to forty minutes or until the filling is firm and the crust nicely browned. Serve warm, plain, with whipped cream, or with honey.

### Bread Pudding

- 1 Can of sweetened condensed milk (1½ cupfuls)
- 3 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 2 Cupfuls of soft bread crumbs or finely diced, stale bread
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- Grated rind of one lemon
- ¾ Cupful of shredded cocoanut

Combine the condensed milk with the boiling water, mix and pour over the bread crumbs or cubes. Allow to stand until cool, then stir in the slightly beaten eggs, the melted butter, salt, lemon juice and rind and the shredded cocoanut. Turn into a buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.) for about forty-five minutes or until the pudding is firm. Serve warm with cream.

### Caramel Pineapple Pudding Sauce

- ½ Cupful of caramelized, sweetened condensed milk
- ¼ Cupful of pineapple juice

Sweetened condensed milk is caramelized by covering the unopened can with boiling water and boiling gently for three hours, keeping the can completely covered with the water during the cooking. Blend one-third cupful of this caramelized milk with a quarter cupful of pineapple juice. A little more or less may be used as desired. Serve with plain puddings or with ice cream.

### Peanut Butter Icing

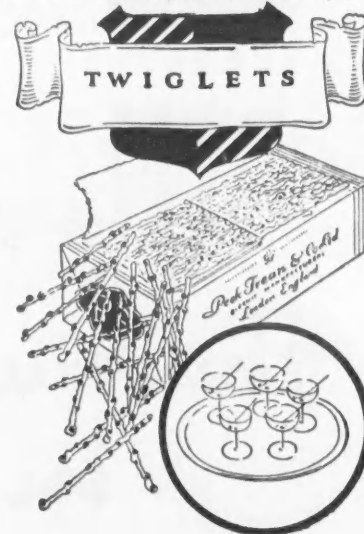
- 1 Can of sweetened condensed milk (1½ cupfuls)
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of peanut butter

Combine the condensed milk and the peanut butter in the top part of a double boiler. Cook over boiling water for ten to fifteen minutes or until the mixture is thick enough to spread, stirring until thoroughly blended. Cool the mixture and spread on cooled layer or loaf cake or cup cakes.

### Cornmeal Muffins

- 1½ Cupfuls of bread flour
- ½ Cupful of cornmeal
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Egg
- ½ Cupful of evaporated milk
- ¾ Cupful of water
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Mix and sift together the dry ingredients. Beat the egg, combine with the evaporated milk and the water and mix with the dry ingredients, stirring only enough to blend the ingredients. Lastly, add the melted butter and turn the mixture into greased muffin tins. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. Fahr.) for fifteen to twenty minutes. This amount makes approximately one dozen muffins.



### WHAT ARE TWIGLETS?

Twiglets are delicious little savoury sticks. With a glass of sherry, at the cocktail hour, and at dinner gatherings have Twiglets—they are irresistible. Packed in airtight cartons they are always fresh—the St. George series cartons, which also include several other delicious Cocktail Varieties.

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Get a carton or tin today.

## BIRD'S CUSTARD

## Her Brother's Keeper

(Continued from page 13)

the woods chopping. The thought was like an arrow in her mind. It stung and quivered there. Often when he had come at noon, she had observed Gar eating thick-sliced sandwiches and gulping down coffee from a thermos bottle.

The sight of his shoulders, the long slanted line down to his hips, caught at her heart. She came close to him. In spite of a steady breeze, a light sweat lay on his forehead. Each drop was like a tiny glass bead.

"Want to have your dinner with me today?" she asked in a low voice.

He stared at her in surprise. She hoped nobody saw them. It would make talk. "Say, that would be swell. I'm fed up with sandwiches and half-cold coffee. This thermos ain't weathertight. Needs shingling. The gales down here always get into it somehow."

Mari ignored this shot and looked off across the Basin. White feathers of foam ran with the tide, yet the sun was warm. "Let's eat up on the mountain. I'll show you Launching Hill."

"For dinner? What the blazes is Launching Hill? A place where you shoot boats clean over into the water?"

"Don't be silly. I'll have dinner hot," she assured him. "Not like a picnic."

He came into the house with her and washed up in the shed. A basin on a bench. A pitcher of hot water. A white snowy towel. He puffed and blew like a school of porpoises and Mari liked to hear him. He was noisy about everything he did; not quiet like Aaron. He was a gale that took you with him. He came into the kitchen again and sat down while she finished preparations.

"I see," he grinned nodding toward the road, "that folks around here are killing themselves with work, just as usual. My, my, I don't see how they stand it!"

"This is slack time. Too rough for fishing."

"One thing though," he spoke with mild deceitfulness, "you needn't ever repair buildings. Always men leaning hard against 'em to hold 'em up."

Mari kept her voice calm. "Fishing ain't easy and reg'lar, like your job. The men is up betimes, and out at all hours." Her face was flushed as she arranged boiled potatoes, carrots and fish in a deep, covered pan.

"How long a nooning do you have, Gar?" she enquired later, as they began the rough mountain climb.

"An hour. But a few minutes over won't matter. I'll make them up on the road."

The way was steep and it sprawled at sharp angles until it reached a level, grassy pasture. Dark spruces lined the lower side. Rocks reared grotesque heads here and there, like monsters whose curiosity had become petrified before they could again withdraw into their accustomed world below.

Mari and Gar ate their dinner from tin plates, and drank at a cool spring.

"Aaron's chopping wood today, way back there," said the girl. "I can hear his axe." They listened, and she added. "This water always runs, even in dry seasons. It could be piped down easy into a cement reservoir above the houses, Aaron says there would be enough pressure to give everyone water, but—" she checked herself.

"But what?"

"I suppose," she fibbed, "it would cost too much."

"Nuts. They don't want anything different. If they pitched in and worked during slack fishing, they could do it."

"Don't you talk about 'em like that!"

The sound of her own convictions in the mouth of another made her angry.

"All right," he smiled, "I won't. You got the blackest lashes I ever see. They're thick like those spruces down there . . . with the blue behind 'em."

Mari carefully wiped a tin plate with a paper napkin.

"I like you." His voice had a softer, blurred note. "How about it?" He reached in his pants' pocket for a bag of tobacco. He reached in another for his pipe. His fingers, deliberate and strong, packed the bowl. "I aim to have a truck of me own, soon," he then remarked between puffs, "I got me eyes on a beauty right now. Red as fire, and fast as Hades. I'll work up a good business. I won't have to wait, neither, till the wind dies down. I'll work steady and earn good money."

Mari was not pretty, yet a certain robust vitality flowed over her, as water flows over a brook-bed. And beauty lived in her, poignant yet undefined.

Gar's hand closed over her wrist. "You can guess what I'm really meaning behind all this."

Mari's free fingers stroked a blade of grass. She could not speak.

He laid down his pipe and pulled her toward him. His left hand closed over her right wrist. "It would mean a lot on cold dark nights when I'm trucking, if I could be thinking you liked me."

She was leaning toward him, half-risen on her knees. His thumbs pressed on the pulses of her wrists.

"I mean business. I've saved. I got life insurance. In a year or two we could have a snug, tight place of our own. No lugging pails of water up the hill. Comfort for you, Mari." He drew her closer. He held her hands on his breast so that she felt the ridges of his ribs, and the great swelling bellows of his breathing. She felt encircled by an eternity of strength, as she herself grew smaller and smaller within this wide wonder. She had not even guessed at happiness before.

"Lift up your face, darlin'." His hand tilted up her chin. "Look at me. Say you'll marry me. I haven't thought of anything else ever since I first saw you, standing on your porch in a blue dress . . . and your smooth black hair. But I've waited . . . wanting to be sure."

A long sigh trembled through the spruce boughs. The turn of the tide far below was the talking of a thousand tongues.

She was ready to whisper "yes," when she thought of Aaron. She saw him, sleepy-eyed, getting up on black winter mornings to go out on the dragger. Staunch, stout and faithful to their needs. How could she have forgotten him? How could he live without her? And he had been looking more and more troubled of late; saying nothing and quieter than ever. "Look out good for Aaron," Mari's mother had cautioned her, smiling even as she was dying. "There'll be just two of you left after I'm gone. Men folks is like children . . . they need lots of fussing over. And he's younger than you." Mari had promised.

So now, she pushed away from Gar, though his hands held hers against his breast. Impulsively she bent her head and kissed the backs of them. She felt the cords tighten against her lips. Then she wrenched herself free. "No, not now . . . I like you, Gar. I'm sorry."

No use trying to explain. He'd laugh at her and sweep her on. She wanted to keep the wonder of this brief happiness whole and sweet. She could wait. She asked him if he wanted to see Launching Hill.

"No, I don't," he growled. He rose, stretched his arms. Against the greyneess of a passing, tattered cloud she saw the full length and strength of him. She swayed a little at that sight. Then, after a moment she left him. She heard him following, and soon they came to the top of Launching Hill. "What's the idea?" he asked sullenly.

"To save hauling timber down to the village. They've cleared this steep track, all smooth, see? Oxen bring logs from the woods back there," she pointed behind her

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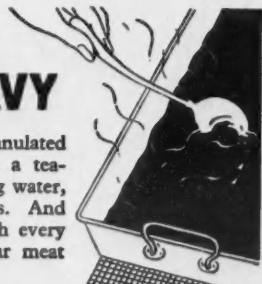
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#### CHEESE SALAD RING

(6 Servings—uses only 1/4 package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 1/4 cup cold water 1 cup hot water  
 1/3 cup sugar 1 teaspoonful salt  
 1/4 cup mild vinegar or lemon juice  
 1/2 cup mayonnaise  
 1/2 cup grated American cheese or cottage cheese

1 green pepper, chopped, if desired  
 Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice or vinegar and mix thoroughly. Cool and when mixture becomes slightly thickened, beat with egg beater until the consistency of whipped cream. Fold into the combined mayonnaise and cheese. Pour into ring mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. To serve, unmold on crisp lettuce and fill center with fruit or sea food salad.

TO MAKE RING MOLD: Invert tea cup in center of round pan and when gelatine begins to congeal pour into pan around cup. To unmold remove cup and dip pan in luke warm water to loosen jelly. Invert on serving dish and carefully remove mold.



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## Institute Gossip by Helen G. Campbell

Just so you can't make any mistake about it either in the amount you tuck under or turn back, one manufacturer of sheets marks the spot which should come flush with the lower edge of the mattress. Leaves ample at the foot to protect your toes and at the head to fold back over the blankets. It's color fast so it doesn't come out in the wash, which means that you can always follow the line in making a bed and leave sufficient for under and over. All in the interest of a good night's rest!

Quilted satin in a lovely beige is used for one of the handsomest of the new bedspreads. Very suave and luxurious it is but not as expensive as you might think. Just the thing for an elegant room in the 18th century manner so much the vogue.

And speaking of wallpapers reminds me to tell you that garden motifs are a smart novelty. Designers have made unique use of fruits and vegetables—brilliant berries and green leaves on a white ground—clusters of cherries ripe for admiration, bunches of grapes hanging from their vines, pears, apples and plums—they're all shown. One beauty groups eggplant, squash, peppers and other vegetables in a soft, lithographed design. Stripes are "in"—any width you like.

Some two toned and others with vigorous contrast. If you're a tailored person you'll love them.

Birds have pecked their way into style. You'll find them in the designs of smart wallpapers and drapery fabrics looking quite at home and very decorative. One of the newest papers is patterned with pairs of lovebirds spaced to give them privacy for their billing and cooing. Another amusing one shows trios of penguins with their white tummies and black wings. Whole families of birds in the tree tops make the design of a new hand-blocked linen and many of the season's chintzes follow a birdy note in their decoration. So all our feathered friends won't fly south this winter—let the north wind blow as she will!

Down town, if it hasn't been snapped up already, is the smartest fish set on land or sea. There's a whole service, white china decorated with greyish-buff-to-brown finny motifs, and anything that can be the shape of a fish, is. Two slim streamlined swimmers make practical platters, gracefully curved little fellows are nice old-style half-moon side plates and a fat-tummed one that never saw more water than fills a dishpan is at home on your table as a chowder tureen, a covered salad bowl or whatever you need at the time.



### Hon. Cairine Wilson's Favorite Fish Recipe

#### Sole Saint George

Honorable Cairine Wilson is known throughout Canada as our first woman Senator, among her friends as a charming hostess into the bargain and in her own family as an efficient chatelaine. Like every woman, she takes a pride in her

cuisine and, even as you and I, has her pet recipes. She tells you here how to prepare her fish favorite—a clever combination of two varieties, subtly seasoned to the queen's taste. Try it, and it's likely to become one of your specialties.

#### SOLE SAINT GEORGE

3 Large sole fillets  
 1/2 Pint of shrimps  
 Lemon juice  
 1 Small glass of sauterne wine

Butter  
 1/2 Pint of cream  
 1/2 Pint of milk  
 2 Egg yolks

Clean the fish and dip the fillets in melted butter. Make a paste with the shrimps (canned or fresh) and lemon juice and roll the shrimp paste inside the sole. Place in a buttered pan, pour the wine

over the fish and sprinkle with a little salt and pepper. Cook about fifteen minutes. Pour over the cooked fish a sauce made of the cream and the egg yolks.

A number of notable Canadians, interested in the campaign being conducted by the Department of Fisheries at Ottawa to increase the consumption of Canadian fish and shell fish, are publishing their favorite recipes for Canadian fish in Chatelaine. Next month Agnes McPhail, M.P., suggests a delicious trout recipe.

## DID YOU KNOW?



that... Montezuma, King of the Aztecs, discovered vanilla in Mexico 30 years before Columbus claimed America for Spain.

that... a chef can taste a small piece from each of 3 cakes and tell which one is flavoured with artificial and which with true vanilla. He knows that to get fine

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Calla very well; she was younger and rather silly, Mari thought. Gar looked at Calla and grinned. She was so little, like a flower. Calla smiled back. These two, so different, who had never spoken before, understood each other by some swift process of instinct. They each wanted something they couldn't have . . . out of the same family. Mari saw that interchange of comprehension, and her misery was complete. "Any girl that looks at him, makes him feel grand and big and too much consequence," she thought.

Suddenly, frantically, Calla pointed toward the water. "Look, ain't that Aaron's dragger coming through the Rip? The lifeboat's towing 'er!"

Mari jumped from the top step to the bottom. One lock of black hair slithered to her shoulder as she sped to the steep road leading down to the wharves. Calla followed . . . and they were gone from sight. Men and boys and children ran. Gar stayed by his truck not knowing what to do. The road was empty. Why the blazes were they all so upset?

In a little while all the people returned. A procession of them, not running this time. Four men were carrying another. His legs dangled; water dripped from him in thin rivulets. His whole body sagged, limp and heavy.

Gar caught a glimpse of this man's face as they passed. It was black. "Good heavens," he whispered. But it was not the face of Aaron. He was helping to carry the burden. Gar had never seen Aaron, yet he instantly recognized in him a strong resemblance to Mari.

Calla walked on one side of the pitiful train, Mari on the other. Their faces, one so brown and strongly featured, the other so delicately fair, bore the same stern look of those who gaze on tragedy but must go on.

No one spoke to the truck driver. They had forgotten him and his new red monster. The man was carried farther down the road and into his own house. The crowd trooped after, in hushed respectful sympathy. "Is he dead?" asked Gar in a low voice of the last man up the hill.

"I reckon. Went down with one of the drags. Got tangled in the gear before they could reverse the hoisting engine. They'd been having trouble too with the driving engine, and that made the boat jump more'n common. It's Aaron's dragger and he feels terrible." The man left him.

Gar longed to run after Mari, to beg her to forgive him for being himself. He felt abysmally alone as he had never felt in his life before. Mari and her people were as far removed from him as if they had flown to another planet. They knew their own, and took care of their own, in their own way. A cold wind blew about him. And after a while he turned his new red truck around, and drove away.

Calla walked home with Mari. Once she touched the older girl's hand. "Don't feel so bad. It wasn't Aaron's fault. He's careful, awful careful. Tell him," her eyes were misty with tender anxiety, "we all know it wasn't nowise his fault."

"I'll tell him," promised Mari, grateful for her comfort. The day had brought too much. In this new trouble she had forgotten how Gar looked at Calla.

Aaron grew old from that hour. He did not take his dragger out again that fall or winter, though he could ill afford to give up the work. "She needs a lot of repairing," was his excuse. "I'll spend my time getting out wood."

He and Mari discussed the problem of helping Benny's widow. "She's got two young 'uns. It wasn't my fault he got drowned. I warned him plenty about the gear. He was clumsy. But he drowned, poor feller, off my dragger."

"I suppose," Mari said, "we could give Benny's widow some of the money I saved for you in the bank. I don't use it all, near."

Aaron gave her a long dejected look. "Yes, the money saved in the bank."

It was not like him to be ungenerous or

reluctant about giving. Mari puzzled over his manner, and changed the subject. "Has old Townly ever fixed that weak place in the wall below Launching Hill? You'll be sending the logs down, as soon as snow flies."

"No, he ain't fixed it. 'Taint our funeral, though."

"It may be," she answered. "Who can tell?"

Aaron went up on the mountain every day to chop and haul wood to the top of Launching Hill. And another man came to the village with gas and oil. But for these two changes, the village was as it had always been, except that Benny's widow did washings for people who lived farther up the valley.

One sleety afternoon when the clay hills were slippery, Gar came again to the village. Driving down a shallow gully, he saw a woman half way up, wheeling a baby carriage. In panic she scuttled to the wrong side of the road, then scuttled back; his truck must have looked a giant to her down there. "Oh—" he muttered and swung far over in the gully, so that he sank deep in the soft clay. The woman glared, the baby howled, and they went up the hill.

"Act just like a hen with a headache," he growled, as he climbed down and walked half a mile to the post office. He was lucky in finding Aaron there. Aaron borrowed a yoke of oxen and a chain. By the time they reached the truck again, a crowd had gathered, ready and eager to use their united strength to the last gasp. They left their own work with gladness in service for others. This was their lovable inconsistency, these people of the shore. They ran to help those in trouble. Themselves they could not help, beyond the daily drudgery of living.

When the crowd had gone, taking the borrowed oxen with them, and the truck once more stood safe but mud-bespattered in the road, Gar remembered how he had taunted Mari. He felt mean and small as he motioned Aaron to get into the cab.

"Your boat's got a nice snug little cabin into 'er, ain't she?" asked Aaron as they started off. "You're doing real well for yourself, mister."

"Yes—fair. You been awful good. I," Gar scowled under his thick untidy hair, "well, I guess I kind of got you all wrong around here. I'm dumb that way. I thought city things and city ways, where I come from, was the only smart things. I've changed my mind. Ever since I seen that man . . . the one you brought up the hill drowned," he spoke slowly, "I've felt different. People is people, here same as up Gillis way. And they die just as hard, and just as lonely."

Aaron's face darkened. "Pretty hard on Benny's widow."

"How she making out?"

"Oh, not too bad. Me and Mari . . ." he halted in embarrassment.

"Ya . . . you help her. You would. But me," he struck the steering wheel with his fist, "I live just to myself and for myself!" He looked gloomily savage.

"Our pop was drowned off the Grand Banks," Aaron explained. "Folks helped my mother afterward. We have to stick together, our folks down here. You know my sister, Mari?"

"Why, yes, I know her. I like her fine. But she don't hold with city chaps. She's told me plain often enough."

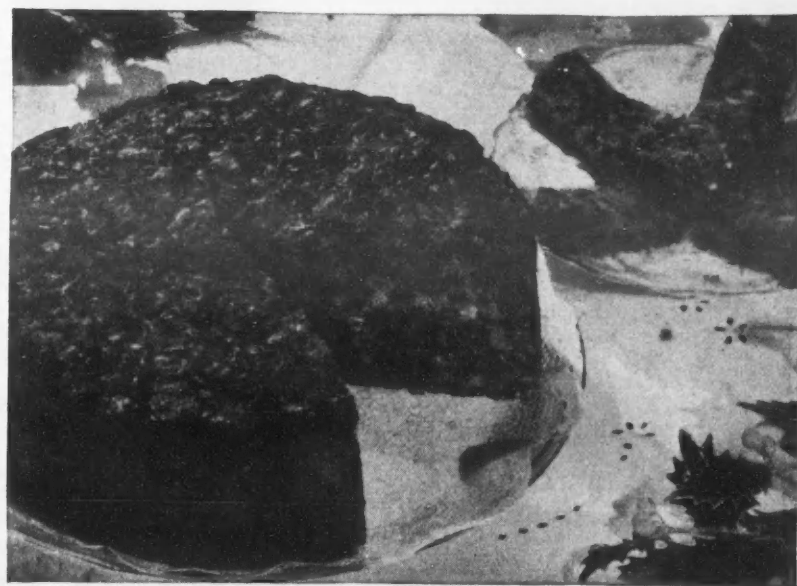
"Oh, pshaw now . . . don't take her too serious. Sis makes speeches all the time about this and that." Sudden happiness settled on Aaron's sober face. "I never heard tell you two,"—he gave Gar a curious smile.

"We ain't!"

"Pshaw, now . . . Come in and have a mug-up of hot tea for yourself. Mari will be right down glad to get it for you." They slowed up at the house steps.

"Oh, no . . . thanks a lot for helping me out. I'll remember, too, like you and Mari, that you helped me. Folks have to stick together," he quoted. Then he hesitated, "I ain't got no right to say what I'm

[Continued on page 84]



A welcome TREAT for the whole FAMILY



CHRISTMAS CAKE



CHRISTMAS Dinner — loved ones home once more — hearts warm and gay — a colourful scene! How appropriate, that the Christmas Cake should be a crowning triumph by Mother! And here's a baking secret. It means the finest Christmas cake that ever brought good cheer!

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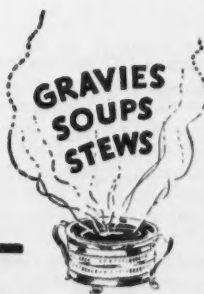
evenly distributed, but that doesn't always happen. To ensure this, you need a "strong" flour . . . PURITY FLOUR—the cream from the best of Canada's finest spring wheat.

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where the sound of Aaron's chopping came faintly to their ears. "The men here cords them up, sometimes ten cords to a load. They throw chains around them to hold the load together, and they're on skid logs. When they take away the blocks, they yell 'gangway' . . . and the whole thing slides down whooping at once." Enthusiasm lighted her eye. "Right down dangerous. You never know just how the logs'll land below. Shooting every which way . . . and sometimes clean over the roofs of houses, or all together."

"Quite an idea," admitted Gar reluctantly. "What keeps things below from being smashed up?"

"Old Townly's house is the only one really in the path. But he's built a high stone wall around a level piece of ground just above him, a-purpose to hold the timber. The landing part is on his property, so it's his business to look after the wall."

Gar laughed. "Serve the old fool right if he gets mashed. I've seen that wall from the road. Always wondered about it. It's tumbling down in one place and needs repairs. I suppose," his tone was smoothly sarcastic, "he's too busy to do anything about it."

Mari grew red. "All our folks ain't like old Townly! They're fine. They'd help anybody out of trouble. They stick together." Fire burned behind her words, but she spoke quietly. And Gar felt reproved.

But a few weeks later when she again saw Gar, he was like a stranger. "How's your brother doing?"

"Not too bad. We've had blustering weather. He don't go out on the dragger so much. He's more up in the woods."

Gar hitched up his trousers and tightened his belt before he rolled another empty oil barrel under the nozzle of the truck. "Why don't he work harder?"

"You still meaning Aaron?"

"Why sure. Who else? Seems like he ought to make better wages."

Mari stepped closer to him. "You're just showing you don't know the leastest thing about boats or draggers. You have to sleep nights with one ear cocked in case the wind shifts; if it strikes the rigging too smart, the ballast'll change, and she's liable to fall over and get stove in."

"Why stove in?"

"The hoisting and driving engines are heavy. The boats stand high and dry at low water. Perhaps," her blue eyes met his frostily, "you haven't heard tell that the Fundy tide drops thirty feet here."

"Oh, yes, I've heard tell of it plenty," replied Gar carelessly. "Why in blazes don't he moor 'er in deep water the way they do up to the Basin?"

"Tide runs too strong here for that. Nothing will hold them. Boats have to tie up alongside of the wharves, and even then they sometimes break loose in a gale."

"Well, if he has to be home so many days, why don't he go on bigger vessels that haul more scallops?"

"Those boats have a company behind them. The gear comes expensive, and it's always breaking down. No man around here could afford to own one of those big draggers alone." Mari's head whirled with rage. "Besides, none of 'em could lay at the wharves here. You have to live where your boat is."

Gar rolled two more barrels to the truck, filled them and rolled them back. "Why don't he stay out on the Fundy longer, when he *does* go?"

"They need big powerful searchlights after dark . . . it's right down dangerous. The boat jumping, and no rails like they have on reg'lar boats. Men sometimes get caught in the gear and go down with the drags."

Gar's next question was deliberately offensive. "Why don't he get searchlights?"

"You're just setting out to make me mad, Gar Landers. You know why. Money!" Mari stood so close to him that the fumes of gasoline swept up into her face and choked her. "You're a great big yawping snort of a bully! And I hope I

never see your old noisy smelly truck again!"

Tears crowded her eyes as she stumbled up her own steps. She knew that he was purposely hurting her because she had hurt him. "I hate him," she cried. And remembered that radiant sense of security she had felt in his arms.

"YOU DON'T get to chunking on your vittles like you enjoyed them," Aaron remarked one noon to his sister. "You look kind of whittled out somehow."

"I'm all right," she answered. "When you come through the Gap yesterday, sounded like there was something wrong with your engine."

Aaron gazed at her in amused pride. "She was missing, but I got her patched up. And them double wires you told me to twist around the shackles, held the drags fine. If one slips off we don't lose the dragnets like we used to. You're smart. Pity you ain't a man and could go to sea with me."

"The sea ain't everything, Aaron Deane!" He glanced at her in bewildered amazement, not knowing she was per-versely defending landmen like Gar Landers.

Mari made housework serve for the terrible gap in her life after losing her lover. She slaved and scrubbed what was already spotless. She grew thin and taut and brisk of tongue. While Aaron grew quieter. Trouble rested on his brow, but he brushed it away when he thought Mari noticed.

Aaron left her alone in the evenings. He went without word or excuse. It was natural enough, she knew. The post office was the village club. Fishermen went there to sit elbow to elbow in the smoky companionship of a dim kerosene lamp; to talk of prices for halibut, or to say nothing. Mari never happened to be in the post office after eight at night, so she did not know that Aaron was seldom there. These two, brother and sister, so close in family ties and understanding, were proportionately secretive about personal affairs. Endearments, the name of love itself, were too sweet for saying. So they stumbled on, each hoarding a secret, in loyalty to the other.

One day there came a roaring up the hill. But it was not Gar's truck. A red monster, longer, heavier, with double wheels "wide enough to tramp down a yoke of oxen," as one onlooker breathed in awe.

Mari was standing on the porch and she would not run, in sight of all the village. She turned white because she saw Gar at the wheel. The truck stopped at the foot of the steps. She waited trembling all through her body; she had not spoken to Gar for weeks.

He climbed down from the cab and cocked his eye lovingly at the preposterous beast. "How do you like 'er?" he enquired.

Mari replied primly that she was real handsome. Words pricked her tongue like thistles.

"I ain't hauling gas and oil after today. She's not an oil truck. Just brought down a few barrels to help a feller out. This job," he ran his broad brown hand along the glittering hood, "is all mine."

"It's lovely," Mari said.

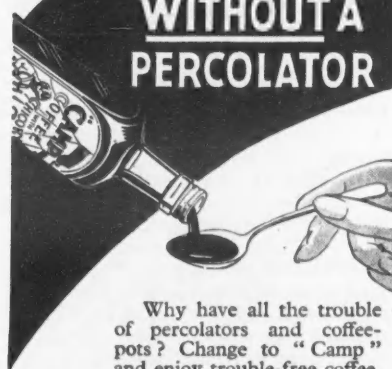
"I'm hauling independent now, up Gillis way. This is second-hand, but a good bargain. I've made the first down payment."

Children stood blinking in the red glare from its polished sides. Men sauntered up to listen to the smooth purr of the engine.

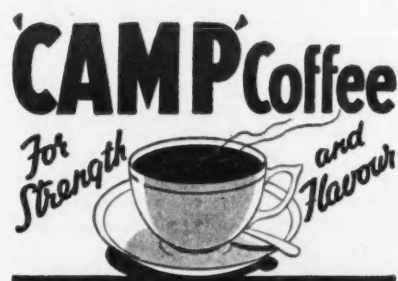
Mari thought bitterly to herself that Gar would have to truck lumber up Gillis way; he did not want explanations. He had forgotten their love. He only wanted his truck.

Calla had come, too, with the others. Her delicate features were flushed with the reflection of the fiery red. She smiled up at Mari, a shy rare smile full of timid pleading. Mari frowned a little, not understanding. She had never known

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## "Money to Loan"

*For modernizing your home—that is the hope of the National Employment Commission in recommending Federal Aid for home owners. What will it mean to you?*

by GORDON STURROCK

**T**HERE ARE almost two million houses in Canada. A small percentage of these are not worth saving and the sooner they are torn down the better. A still smaller percentage are really modern, well heated, insulated, lighted and fitted with the most up-to-date plumbing installations. But the vast majority of these two million homes are badly in need of sprucing up. Probably a third of them need painting and shingling. At least three-quarters would be greatly improved with better heating apparatus. Many of them are too small. Most of them require interior decorating.

But the owners, having come through the worst depression in history, are still too hard pressed keeping up tax and interest payments to consider wide-scale repairs. True, they realize that something will have to be done to protect their investment. New, up-to-the-minute homes are adding to the risk in growing centres by making these older houses still more obsolete.

To bring home modernization out of the realm of something that should, to something that can be done immediately, the National Employment Commission recommended to the Dominion Government that low-cost home modernizations loans be guaranteed by the Federal authorities. In other words, Ottawa would partially back John Smith's promise to the ordinary lending company to pay gradually for the new roof, plumbing, heating or other jobs installed today.

The recommendations cannot be approved until Parliament meets this coming winter, but it is generally believed

that the measures will go through the House with practically no opposition. The scheme has been drawn up and approved by a special committee appointed by the Government to look into the matter of employment, and home improvement means employment. In fact, so sure are the banks and other lending companies that the recommendation will be approved, that plans are under way in some localities to commence the loans just as soon as the final recommendations are made. This would mean that the money would be available at once.

And now, having arranged for the wherewithal, how much money is going to be available for this purpose?

At present, total loans embracing \$50,000,000 are contemplated. Of this amount the Government would protect the lending institutions up to a fifteen per cent loss or \$7,500,000.

How much can an individual borrow?

Up to \$2,000 for each individual property, so long as the lending institutions and the borrower agree on the practicability of the expenditure. If one owns a whole string of houses and wishes to put them in first-class shape, then there would be a loan up to \$2,000 available for each individual house. This would not mean, of course, that one could go ahead and install a \$1,000 porcelain bath in a four-roomed cottage, for that sort of an investment would hardly be considered practical by most lending institutions, but improvements in keeping with the general environment would certainly be considered.

How much interest will have to be paid?

Money will be available from one to five years at an interest rate that figures out at about six and one half per cent per annum. This is about half the usual rate charged on personal loans or time-payment plans for various goods. Red tape?

Sponsors of the loan idea say, no, but there is bound to be some with any lending scheme. However, it is stated definitely that there will be no endorsements, no service charges and providing the money is definitely earmarked for home improvement and the lender is satisfied on that point, the whole matter can be arranged easily, quickly and confidentially, between the lending institution and the borrower. As no ordinary security could be offered for much of the work contemplated—decorating, for instance—the extent of the loan, and the securing of it will in all probability be based largely on the applicant's credit standing and his business character generally.

Where will one get the money?

Officials of the National Employment Commission expect that loans will be made chiefly through the banks. It is also possible that the big manufacturers of building materials, equipment, etc., may take advantage of the opportunity and set aside a lending fund.

Will the resulting improvement send up the taxes?

Not if the National Employment Commission is successful in getting co-operation from municipalities. Hitherto, a new bathroom, or a fresh coat of [Continued on page 84]

A new playroom for the children—modern plumbing—proper insulation—of a new coat of paint—which does your house need?

plunge; one binding chain writhing like a black live thing . . . and Calla standing on the stone as a reed might stand in the path of a landslide. Her face looked small and shrunken; she seemed bound with terror.

Calla must be saved. She was too young to die. Calla must be saved for Aaron. If Aaron lost Calla, he himself would lose Mari. He was sure of this.

MARI HAD left her porch to run to the truck where she waited in clear-eyed dread. All feeling died in her. She did not want to see Calla crushed to death. Gar had told Aaron she was "cute." He was throwing his life away to save her. But, of course, he could not do it. They would both be killed. This was the end of the world . . . and she could do nothing but watch it come.

When at last the log-cataract fell headlong over the wall, not a word, not a cry came from anyone. Mari saw Gar's arm stretched out for Calla. He caught and dragged her to him. The timbers poured behind them. Then he did a strange thing. He struck Calla behind the knees. As she crumpled he went down also, holding her in a tight grip. Now they were rolling down the slope over and over, a human log which turned a fraction of a moment more quickly than the following tumult.

"Gar . . . oh Gar!" Mari's heart was coming alive again. Pride at his resourceful bravery welled up in her. Who else would have attempted such a tricky chance? They could roll more safely than they could run. Calla might have fallen from sheer panic, and thus delayed the precious seconds which made the difference between life and death.

Then, in horror, Mari realized their next danger—that of being jammed at the foot of the slope between the onrushing logs and the truck wheels. There was but one chance of saving them.

She sped around the hood, and opened the cab door on the side facing the slope. Then she stood by the forward fender waiting for them to come, praying she would be quick enough to snatch her moment of opportunity.

High on the wind she heard the terrible voice of Aaron. She glanced up. Swooping down Launching Hill came an ox-sledge with Aaron stretched out on it, clinging with his hands to the front curved runners. Bridle chains, like brakes, gave the merest control to his lightning descent. The sledge would be forced to take the turns, but what about the landing below? His red muffler streamed out behind like a flag. Mari caught the briefest glimpse of his set face as he tore around the next higher turn.

She looked away, sick with fear. She could not help Aaron; she must concentrate on Gar and Calla. She watched them as one timber, tumbling ahead of the others, touched Gar's coat. Like a revolving dynamo he instantly increased his speed . . . faster and faster. They were almost at the foot of the slope.

They slid off at a slight tangent, as Mari had feared. She bent forward and over them. Then with all the young strength and love that was in her, she yanked them straight. She saw Gar's thick tangled hair wet with snow. And a flashing glimpse of Calla's white face, with bright blood trickling down her temple. They rolled safely between the front and rear wheels, and under the truck.

Mari slithered up and into the cab. The first logs struck, and the big steel body shivered its whole length. She slid across

the leather seat and out on the other side. The truck rocked, but held. And there in the icy puddles of the road lay Gar and Calla, still as death and clasped in each other's arms.

Aaron's voice tore down at them from above "Coming . . . G-a-n-g-w-a-y!" Twenty and a half cords of Aaron's wood slid down the slope, a force whose energy was fortunately thinned and dissipated. And Aaron on his ox-sled rode them down, a feat never equalled before nor since in Cableville. He reached the bottom of the slope and contrived to slew around the end of the truck, just in time to see men carrying Gar and Calla into his own house down the road. "The Lord and his angels helped him home," whispered a watching old woman, and burst into tears.

AARON'S DARK hair was a black wavering spot before Gar's recovering consciousness. Something in the intensity of the blue-eyed regard bent upon him, revived him quickly. Now he was hearing words.

"Say . . . you acted right down quick and handy, mister . . . I can't hardly thank you . . ."

Gar smiled uncertainly.

"I don't think another man in this village could have thought and worked so fast as you done. Not a man."

Gar still smiled.

Now Mari stood beside him, looking down with such a depth of tender selflessness that he reached out a timid hand. "Calla, is she safe?" he asked.

"Yes, Gar . . . bruised black and blue . . . but resting upstairs in bed. We've sent for the doctor to you both." Her voice trembled with pride in him, and sorrow, too.

"Calla," continued Aaron, "and I ain't never going to forget. You stuck by us fine. I come down quick's I could."

Mari gave a delicate snort. "I should think you did! Nothing but lightning ever come faster. But," her tone changed, she looked at her brother with a curious solicitude. "I'm thinking it's not Calla and you, Aaron."

Gar had found Mari's hand. "You're dumb, darlin'. Awful, awful dumb. But I love you. And it's Calla and Aaron, and you and me. I saved her for Aaron. She wants him, and I want you. Come closer, Mari."

She bent above him, choking with slow wonder. "Your truck ain't much stove in, Gar. It was good of you. Your new truck . . . saved everything."

Gar clung to her. "Aaron, me lad . . . why don't you go upstairs and kind of keep Calla from getting gloomy till the doctor comes?"

Aaron grinned, and left the room.

Mari stroked the back of one of Gar's broad hands. "I understand now. Aaron saw trouble from the top of Launching Hill. He guessed somehow it was Calla, he told me. So he grabbed an ox-sledge . . . and come rip-roaring down the hill. He said he knew he was foolish . . . couldn't get down in time to help . . . but he *had* to come. When people do those things . . ." she grew beautifully red and confused.

"Yes, darlin'. Aaron wouldn't say a word to you for fear of upsetting your life together. Just like you wouldn't give in to me. But he loves Calla, like I love you."

Mari tugged at a lock of Gar's thick, untidy hair.

"How about it, darlin'? You and me and the red truck . . . anywhere you say."

"Anywhere, Gar."

## Still Time to Enter...

# Chatelaine KITCHEN IDEA CONTEST!

THE OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM provides an easy, uniform method for all contestants. No sketching ability is necessary—no photographs need be supplied. *It's the ideas that count*—and you merely mark the shape of your kitchen and layout of equipment in the spaces provided. It's as simple as A. B. C. Small layouts show exactly how this should be done. Send for your copy of this Entry Form and start planning the rearrangement of your kitchen now. CLOSING DATE: NOVEMBER 30, 1936.

## \$500.00 for the Best Ideas!

Chatelaine offers \$500.00 in 28 Cash Prizes for the best ideas on doing over a kitchen. All you have to do is tell us just how *you* would alter your kitchen if you had up to five hundred dollars to spend. We make it easy for you by supplying a plan on which to mark your present kitchen arrangement and your proposed changes. By marking this plan and jotting down the details of your changes and your reasons for making them, you may win as much as \$100.00 in cash for your ideas.

Go into your kitchen and look around you. Note the things you don't like about it. Jot them down. Get your husband and the rest of the family to help you; their ideas will be useful. Remember, you can plan to change anything or everything in your kitchen, even to its shape—provided the complete job of altering it doesn't exceed \$500.00.

Here, for example, are a dozen things you might want to do:

Put in extra window. Get new range. Paint or decorate walls. Close up door. Build more cupboards. Rip out partition. Wire for electricity. Replace old refrigerator or other electrical appliances. Get new sink. Buy matching kitchenware. Build metal counters. Install ventilator.

Study your kitchen—its size, shape, fittings and equipment. Find out what's wrong, then spend your imaginary \$500 to correct the faults. You have until November 30 to submit your plans, so take your time and look about you . . . at other kitchens, at displays, advertisements, shop windows and other sources of kitchen-lore. Your ideas are the important thing. Mere ability to throw money around is not what the Contest judges will be interested in.

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Six Prizes of - 25.00

Twenty Prizes of 10.00

**TOTAL \$500.00**

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Write your name and address on the attached coupon and mail it today. An Official Entry Form will be forwarded at once. You need not be a subscriber to Chatelaine—and there's nothing to buy—nothing to sell. We just want your ideas. Entry Form must be completed and mailed on or before November 30, 1936.

CHATELAINE INSTITUTE,  
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me official entry form for Chatelaine Kitchen Idea Contest.

Name .....

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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

### NOW IN BOOK FORM

#### "The Quintuplets' First Year"

Readers of Chatelaine who have been enjoying Madame Louise de Kiriline's enthralling book "I Nursed the Quintuplets" running serially in this magazine, will be interested to know that it is now available in book form. Vividly written, and dramatically interesting, it is one of the important Canadian publications of the year. Price \$1.50.





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## Her Brother's Keeper

(Continued from page 81)

saying, but I'll go ahead anyhow. Have you got anyone . . . a girl, I mean, you're partic'lar fond of? You'd know then . . . how I feel. Don't paste me one for being nosy."

Aaron turned, with his hand on the cab door. He stared at Gar, and joy was in his eyes. "Why yes," he admitted. "I have. But I ain't told Mari. She'd worry about our living together afterward. We've always been together, mister, Mari and I. I've been awful bedaddled up about this, figgering it out. I can't nowise see my way clear. Don't you say nothing."

"Won't have a chance. Does she—er—live around here?"

"Yes. Say—that's her coming up the hill now!" Aaron's face was radiant.

Gar looked ahead squinting. "Why, I remember her. She's cute. Why don't you get on with it?"

"It's like I told you, mister. I don't earn enough for three."

Gar's grin revealed a fine set of white teeth. "I earn enough for two," he hissed.

SNOW FLYING. Squalls of it drove across the Fundy and mingled with the whiter foam of the mighty winter tides. The road was packed hard. Now was the time when men went up on the mountain to cut and haul their next year's supply of wood.

Every week Mari gave Benny's widow a little money. "It grinds on me fierce to take it," she protested, "but I'll pay back every penny."

"We don't need it," Mari assured her. "We can get along."

It was Aaron's money, but he said nothing at all to Benny's widow to make her feel more comfortable. Mari was ashamed for him.

Aaron had been working many weeks in the woods on the mountain. None of his wood had been launched, but on a dull raw afternoon of high wind, he told Mari he hoped to launch three big sleds about four. "I've got some good timber out this year." He drew on his thick mittens. "This is dirty weather, but the slide is hard and slippery. If Calla should come in, tell her I'm launching at four. She always likes to see it." He went out.

The day dragged. Squalls of rain sluiced against the windows. Sleet knocked at the roof; quick gusts of smoke came out of the stove. "Baffling back down the chimney. I wish Aaron had waited. Somehow . . . I don't just like today for launching," she thought.

She tried a dozen tasks and was content with none of them. Restlessness sent her to the window and back again. "Gar . . . oh, Gar!" The words swung round and round inside of her, and banged her heart at every swing. Year after year. Day after day like this? Aaron would never leave

this place. He'd be lost and broken in city ways. Her spirit swayed this way and that, her loyal roots never yielding, yet the upper branches of her being tossed dolefully in the wind.

Calla dropped in about half-past three. She came infrequently, yet there was that in her manner which demanded attention from Mari. She talked a good deal about Benny's widow. No matter how hard Mari tried to change the subject, Calla stubbornly, gently returned to it. "I know it must be right down hard for a widow woman to get along. Still," she threw Mari a veiled look of pleading, "it must be a dose of worry to Aaron. You and Aaron, I mean," she added.

"We don't mind," declared Mari stoutly.

"But if you're trying to put money by for other things." Color rushed up her fair delicate face, but her eyes were steady. She had the courage of those seemingly soft feminine creatures who fight tooth and nail for what they love. "That nice man who drives the red truck . . . I'll bet he's saved. He looks real comfortable off."

Calla was desperately trying to steer Mari's thoughts into certain channels; but Mari misunderstood. She saw that it was possible to lose her lover twice, once to loyalty for Aaron, and perhaps to Calla also. "Yes, Gar is real comfortable off. He's told me considerable about it. Considerable." She jabbed her needle into the piece of factory cotton from which she was making a cover.

But Calla, instead of being put down, smiled at her.

At four o'clock there came all buffeted by the wind, that long high call from the mountain. "G-a-n-g-w-a-y!"

They sat up straighter in their chairs, listening. They felt a primitive element of joy in that warning of danger. Their eyes sparkled as they waited to hear the descending thunder.

GAR LANDERS had an idle afternoon and so, in spite of slippery roads, he drove to Cableville. He had decided to see Mari and talk things out straight and fair. He loved her too much to let happiness be sidetracked by misunderstanding. Besides, Aaron's confided words about Calla had given him great hope.

It was almost four o'clock. As he stopped at the post office, he saw from his high seat, the top rigging of Aaron's scallop-dragger. He knew that it was laid up, and he seemed to hear Mari's voice telling him the gear cost lots of money. The dragger was as precious to Aaron, as Gar's truck was to him.

The road lay deserted. Old Townly smoked a pipe at his window, gazing morosely at nothing. Gar felt an unwelcome outsider. He wished he had not come.

Then a high, prolonged call floated down from above.

"G-a-n-g-w-a-y!"

Gar stepped out of his cab and looked up the mountain. The door of Old Townly's house opened, and the agitated owner scampered nimbly down the steps. "Blast 'em," he shrilled. "They never told me they was launching today!"

"What's the row?" asked Gar.

made with the understanding that the tax collector is not going to get a share.

What improvements come under the scheme?

They are what the average landlords consider as permanent. In other words, what he and not the tenant would be called upon to install. Movable things like refrigerators, radios, curtains, blinds, furniture, will not be included. Most of such things, in any case, can be financed already through the private companies. But exterior and interior decorating, sinks, bathroom fittings, furnaces, additional rooms, new wiring, etc., will come in the "permanent" category. Anything that would normally be left behind when the house is sold or rented could be financed under the proposed loans.

"They'd ought to of told me. I'll bet it's Aaron Deane up there . . . all of a sweat to get his timber out first." He danced about like a frog, knees bent, whiskers waving.

A second warning . . . then a sliding rattle of chains. Ten cords tobogganing down the steep slope. "Hot stuff," Gar remarked. "Glad I came."

Sound and thunder increased. The watching children shouted with glee over Old Townly's antics. Gar decided to drive his truck ahead so he could see, and still stay in the cab. He got in again, and finally placed the long monster straight across the alley space between Townly's house and the woodshed.

A chain snapped on the second load. The mass instantly fell apart, cut loose from the sled, and arrived in deafening disorder at the walled level below.

Gar knew nothing about launching sleds down a swift slippery mountainside, but he realized the situation might prove dangerous. The wall was weak. If another load pounded down on top of this, the first logs would be turned into battering rams.

Those at the top of Launching Hill knew nothing of the difficulty below.

Gar's truck now spanned the open space on the road. A bright barrier of painted steel. He'd keep it there for what it might be worth as protection. Fiercely, fondly, Gar trusted his truck. "She can take it," he said aloud. And in that moment of placing his idol at the service of the village, he became part of the community. He no longer felt a wretched outsider.

Old Townly was yelling again. "Two logs have busted through endways! That'll weaken my wall terrible!"

Hearing the commotion, Calla and Mari had stepped out on the Deane porch. Mari saw the bright gleam of the truck and stayed where she was. But Calla flew down the steps and waved to Gar. At the woodshed, however, she turned and ran, slipping and sliding up the slope to a place somewhat below the wall.

"Oh, my house . . . Oh, my . . ." Old Townly waved his skinny ridiculous arms. The children still thought him funny.

Gar leaned out of his cab window. "Hey—Calla—come back!"

Mari heard his cry but Calla did not. She stood on a flat rock watching Aaron's wood come down; wood to be sold for money. Money for happiness ahead, if they could manage it. He had shown her the callouses on his palms—homely badge of his effort. If Gar and Mari could only get together, she and Aaron could marry. She felt thrilled and excited. Aaron had worked hard.

The cold wind whipped her skirts and she felt no fear. There had never been an accident at Launching Hill; just wild thundering excitement. And from where she watched below the wall, the logs seemed safely confined.

Gar seeing the accumulated mass of tumbling timbers, leaped from his cab and took the slope at a scrambling climb. Three timbers jumped clear of the wall. He saw their fresh yellow ends staring down at him like baleful eyes. But they fell at the sides, harming no one.

Then a portion of the wall crumbled like dry cake. The second sled-load had jammed the first logs through. A third warning was yelled at the top of Launching Hill. Gar heard a woman scream at the children on the road. Her voice curled out like the crack of a whip. "Run, you young 'uns, run!"

Calla whirled about where she was, facing Gar. She seemed suddenly to have realized the danger, but was paralyzed with fright. The massed timbers wavered at the wall. And the third sled shot like a bolt down Launching Hill.

Before Gar could quite reach her, the sled hit bottom with a rending roar. One log went high in the air, turned, and fell on Old Townly's roof. His piercing cry ripped through the afternoon like a saw.

Gar was always to remember that split-second. The icy grey gleam of the mountain; the up-ended logs poised before the

## Money to Loan

(Continued from page 82)

paint has often resulted in a call from the assessor and a raise in taxes. This sort of treatment discouraged improvements and also the employment of labor on such improvements. Now the municipalities are beginning to realize that they can't have both the increased employment and the extra taxes, and it is hoped that the new improvements anticipated will be



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# The Family Counsellor

**Dear Counsellor.** I am anxious to send my daughter to a girls' boarding school. She is just finished public school, and although she could go to high school at home, we would like her to have the advantages a boarding school offers, such as music, gym, domestic science and so on, that we can't get in our town.

We would like a school close enough to home so that we could have our daughter for week-ends, as she is our only child, and we don't want to lose her altogether. Would you advise such a move?—G.S.B., Ontario.

**Answer.** It is quite apparent that you are desirous of giving your only child the best attainable and you are to be commended for it. I have no idea of the age of your daughter, except from the fact that she is just finishing public school. I am not sure of the wisdom of starting boarding school at such an early age because, it is the most critical time in any child's life. You may be the sufferer inasmuch as you may lose the best part of your child's life with you, and the result may be that as the child grows older, developing into womanhood, she will not enjoy the companionship of her mother and father. Then again, at this particular age she will be coming into womanhood and will be better to have the personal instruction which best comes from the mother.

Another friend who is going to be confronted with the same problem, but with a boy, has written to me, and I have advised him to let the boy remain at high school for the first and second years and then send him to boarding school, where he will form friendships that will carry him through life. It is a hard thing for a parent to send his child away, but he agrees that would be the best idea.

In reading your letter, I cannot help but appreciate your desire to give of your means to your daughter and I understand your feelings, but may I suggest to you not to let this desire get you started wrongly. I would wait until the third year high school. At that time she will know you,

you will know your child much better, and you will be on a much stronger basis throughout your lifetime.

Do not forget that when your girl finishes boarding school and university, marriage may take her away from you any time. Do not misunderstand me, I strongly believe in boarding school training, but also feel that that training can be started too early in a child's life.

I am mailing you a list of well-known schools in the province.

**Dear Counsellor.** I have been married for many years to a man who is several years my senior. He had a very gruelling experience during the war, and in the last few years has become so difficult that I do not feel I am safe with him. Life has become completely impossible, and I would like your advice. If I won a separation, he would not be able to pay for my keep. Can you suggest any way in which I can arrange to live apart from him? Do you think I have a right to take a chance at happiness that has come along, or would I be justified, when it would be beyond the pale of convention? Please tell me what I am to do.—E.D., British Columbia.

**Answer.** While my advice may not be what you expected, I think you will be wise to take it. May I suggest you try to arrange to get your husband examined and everything possible done for him that would help his condition. If he is a sick man, I know you will want to care for him, and he will be completely changed when he feels that you are sympathetic. I am glad to tell you that I feel your conscience has guided you rightly when you refuse the affection of another man. The only outcome could be unhappiness for your husband, yourself and the other man.

The Family Counsellor thinks you will be well advised to consider carefully the situation you find yourself in, as your whole future might be spoiled by a thoughtless word or action, at a time when your husband is in the condition he apparently is.

(The Family Counsellor answers many scores of letters each month. Can he help you?)



## JUBILEE The Bear Cub

Designed and named after the little bear cub in Stanley Park, Vancouver. Born in the year of Vancouver's Golden Jubilee, 1936.



Designed by  
MARY SIEBURTH

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So don't delay. Buy a can of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk—the magic milk—and send the label and 10¢ to address at lower right. Use coupon for con-

venience. You'll want several of these pads!

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**ACT AT ONCE!**



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**Change bread to cake!**

**MAGIC COCONUT STRIPS**

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The Borden Company, Limited,  
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# IT'S NEWS

by Lotta Dempsey

## THE COLLEGE MAN'S DILEMMA



If you were just starting to college, you'd be kind of surprised to sit down in a classroom and find that your fellow students would rather sit on one another's knees than near you. When Nellie Greenwood walked into a crowded French class at Victoria College, Toronto, the littlest theolog climbed on the biggest theolog's lap. Nobody wanted to be caught sitting right beside the only woman member of the class. That was in the early 1880's. Nellie graduated from Victoria in 1884, the first woman in Canada to complete the course and receive her B.Sc. degree, and the first woman in Ontario to receive a bachelor's degree. She's Mrs. W. W. Andrews, of Regina, now, and she's writing memoirs about those days. Says she really went to college because her father was determined that she should. Fortunately she liked it. Both her daughters and her son have been given university education, but she thinks nobody should be allowed to go unless they are studious and want to learn. If they do, it doesn't matter which sex they are. But the idea of going for a good time, or to make desirable acquaintances, or to keep up with the Joneses, is what Mrs. Andrews would call a pretty ridiculous notion. She's all for college training for women. It enriches their lives.

## INSURANCE AGAINST TWINS

Lloyd's will insure against twins in England. We called the company that handles their Canadian business the other day to see whether you could take a policy out in the Dominion. They were pretty noncommittal and said that while it might be arranged, nobody here had ever asked for it and there weren't any sample policies about. In fact, there was a distinct and discouraging sense of disapproval about the whole business. Perhaps after all those Dionnes. . .

## LITTLE GIRLS GO MASCULINE

Don't buy dolls if she's past eight, advises a Canadian who's been serving toy-minded shoppers for years. He believes that the average age for doll playing has dropped from twelve and under to eight and under. After twenty, he finds they like that long-legged fluffy kind. Use them to drape their bedrooms, he says scornfully. Anyway, more than half the girls want boys' toys now. And boys want mechanical building sets, chemistry sets, microscopes and other scientific toys. Mostly airplanes. They like to get the parts and string them up themselves. But remember that if you buy airplanes the Man of the House will probably beat Junior to the tree Christmas morning he warns. Among the hundreds of grown-up customers who buy tiny models is a sixty-five-year-old priest who has every miniature plane one store has brought in during the last few years. Whatever they feel about future wars, young Canadians aren't nearly so passionately fond of toy soldiers as their fathers were.

## WHY NOT WOMEN CHAUFFEURS?

Why not women chauffeurs? England's using a lot of them. In Canada they ought to measure up to men in the same work. Statistics indicate that women are as careful drivers as men, and as capable of handling cars. English women combine a maid and driver job, just as men employ a chauffeur manservant. Motor League officials indicate that the only point on which they might really fall down is in carrying on running repairs and car washing. But a great many women drivers fix tires, tinker with engines and wield a powerful sponge and oiled cloth these days. It's something the lone woman employer might consider if she owns a car and needs but one servant.



## WHEN THEY GO TO SEE THE KING

It takes more than a visit to Buckingham Palace to upset a Canadian debutante. In the last five years Mrs. Howard Ferguson, now back in Canada, presented 150 of them at the Court of St. James. Never once was there a slip-up, any confusion or any mistake. As a whole the group from Canada have often been more poised than their English sisters. And visitors to Canada House, the official headquarters of the Canadian High Commissioner, were as charming and as well dressed as any women who came to London, including the French. Every Canadian who goes to London seems to want to see Buckingham Palace first. Then the Royal Family.

## IS THE TOOTHPICK A SOCIAL OUTLAW?

Has humanity suffered from the social outlawing of the toothpick? Dr. W. J. Charters told the Southern California Dental Association the other day that it had. "Everyone with bad teeth has a bone to pick with fashion for exiling the toothpick," he said. This non-toothpicker generation doesn't get proper tissue-stimulation between the teeth. Bring back the toothpick? Never, disagrees Dr. Stuart Couch, president of the Toronto Academy of Dentistry. Gum massaging can be done with a special little rubber appliance designed for the purpose. And keep it with your toothbrush, not in your pocket. It was when we went out on one of those door-to-door surveys about the toothpick situation that we got a really proper shock. CERTAINLY we have toothpicks, said the very toshiest hotels and tea rooms. Haven't you noticed them on the cashier's desk? And close to half of the customers (at some of our best hotels) slip one in the palm of their hand as they drift out. But we couldn't find anybody who'd seen a chained silver toothpick in the last ten years.



## THIS NEW FREEDOM

A waiter in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, in service for twenty-five years, says you'd have a pretty tough job trying to get women to stay at home all day and be strictly domestic any more. Because they've learned to order for themselves. And no shilly-shallying. It's an indication of the newer feminine independence. In the old days a woman didn't venture into the better restaurants without an escort. And there she'd sit, usually, looking demure while he studied the menu and made their choices. Now she swings in alone or with another femme or a man. Does she sit quietly by while her soup is being picked out? Certainly not. She knows what she wants, and how and why. And don't think any diet fads have frightened Canadian women off a good substantial meal, either.

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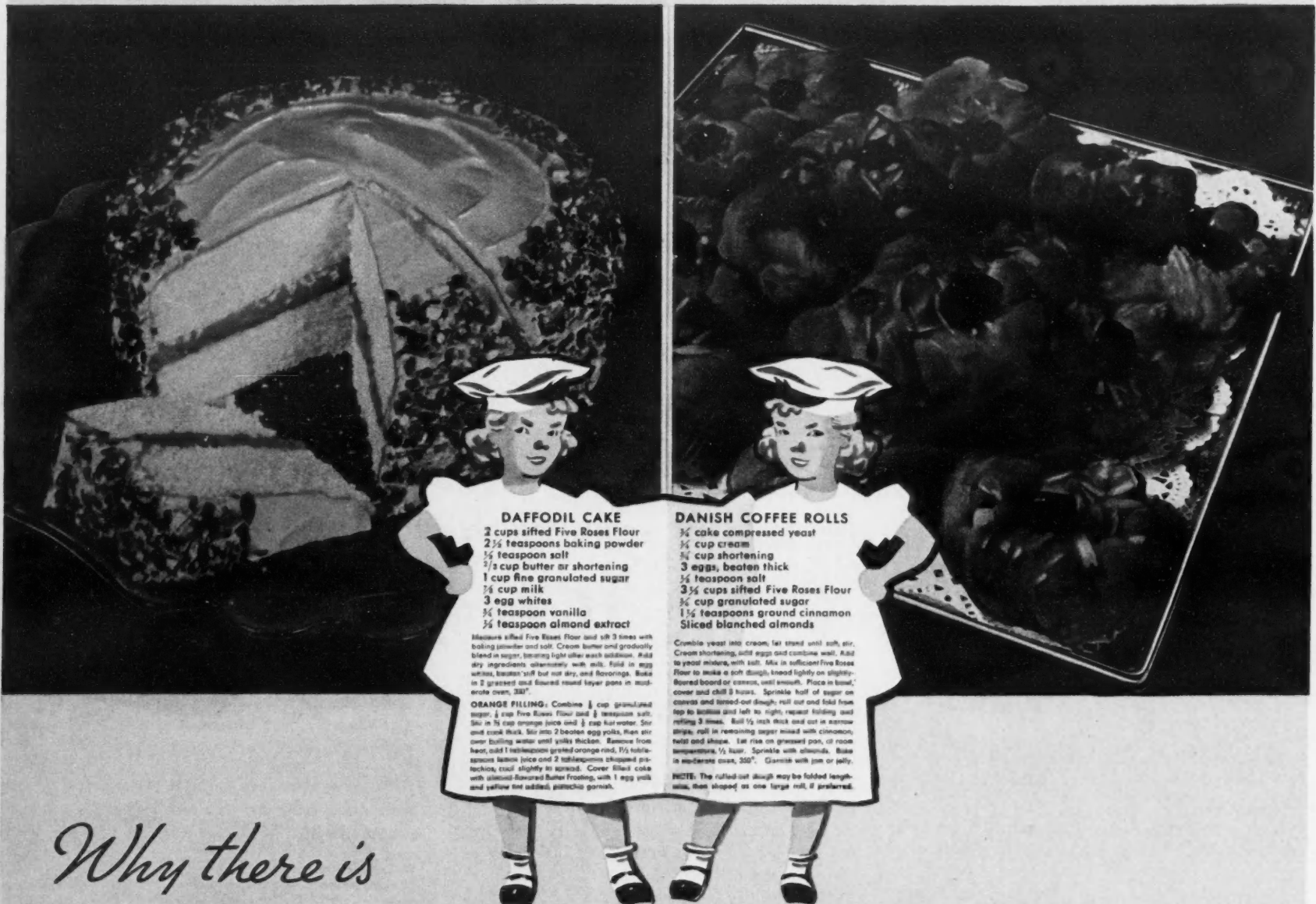
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# You'll bake it Better with FIVE ROSES

TWIN RECIPES LIKE THESE CALL FOR THIS ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR



**DAFFODIL CAKE**  
2 cups sifted Five Roses Flour  
2½ teaspoons baking powder  
½ teaspoon salt  
¾ cup butter or shortening  
1 cup fine granulated sugar  
¾ cup milk  
3 egg whites  
¾ teaspoon vanilla  
¾ teaspoon almond extract

**ORANGE FILLING:** Combine ½ cup granulated sugar, ½ cup Five Roses Flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Stir in ½ cup orange juice and ½ cup hot water. Stir and cook thick. Stir into 2 beaten egg yolks, then stir over boiling water until yolks thicken. Remove from heat, add 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, ½ tablespoon lemon juice and 2 tablespoons chopped pistachios, cool slightly in spread. Cover filled cake with almond-flavored butter frosting, with 1 egg yolk and yellow tint added; pistachio garnish.

**DANISH COFFEE ROLLS**  
¾ cake compressed yeast  
¾ cup cream  
¾ cup shortening  
3 eggs, beaten thick  
¾ teaspoon salt  
3½ cups sifted Five Roses Flour  
¾ cup granulated sugar  
1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon  
Sliced blanched almonds

Crumble yeast into cream, let stand until soft, stir. Cream shortening, add eggs and combine well. Add to yeast mixture, with salt. Mix in sufficient Five Roses Flour to make a soft dough, knead lightly on slightly-floured board or canvas, until smooth. Place in bowl, cover and chill 3 hours. Sprinkle half of sugar on canvas and knead-out dough; roll out and fold from top to bottom and left to right, repeat rolling and rolling 3 times. Roll ¼ inch thick and cut in narrow strips, roll in remaining sugar mixed with cinnamon, fold and shape. Lay rise on greased pan, at room temperature, ½ hour. Sprinkle with almonds. Bake in moderate oven, 350°. Garnish with jam or jelly.

**NOTE:** The rolled-out dough may be folded lengthwise, then shaped as one large roll, if preferred.

Why there is

**TRUE BAKING ECONOMY IN USING CANADA'S FINEST FLOUR**



"THE ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR"

That glow of satisfaction you feel at a perfect baking success . . . that round of compliments at the table! Your wise selection of Five Roses yields these happy by-products, and more—actual dollars-and-cents economy! For the same superior quality that gives finer results in all your baking also enables Five Roses Flour to go farther than ordinary cake or pastry flour.

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# FIVE ROSES FLOUR